AUSTRALIAN
PLAYBOY
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN
FEBRUARY 1980 $2.00*
STRIKE GOLD!
Playboy finds Lasseter's Reef?
The magic metal -a history of lust
From Karen Pini on... 12 golden Playmates
PLUS
Solve your sex problems -Adviser special
Your guide to space age audio
Max Harris -the new conservatism
The brilliant career of Margaret Fink
1st BIRTHDAY SOUVENIR

FROM SONY

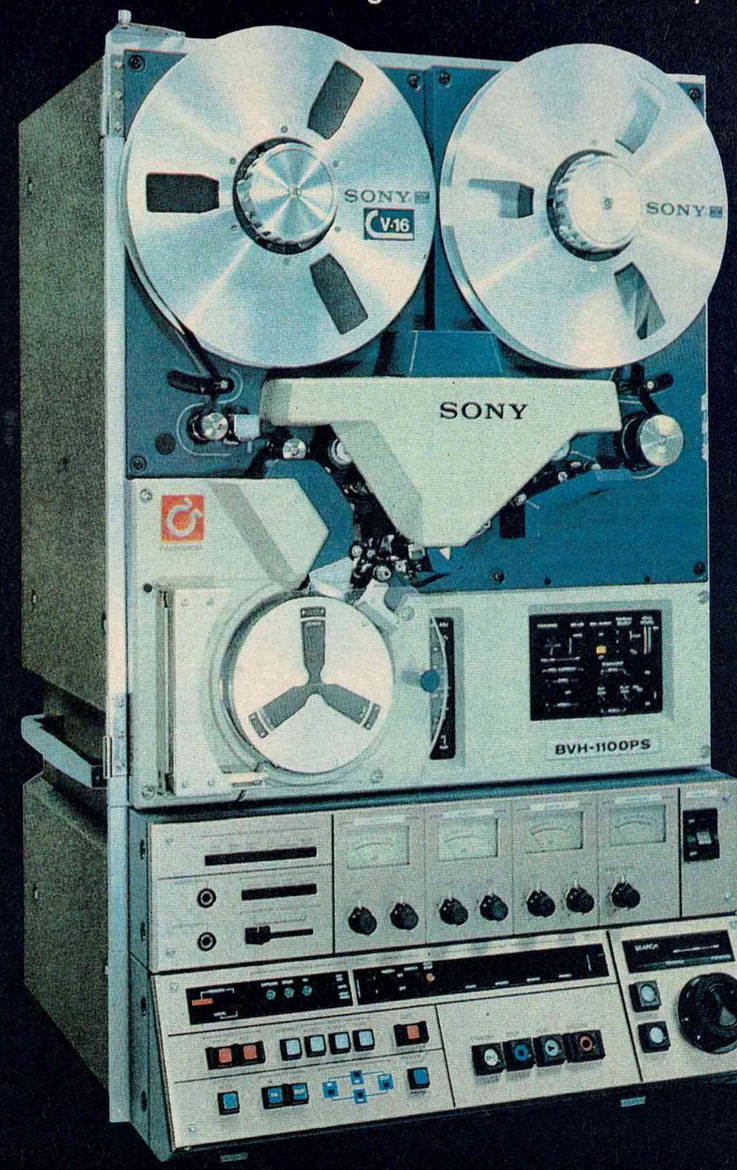
AN UNPRECEDENTED LOOK IN AN UNFAMILIAR DIRECTION

Sony is unaccustomed to looking to the past, yet it's a past of foresight and imagination like no other.

The Sony Corporation has a short but remarkable history of innovation. A history borne of foresight and a founder's unwillingness to accept conventional thinking.

The same creative genius that produced the world's first all-transistor home use video tape recorder, led to breakthrough after breakthrough. Today's Sony products clearly reflect the same philosophy.

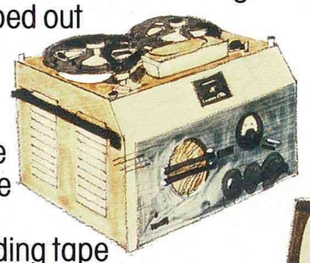
Today's products prove that foresight is still the philosophy at Sony.
State-of-the-art products like Sony's broadcast quality 1" videotape recorders will bring you all the action of international cricket this summer. Tomorrow, who knows.
Innovation is the lasting commitment at Sony.



SONY

1945 Sony's founders, Masaru Ibuka and Akio Morita, with a small group of engineers, established the Tokyo Telecommunications Laboratory in a bombed out department store in Tokyo.

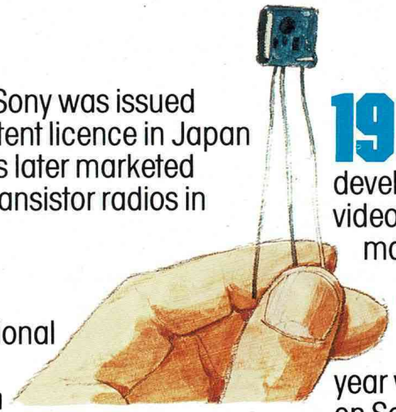
1950 Within a year, after the patent for magnetic recording tape was issued, Sony successfully marketed the first magnetic recording tape and tape recorder in Japan.



1952 As post war technological development gained momentum, Sony developed an audio system for the first stereophonic broadcast in Japan through NHK.

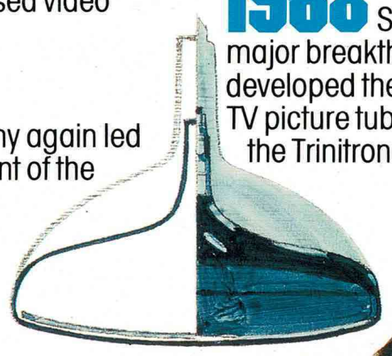
1953 Expanding its technical application, the company introduced the Vidicon TV camera.

1955 In 1954 Sony was issued the first transistor patent licence in Japan and eighteen months later marketed the first successful transistor radios in that country.

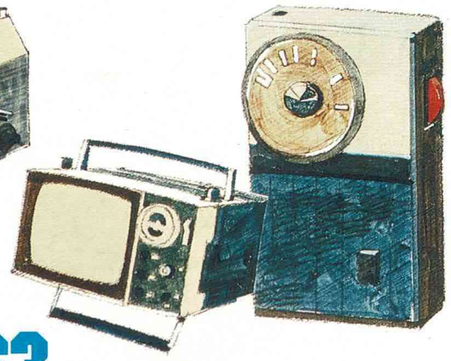


1958 International recognition of the company came with the "Gold Medal Prize" awarded at the Brussels World Fair. In the same year they adopted the trade name "Sony" and developed the first transistorised video tape recorder in the world.

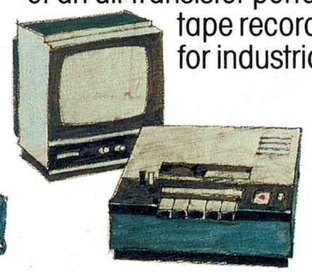
1959 In December, Sony again led the world with the development of the first 8" all transistor TV.



1962 Refining their technology, Sony introduced the world's smallest and lightest all-transistor 5" TV.



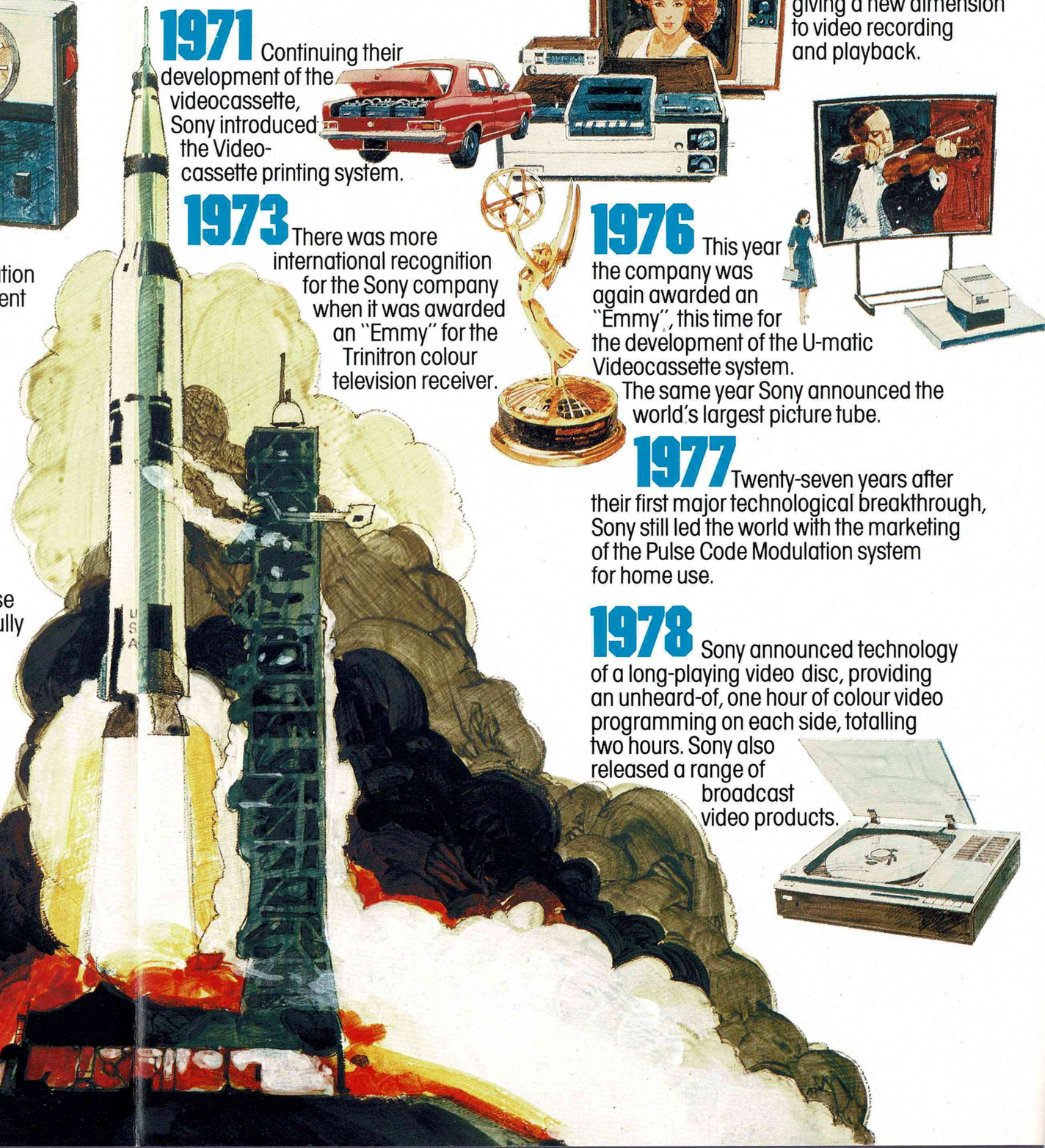
1963 Sony kept up it's reputation for "world firsts" with the development of an all-transistor portable video tape recorder for industrial use.



1965 Ten months after developing the world's first home-use video tape recorder, Sony successfully marketed the equipment.

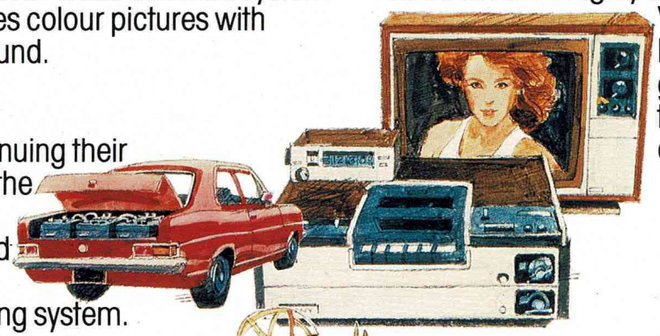
1966 Again, during this year world attention was directed on Sony, as they introduced the first integrated circuit radio.

1968 Sony made a major breakthrough and developed the new colour TV picture tube — the Trinitron System.



1969 The company developed the Sony U-Matic Colour Video-cassette system — which reproduces colour pictures with stereophonic sound.

1971 Continuing their development of the videocassette, Sony introduced the Video-cassette printing system.



1973 There was more international recognition for the Sony company when it was awarded an "Emmy" for the Trinitron colour television receiver.

1975 During this year, Sony introduced the highly innovative "Betamax" Video-Deck — the first home video system, giving a new dimension to video recording and playback.

1976 This year the company was again awarded an "Emmy", this time for the development of the U-matic Videocassette system. The same year Sony announced the world's largest picture tube.

1977 Twenty-seven years after their first major technological breakthrough, Sony still led the world with the marketing of the Pulse Code Modulation system for home use.

1978 Sony announced technology of a long-playing video disc, providing an unheard-of, one hour of colour video programming on each side, totalling two hours. Sony also released a range of broadcast video products.

ANOTHER CARLTON PRODUCT

The first and last words on table beer.
Crown Lager.
Australia's Premium Beer.

CU 91

PLAYBILL

Happy birthday, dear PLAYBOY! If you'll pardon the note of self-congratulation, we would like to mark the completion of our first 12 months with a celebration issue. It's been a golden year – and that's the theme of February PLAYBOY.

Let's start with the cover: **Jane Priest,** the girl who kissed Prince Charles in the West Australian surf last year, weighs in with $1 million worth of gold. Those precious bars have gone back to the Australian Bullion Company. Luckily, we'll be able to enjoy Jane for a little longer – she'll be back next month as our . . . well, wait and see!

Meanwhile, join us in a real-life treasure hunt. PLAYBOY sent an expedition into the arid wastes of the Gibson Desert to search for the fabled Lasseter's Reef. The team's adventures on the trail of Australia's Eldorado provide an insight into the gold lust that drives men to their deaths. **Don Hogg** reports. The illustration is by **Alan Ewart.**

We move, too, into the world of finance, where gold has always been a dominating influence. **Trevor Sykes,** a highly-respected financial journalist and Assistant Editor of *The Bulletin,* traces the fascinating history of man's most constant currency, and previews its glowing future. And, to show that gold need not be solely the prerogative of the rich, PLAYBOY is giving away two ounces of the 24-carat variety. It's in the form of a ski pass that will mean five seasons' free use of ski-lifts at Perisher or Smiggins for the winner.

Our annivesary issue would not be complete without due homage to the beautiful women who have graced our centrefold and brought pleasure to thousands of Australians over the past year. Accordingly, we present with pride our first *Playmate Roundup* – another fetching look at each of these PLAYBOY lovelies. If this brings you out in hot flushes, cool off in the pool with **Lesley Clark,** our luscious Miss February. This sensual summer Playmate pictorial was photographed by **Rico Mettbach.**

We've chosen our first birthday to announce a new pictorial feature – Australian PLAYBOY'S *World of Playboy.* It's our way of bringing you a selection of beauties from other PLAYBOY foreign editions.

And another special feature: The Best of *The Playboy Adviser.* Since its inception 19 years ago, the *Adviser* has become one of US PLAYBOY'S most helpful and respected sections, answering readers' queries on subjects as diverse as sex, etiquette and the eating habits of piranhas. Our review of problems from the past decade provides an interesting – and sometimes amusing – mirror of the times.

By way of a birthday change, we're pleased to present our first all-female *Playboy Interview.* Staff writer **Camilla Beach** turns the spotlight on filmmaker **Margaret Fink,** producer of the international hit film *My Brilliant Career.*

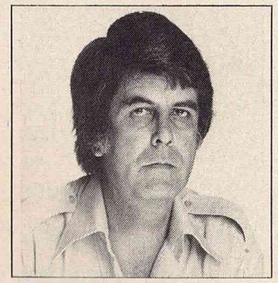
What does the weather mean to you? A good weekend? A topic of conversation when all else fails? Beneath the meteorological mumbo-jumbo, there's a serious message. **Richard Shears** outlines the long-range forecast. The illustration is by **Paul** (you won't believe it) **Winter.**

Australians, it's said, will bet on two flies crawling up a wall. And there's no better place to get your money on than Melbourne. **John Powers** reports from the Victorian capital. The illustration is by **David Higgins.**

Max Harris, man of letters and intellectual stirrer par excellence, makes his debut in Australian PLAYBOY with a personal exposition on Australia's new conservatism.

Hi-fi expert **Dennis Lingane** reports on new equipment that will make the '80s a dream decade for audio buffs. Photography is by **Colin Stead,** with innovative make-up (take a close look at our model) by **Smilka.**

It's been a pleasure to prepare this birthday treat – so please carve yourself a generous slice!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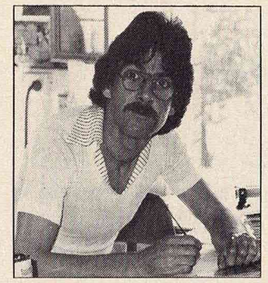
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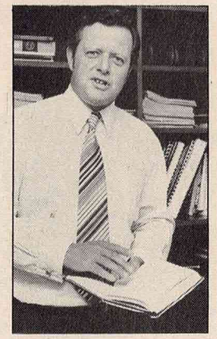
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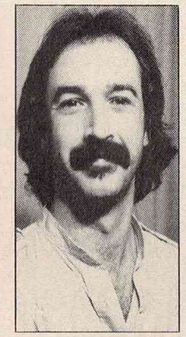
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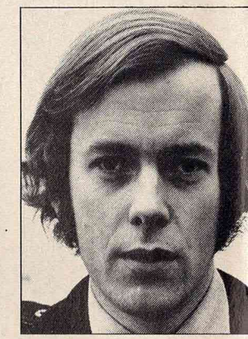
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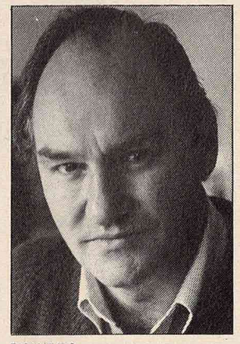
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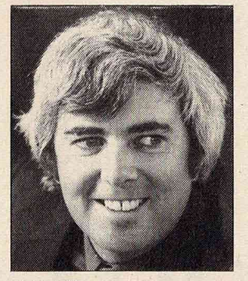
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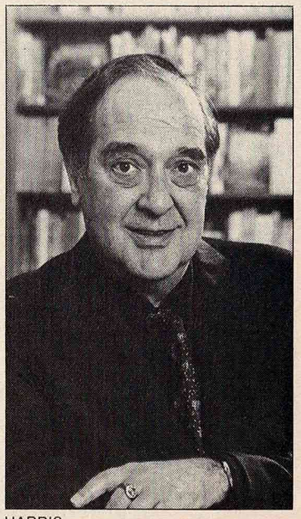
HARRIS

SMILKA

By the time you acquire your bottle of Drambuie, the precious liqueur has aged long enough.

More than fifteen years in fact.

So rather than hoard it for special occasions, enjoy it any time. Straight, or with ice, or like this:

Drinks from left to right.

Drambuie Swizzle (1 Drink)
¼ cup Drambuie
2 tablespoons of sweetened lime juice
1 drop bitters
½ cup of crushed ice
Soda water
Mint sprigs

In a tall glass mix Drambuie, lime juice, bitters and crushed ice. Stir until mixture is well chilled. Fill glass with soda water. Serve at once garnished with mint sprigs.

Drambuie Shrub (1 Drink)
2 tablespoons Drambuie
½ cup of chilled orange juice
1 scoop of lemon water ice
Mint sprigs

In a goblet mix Drambuie and orange juice. Top with lemon water ice. Garnish with mint sprigs and serve at once with straws and a small spoon.

Drambuie Egg Nog (Serves 12)
6 eggs
2 tablespoons sugar
½ teaspoon grated nutmeg
¼ pint sherry
½ pint Drambuie
2 pts. milk
1 pt. vanilla ice cream

Chill the milk, sherry and Drambuie well. Separate the eggs and beat the yolks with the sugar until light and mousse-like.

Add the Drambuie, sherry, milk, nutmeg and ice cream. Just before serving whisk the egg whites until they will just hold their shape, and fold them in. Serve sprinkled lightly with more nutmeg in a chilled punchbowl.

You'll be impressed, we promise you. And so too will your guests.

If you've got it, flaunt it.

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PLAYBOY
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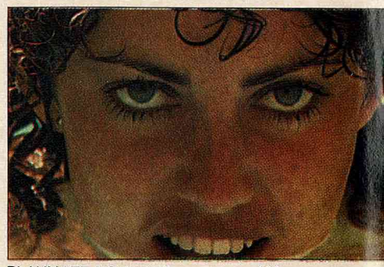
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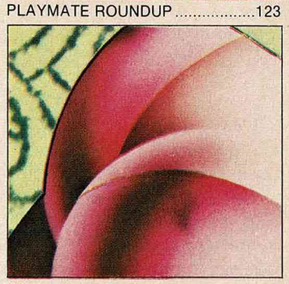
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DEAR PLAYBOY

ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO DEAR PLAYBOY, BOX 4088, GPO, SYDNEY 2001

SPREAD IT AROUND

I am disappointed in not having so far seen any Victorian centrefolds. The August and September Playmates were from NSW and, for statistics' sake, there have been three from NSW and one each from WA, Queensland and SA. Not denying their beauty, one can only assume that it is becoming more convenient to look around Sydney and NSW, seeing the magazine is based there.

One Victorian girl, very well known in Melbourne, was quoted as saying recently: "I would be only too happy to do a PLAYBOY centrefold if they would ask me to."

In conclusion, the rest of your magazine is terrific, and I hope your centrefold section continues that standard – with an equal number of centrefolds from each State and Territory, in particular exploring the southern regions of Tasmania, Victoria and the ACT.

Clyde Sanders
Narrabundah, Canberra

We'll be happy to give the Victorian beauty you mention a test, Mr Sanders, and hope that she meets our stringent requirements. For that matter, we're open to offers from all over. Write to the Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, *Box 4088 GPO, Sydney 2001. Aspiring Playmates should enclose a recent nude or semi-nude photograph.*

PINI FEVER

I've been reading Australian PLAYBOY since July, and I think it is a fine magazine. Your articles and pictorials are very interesting, and the girls are fantastic. I was unfortunate in missing out on the first issue, which featured Karen Pini as Playmate of the Month.

I thought I would never get to see Karen Pini, but there she was again in September in the *Dear Playboy* section, published at the request of another avid Pini fan.

After seeing that picture, I would have to agree that Karen is stunning. I think that she would have to be 1979's Playmate of the Year. I'll certainly vote on that!

A.T.
Ashfield, NSW

I bought the first Australian PLAYBOY and haven't missed an issue since. I would like to say that, of all your centrefolds, none is more attractive than Miss Karen Pini. I would like you to consider my vote for her when the judging of the Playmate of the Year comes up. I'm hoping you will present another photo of the lovely Miss Pini to keep my dreams alive.

Paul Bullock
Frankston, Victoria

Your votes are registered, chaps – but the Editor has the last word!

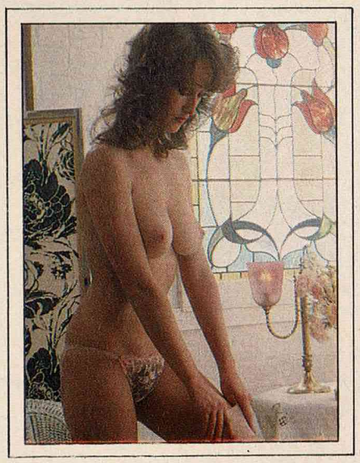
A SHADE LOVELIER

Congratulations on Miss Angela McCartney, PLAYBOY'S December Playmate – but can you explain the color changes of Angela's hair?

On pages 100 and 105, the color is quite red, but on pages 101 to 104, and in the gatefold, Angela's hair is much more brown.

Peter Stafford
South Yarra, Victoria

The play of light can do strange and wondrous things to the female form,



which is the reason for the different shades. But surely you'll agree our Rose from the Golden West looks just as sweet in any shade. So here she is again, if anything looking a shade more beautiful!

DYLAN'S GOSPEL

A..D. Aird's "review" of *Slow Train Coming* (PLAYBOY, December) goes a long way toward advancing the art of negative journalism. Who gives a damn whether Dylan has been "re-born"? Who cares about " . . . goodbye to The Band, goodbye to the Yiddisher kid"? The truth of the matter is that one of this generation's acknowledged musical masters (who has already dabbled in sundry musical forms, ranging from folk to rock, and protest to disco) has applied his not inconsiderable talents to an older musical form – gospel. Aird places too much emphasis on the presence of Mark Knopfler; a talented guitarist, perhaps, but one who has yet to prove his durability.

Apart from Dylan, the driving force behind the music's appeal is that of producer Barry Beckett. He gives the album polish and variety, qualities that have been lacking in some of Dylan's more recent releases. Aird's wank says nothing of the whimsical tenor of Man Gave Names to All the Animals, the gut-feeling of Gonna Change My Way of Thinking, or the haunting finale, When He Returns, which has Beckett as Dylan's only accompaniment.

A. Bear
Maroubra, NSW

SEX IN THE MOVIES

I have read with interest all the editions of Australian PLAYBOY and, after nine months, I am surprised that your magazine has not included pictorial segments of *Sex in the Movies,* as does US PLAYBOY.

Looking back over the past several years, the revitalised Australian cinema has made many good movies, some of which have been very good as far as a PLAYBOY reader is concerned. For example, *Alvin Purple* and *Petersen.*

Would it be possible to feature a segment of *Sex in the Movies* in future editions of Australian PLAYBOY?

Peter Costa
St Albans, Victoria

Keep watching, Peter – we're working on it.

BEEFCAKE, PLEASE

My husband and I buy PLAYBOY each month. We both find it very interesting, and I was wondering if you could send me a calender or a book like PLAYBOY, but with men instead of women in it?

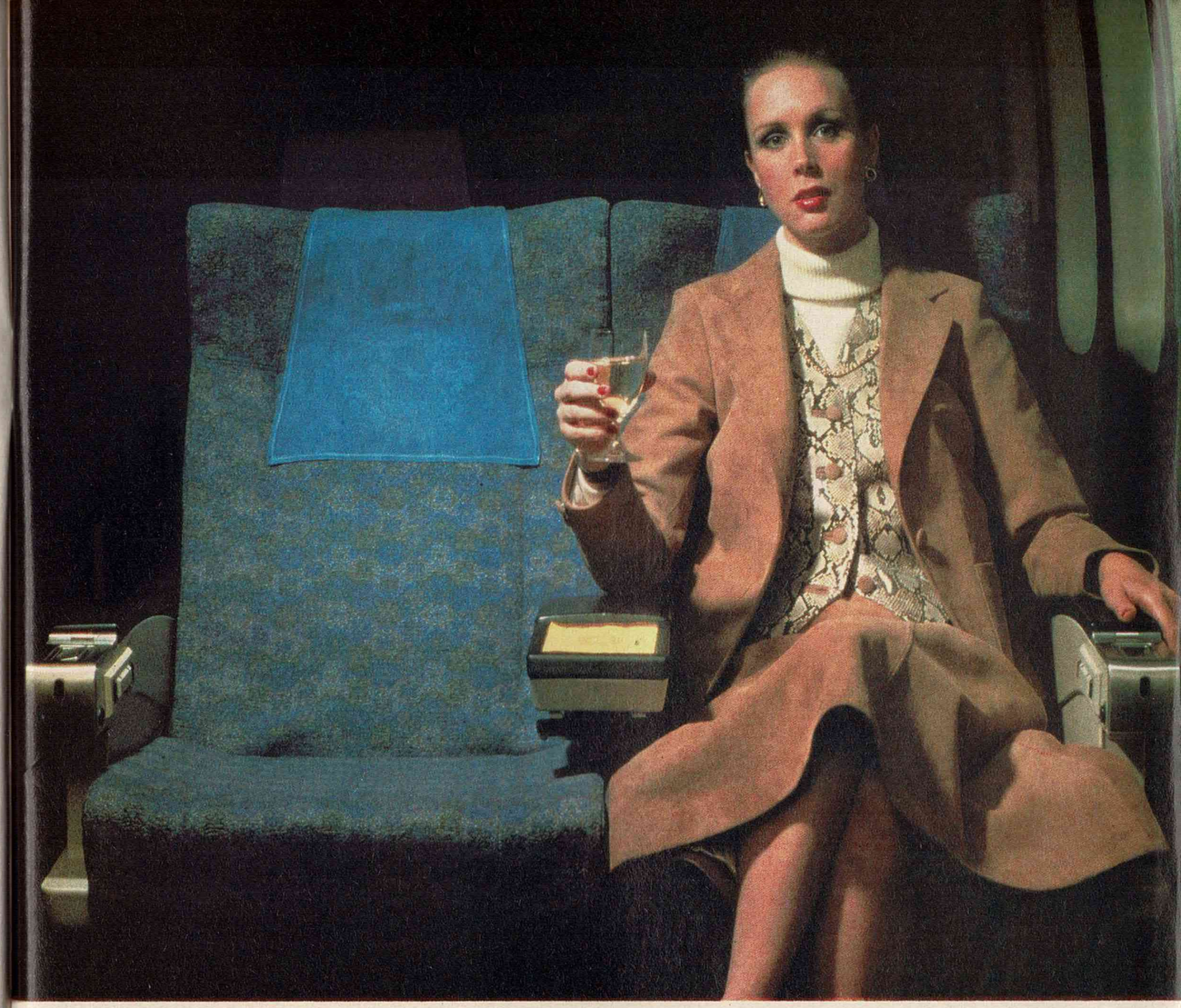
Mrs C. Hatch
Brisbane

We'd love to oblige you, Mrs Hatch, but naked men ain't our department. Try Cleo, *a monthly magazine with a beefcake centre.*

BREAKTHROUGH

After having bought each copy of PLAYBOY since February, and having read each issue from front to back, thank you for a truly fantastic magazine – it's something we've needed for a long time.

B. M. Brandt
Gladstone, Queensland



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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

COITUS ON CAMPUS

Australian Union of Students' national women's officer Karina Veal has made a national tour warning females that they may be offered chances to progress horizontally by male academic staff. She says the jargon varies State to State, but the message is the same. In Queensland it is "academic rape", and at the ANU in Canberra it's known as "an A for a lay". Tutors and lecturers should know the girls are retaliating. The lavatories at the UWA name a couple of Arts lecturers who are demanding favors for passes.

BARELY LEGAL

The beach that never was, Swanbourne (near Perth) now exists. The Department of Defence has handed over the coastal strip of their suburban rifle range to the nearest local government body, the Nedlands City Council. About 8000 regular Swanbourne nudists are now nervous about what the council will decide. They've enjoyed freedom from police and local government hassles for years on their no man's land. Because the beach was Commonwealth Territory, they couldn't easily be busted.

They hope that the council will be broadminded, but they are worried. At the first council meeting after it had been given control of the beach, one intense councillor asked council to consider the question of changing sheds. For a nudist beach?

FACTS OF LIFE

Fewer Australians are marrying, according to the latest statistics. The change in mores has come about, say the figures, by increased acceptance of couples living together, more effective contraception, and an ageing population. At the same time, the number of people who get married in church has sharply declined from nearly 90 percent 12 years ago.

As far as age is concerned, it is now 25.4 for bridegrooms and 22.7 for brides, a marked increase over much of the 1960s and the early 1970s when it was 23.9 for men and 21.5 for women. And a failed marriage doesn't seem to put many people off either as, in 1978, 19.5 percent of bridegrooms had been previously married and 18.5 percent of brides had been, as it were, once bitten. Further evidence that the marriage knot is slipping is in the total number of marriages – 102,958 in 1978 against 117,636 seven years before.

VAMPIRES INCORPORATED

For once, the Queensland and Federal Governments have agreed on an issue, following requests by two American companies to buy and sell human blood in Australia. The companies approached the Federal Government to ask if they could set up shop here, claiming that to refuse would be a denial of the private enterprise ethic. However, Federal Health Minister Hunt said the idea was "not on". Queensland's Health Minister, Sir William Knox, said the sale of blood was a business which the Americans could keep to themselves. The voluntary Red Cross blood bank system had worked well here for 50 years and its success had encouraged many countries to follow suit, he said.

TILLY DEVINE: SCENE 1

It could have been out of a Woody Allen film. There in the Cairns motel room sat director John *(The Manchurian Candidate, The Birdman of Alcatraz, Seven Days in May, The French Connection II, Prophecy)* Frankenheimer, itching to chase the big marlin. Across the coffee table sat the man to whom he'd granted a rare interview, Sydney journalist John Burney.

The talk swung to Australian films. Yes, said the great director, he was impressed by the new wave of Australian films. Yes, he would be interested in making a film in these parts, but only if the script was artistically challenging and genuinely Australian. And, as he read the signs, such scripts were rarer than marlin in the wake of the Japanese trawlers. It was the moment of truth for Burney. Should he or should he not present Frankenheimer with the script he had written in collaboration with fellow journalist Phil Cornford, and which he just happened to be sitting on at that moment? He took the plunge. Half rising off the lounge chair, he whisked out the script and handed it to the Hollywood director.

Frankenheimer was stunned but gracious. He flicked through the pages and told Burney he would be very

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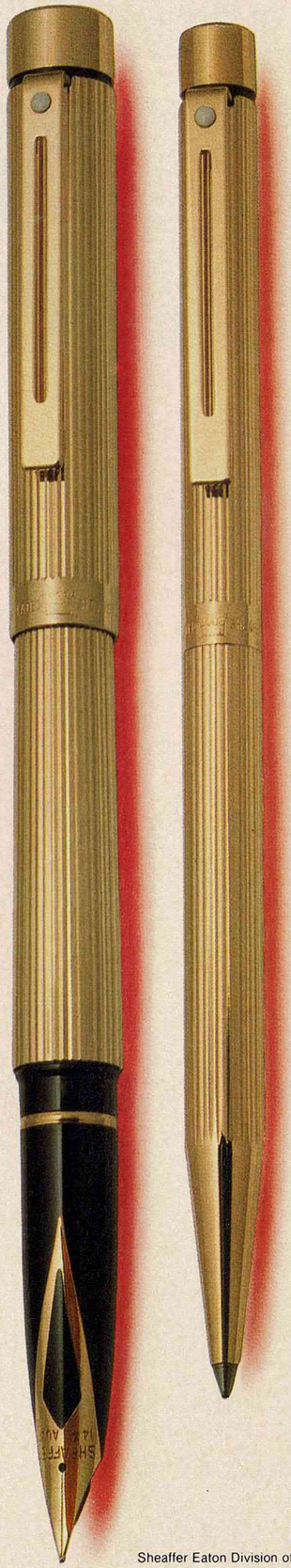

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interested to read the script. He asked for Burney's home telephone number in Sydney and promised he would ring the journalist either from Cairns or Hollywood with a decision. Burney is not holding his breath, but, as he says: "One chance in a million of Frankenheimer making our film is better than no chance at all." Frankenheimer has the knack of attracting the big investors, and preliminary estimates for the Burney-Cornford saga of the wild Sydney days when Tilly Devine ruled the Cross are running between $1.5 million and $2 million.

HANGING OUT

A recent report in the Melbourne *Sun* stated that Pentridge prisoner Edwin Eastwood was pressing on with his hunger strike, despite losing 12kg. According to the *Sun* story, the Community Welfare Service Minister, Mr Jona, reported Eastwood's condition as "unhanged". Ah well, no noose is good news!

BOOTLEGGING PROFIT

When the oldest worker for the oldest registered distillery in the USA gets to prattling about the olden days, the nostalgia is as cloying as the Jack Daniels sour mash whisky. Clarence Rolman, spry 77-year-old front man for the most famous of all of the sour mash pedlars from Lynchburg, Tennessee, is walking, talking proof that you can take a deep southerner out of the backwoods, but you can never take the backwoods out of the man. To hear Clarence tell it, as Miss Evie, the little lady he took as his wife 54 years ago when she was a shy 14, nods corroboratively at his every word, he's played the full hillbilly bit.

He'd never travelled beyond spitting distance of his little old home town until his 72nd birthday, and his greatest adventure before he joined Uncle Jack's distillery in 1938 was to produce his own brand of wildcat whisky in the wild and woody hills above Lynchburg.

On his recent and second promotional visit to Australia recently, Clarence went to great pains to ridicule the Andrew Volstead-inspired law that prohibited the manufacture of any alcohol in the US between 1917 and 1933. "The Government knowed the law was of no account because they didn't enforce it much. The sheriff in my local county was in with me. He had the bootleggers organised, and he got 25 cents for every pint they sold. I used to get between $10 and $12 for every gallon and I used to sell it just as quick as I could make it. It was as good as any Gov'ment whisky."

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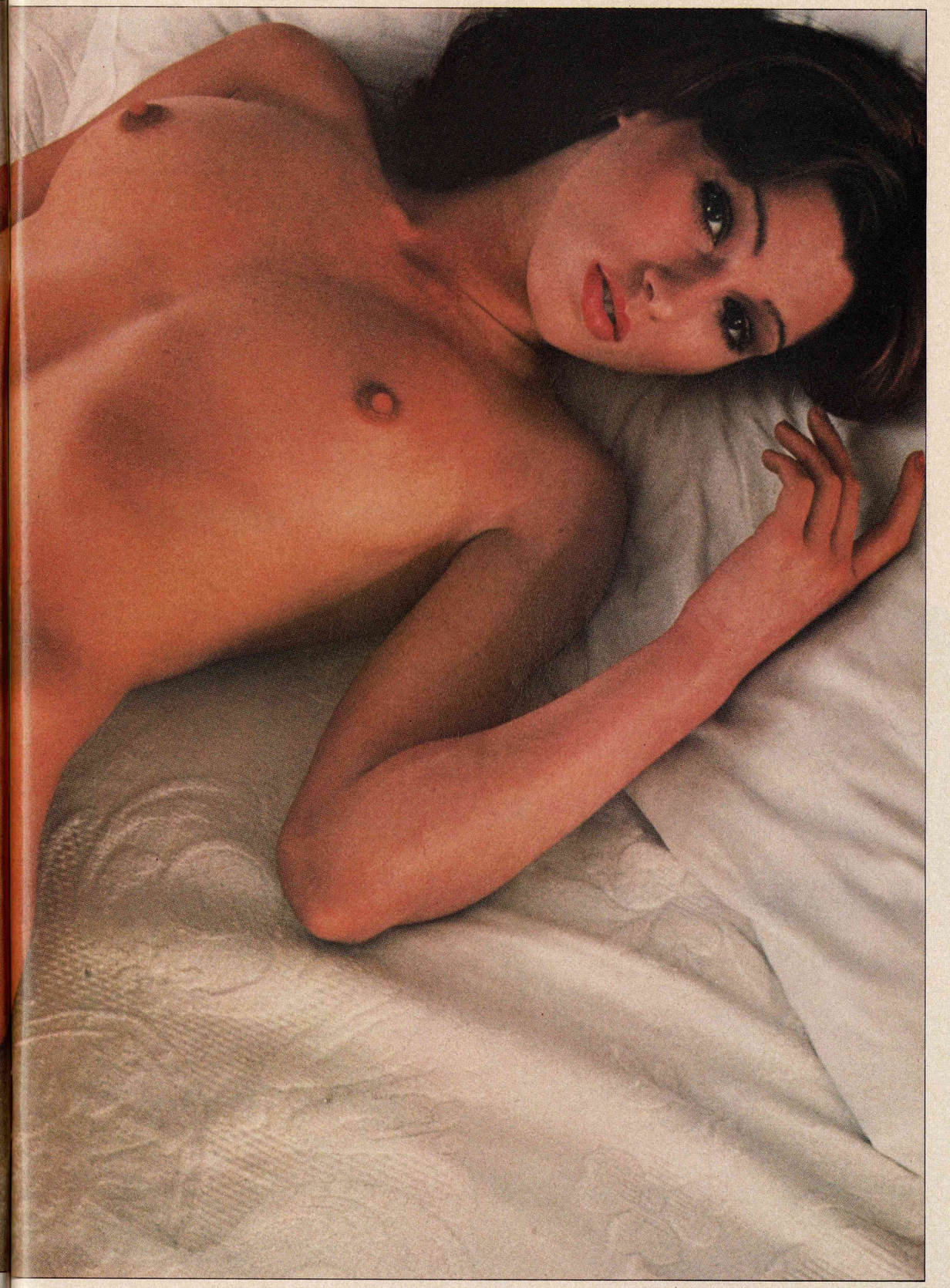
PC 16/79

A Gem from Germany

The World of Playboy takes in nine countries, seven languages and 27 million readers. We'd like to introduce you to that world and, as a tantalising first instalment, we are happy to present, from Hamburg, the lovely Renate Lünsmann

Renate, at 20, is a girl who knows where she's going. "I want to get away from cities," she says, "away from the stresses." Her paradise? The Seychelles, where she's going to set up house with her man. "I can get modelling jobs there – and think of all that beautiful sun!" Well, there's all the sun you could wish for here in Australia, Renate, if you ever get sick of the Seychelles.

Egalitarianism is part of Renate's lifestyle. "No one can tell me that women are any less intelligent, or less capable, than men," she says. "And I don't believe a man has to be handsome to succeed. He must be confident and charming, and have that certain something. I believe that a man needs to feel he possesses a woman – and I just love to be possessed."



The best of THE PLAYBOY ADVISER

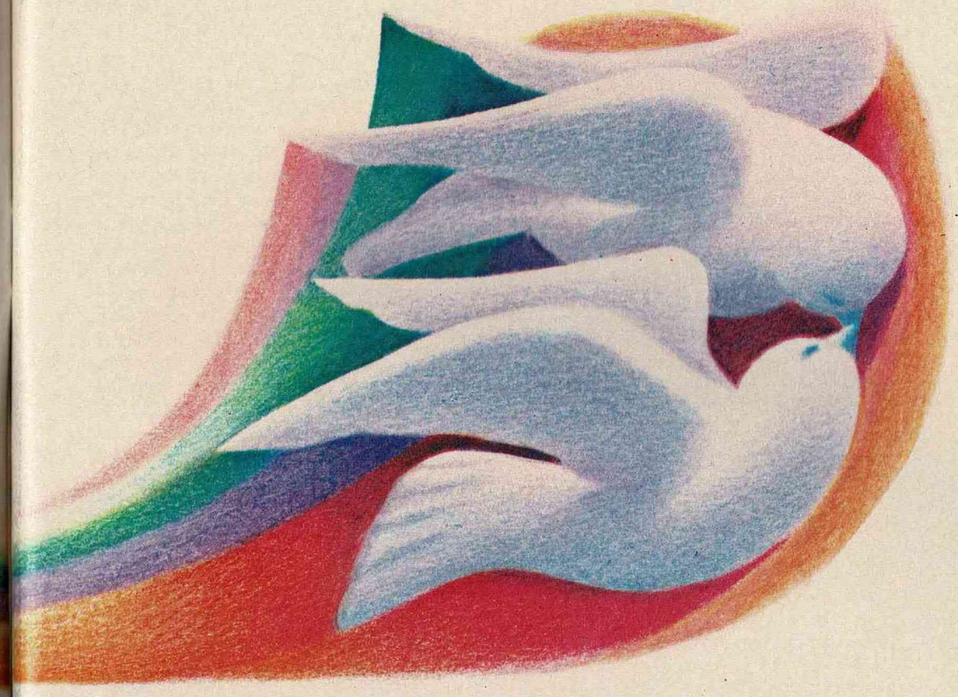
WHEN 21st century historians train their philosophic telescopes back in time, the 1970s will have a seething story to tell in the calendar of man. It will be seen as a decade of violent death and genocide in South-east Asia; of blood-letting and the ensuing introspection and political purging within the most powerful nation in history, the USA; of the first sacking of a democratically elected Australian Federal Government; of the economic rise of Arab nations on the backs of petro-dollars; of the eco-socio-significance of the emergence of the third-world nations in Africa, Asia and the Americas.

It will also be remembered for the baring of problems and anxieties associated with sexuality, personal relationships, individual freedoms and lifestyles in progressive Western societies. The proliferation through the '70s of serious books, magazines and radio and television programs examining human emotions and sexuality is testimony enough to the intensity of the public spotlight on subjects so long confined to the closet.

But, despite the concentration of more and more therapists on matters personal and sexual, and their constructive efforts in fomenting the revolution in human sexuality and awareness, thousands of people continued to consult the magazine pacesetter in the field, *The Playboy Adviser*. The *Adviser* first made its appearance in PLAYBOY in the still stiff-laced days of 1960, and has been an integral part of the magazine since. The column was created because the editors sensed that there were millions of people with real problems, curiosities and anxieties.

Down through the years, it has been obvious that the questions posed have been so intimate, so embarrassing, that the writers could not bring themselves to ask them of their doctors, their closest friends, and certainly not of their parents. They turned to PLAYBOY, and they are still leaning on us.

Of course, the *Adviser* is not limited to sexual questions. Readers have sought our advice on a wide range of topics – on fashion, etiquette, food, drink, music, sport, culture, history and even on the population of Ireland. But most of the questions raised and answered over the years have related to sex. Sex in all its aspects. Sex at its most puzzling, its most frustrating and its most humiliating; light and heavy-hearted sex; sex marital and extra-marital; sex normal and abnormal (though that demarcation is never constant); sex with a smile and sex with a tear.



The Playboy Adviser has strived to answer the questions with compassion and insight, occasionally with wit and, when it has felt it necessary, with firmness. When the magazine's editors have felt not fully qualified to answer, we have sought expert medical, legal or other advice. Through all the answers, the editors have tried to heed the PLAYBOY philosophy in singing the praises of individual identity, of freedom of choice and in opposing double standards of sexuality and those who preach the concepts that sexual relations are shameful.

In many ways, the column has reflected changing societal attitudes toward sexuality and sexual expression. And, in reviewing the past 10 years of *The Playboy Adviser,* perhaps the most significant shift has been an encouraging spin-off from the women's liberation movement by way of a softening of male attitudes. It was a time when the Big O became more meaningful than mystical.

Even in 1970, when it was still gung-ho, and men were supposed primarily to be concerned with their own pleasure, there were hints of togetherness in letters such as this: "Some of my friends claim they have three orgasms during a single love-making period. I am able to have a second erection and gain entrance, but eventually I lose it without a second ejaculation. My girlfriend says she doesn't care, but I feel it is of more importance to her than she is admitting." Was this the thin edge of a new male concern?

In January, 1975, a young lady laid the women's cause on the line. "When my boyfriend and I make love, I can climax only after direct clitoral stimulation – either by hand or tongue." She wondered – as millions of women tuned into the Freudian concept of clitoral and vaginal orgasms had wondered – if she was a freak. With a little backup help from therapists such as Masters and Johnson, the *Adviser* was able to assure her she was perfectly normal and, given a measure of mutual understanding, patience and communication between her and her lover, there was no reason why they should not climax together.

A 1977 letter and its response suggested that the sexes were running neck-and-neck. A college boy wrote to ask the *Adviser* to settle a fraternity argument over whether men or women gained the more pleasure from orgasm. PLAYBOY straddled the centre line by answering that research suggested that the pleasure response was essentially the same for both men and women.

Not that there weren't male chauvinistic flashbacks, as these two late-1979 letters bear witness. "I recently slept with a lady who made me wonder where the whole matter of a woman's right to orgasm is heading. The girl wasn't so much into screwing, though she apparently liked it well enough, as she was into titillation: oral sex, light vibrators, feathers, ice cubes etc. With one method and another, I brought her to orgasm in just about every way humanly and mechanically possible. Around dawn, I collapsed on her damp and wrinkled sheets, unable to move so much as an eyelid. Imagine my surprise when I awoke five hours later to what sounded like an electric toothbrush. I half opened my eyes to see this chick lying there, spread-eagled, still going at herself with vibrator and fingers."

Adviser fell back on words from the wise: "Dr Alexander Lowen, in *Love and Orgasm, a Revolutionary Guide to Sexual Fulfillment,* says that there are two basic kinds of lovers: sexual and sensual. He says the sexual person is an emotionally mature person capable of deep feeling and concern for the person of the opposite sex, and that type of person is oriented toward having a single act of intercourse which is completed by an orgasm of such intensity that, usually, the person feels no need for further sexual excitement,

because the one orgasm was emotionally satisfying. Dr Lowen describes the sensual type as a sexually immature individual who is narcissistic and inwardly depressed, or cold, and who uses sex to create some sort of emotional feeling which, in fact, he or she lacks."

And the second letter . . . "What do you think of a woman who keeps a supply of condoms in her bedside table! The other night I met a girl at a singles bar, went with her to her home and, as we were climbing into the sack, she pulled open a drawer and offered me 'protection'. I was so taken aback that I almost couldn't get it up." So the *Adviser* gently pricked that balloon of masculine mastery by pointing out that it was becoming increasingly common for women to buy condoms.

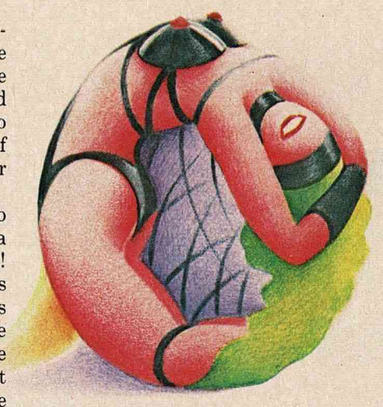
A Darwin woman, too, reopened a can of worms by asking if she should continue to fake orgasm to please her "wonderful man". White though her little lies, the lady was reminded that she was trying to build a meaningful relationship on deceit at a time when bedroom honesty could be far more productive and pleasurable.

Men's vainglory, too, shone through in sterilisation queries. One wanted to know if a man could have a bet each way on a vasectomy. Could men, he asked, store their sperm against the possibility of permanent sterilisation? The answer was, and is, yes. The sperm obtained from a man by masturbation can be mixed with glycerol and frozen at -198C. But immortality is temporal. Frozen male seed in sperm banks remains viable for just five years.

Sterilisation apart, less drastic forms of contraception sparked some curly questions. A NSW bachelor, who said he carried condoms in his wallet as security for unprotected girls, wanted to know if sheaths deteriorated with time. The *Adviser* was able to reassure the thoughtful Lothario that, as long as the condoms remained sealed, they had a shelf life of about five years. But, in these days when condoms are rather old hat, manufacturers might consider date-stamping the sealed packets.

Another correspondent put forward astrological birth control as 98 percent effective. Noting that the ordinary rhythm method was only 65 percent effective because women were not as regular as other heavenly bodies, the *Adviser* commented that astrological birth control merely added a few more forbidden days to the monthly cycle. Therefore, the editor calculated that adherents to astrological birth control were practising near abstinence, the most effective form of contraception.

During the 10 years, the dialogue on the whole range of contraceptive methods continued in spite of the flood



of books and media articles documenting and discussing vasectomies, tubal ligations, hysterectomies, IUDs and all the traditional forms of birth control. Toward the end of the '70s, however, there was a noticeable trend toward inquiries about dual-purpose condoms. Men wanted to know if ribbed, knobbed and other bizarrely designed condoms would heighten sexual enjoyment. There could, and can, be no single answer to that one – what is one man's or woman's pleasure is always another's palliative.

The overflow problem from lack of reliable contraceptive methods, abortion, preoccupied both men and women writers – some of them abysmally ignorant of the dangers inherent in terminating pregnancy. The *Adviser* was always helpful, never minimised the risks involved, and invariably referred troubled people to abortion clinics or doctors.

Readers' heartaches stemming from extramarital sex were manifold. There was the young wife who recklessly took an old girlfriend to the matrimonial couch, and was shattered to wake up in the wee small hours to find her husband and the other woman making music. Amid sympathy, the *Adviser* admonished her for placing the temptation in her husband's bed. More familiar was the variation on the eternal triangle from the young buck who'd been pleasuring a neglected wife and feeling forlorn because the lady refused to swap her and her child's security for more regular passion. PLAYBOY'S judgment: the lady's choice. Then there was the other woman complaining that the divorced man who was once her adulterous lover kept pursuing her after her own marriage. She was advised to engage a solicitor to read the riot act to the old flame.

In the wake of books such as Alex Comfort's *The Joy of Sex,* there was a significant increases in the volume of inquiries about bizarre acts such as bondage and sado-maschoism. The *Adviser* adopted a neutral stance, but recommended caution. "Pleasure", as the editor wrote definitively in responding to one query about whipping, "is uncertain, pain guaranteed. A sadist never asks his partner if she came, or, for that matter, if it hurt."

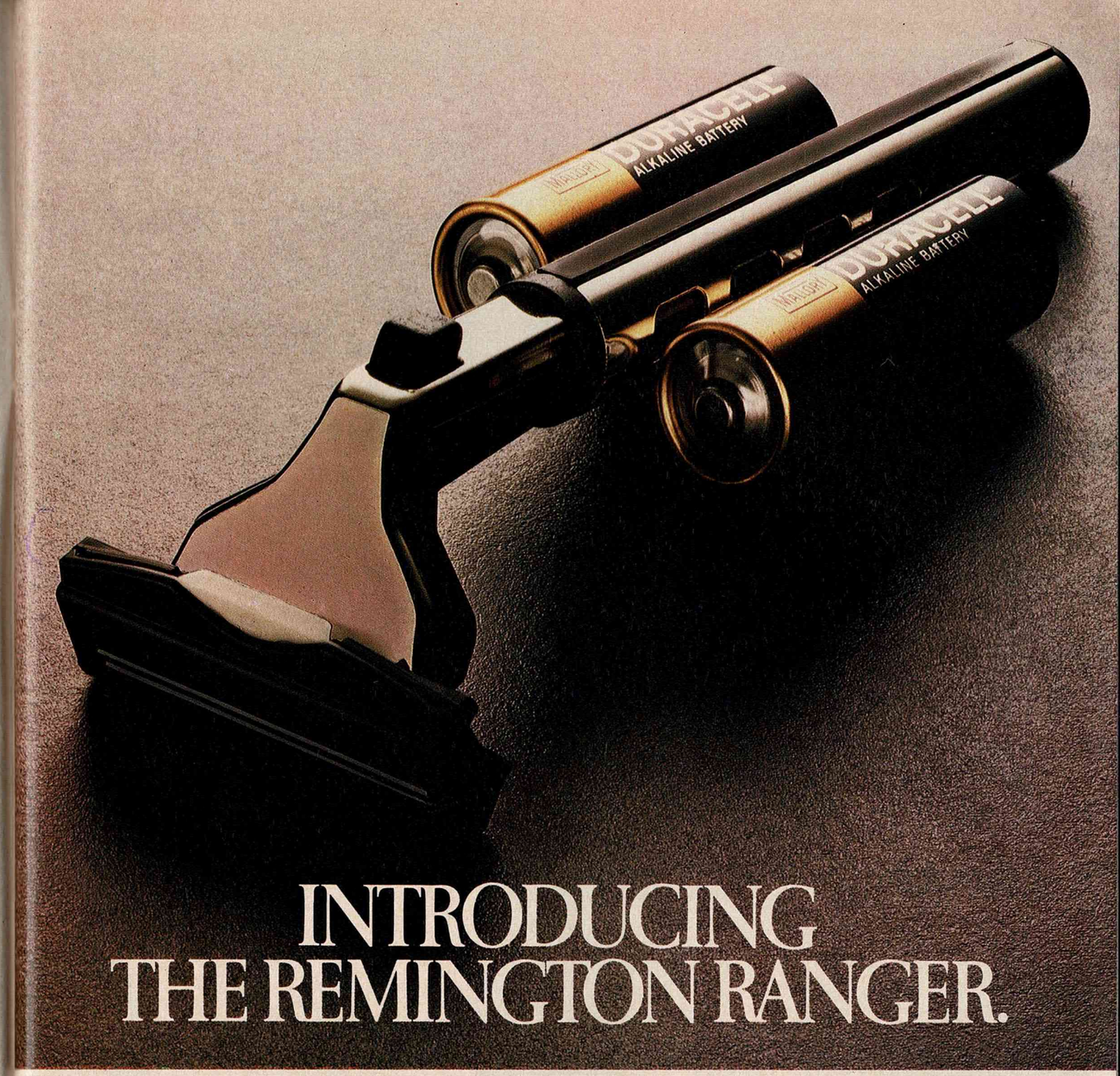
Considering the constant reference to love potions in all literature, it would indeed have been surprising had PLAYBOY readers not expressed some interest in aphrodisiacs. But the tone of the inquiries was also alarming. Experimentation has been the name of the game and, judging from letters written to the *Adviser* over the past few years, men and women would appear to be prepared to swallow, sniff or apply just about anything in the hope that it would stimulate their sexual urge. Cantharides, or Spanish fly, strychnine, nitrates and alum are just a few of the chemical substances people have tried as elixirs of love. On one occasion, PLAYBOY compared the sniffing of nitrates, douching with astringents such as alum, and the taking of even minute doses of irritants such as cantharides and strychnine to Russian roulette.

Those who have survived idiotic experimentation or who have considered turning on with wasp stings, or whatever, might well heed the *Adviser's* reply to a query on aphrodisiacs which appeared in August last year: "In addition to hyenas' eyes, Pliny recommended the snout and foot of the hippopotamus. Horace suggested dried marrow and liver, and Petronius, among other items, snails heads. In France, both the truffle and almost any kind of sea food have been given the nod, while in 17th century Europe, the lowly potato was alleged to have aphrodisiacal properties. Madame du Barry preferred pheasant in wine sauce, while Boswell opted for ambergris. But why go on? The list is as endless as it is useless."

Occasional writers, such as RF, of Queensland, got right down to basics. He wanted to know the difference between naked and nude. Adopting the principle that you can't improve on perfection, the *Adviser* left the forum to the English author, Robert Graves:

For me, the naked and the nude
(By lexicographers construed
As synonymous that should express
The same deficiency of dress
Or shelter) stands as wide apart
As love from lies, or truth from art.

Despite the glorification of hedonism, which developed from the '60s into mutual acceptance that sex is where and how you take it, the '70s still contained their share of confusion over the relationship between sex and love. The fears and frustrations expressed in a letter from a Tasmanian student were typical. "I am studying at a



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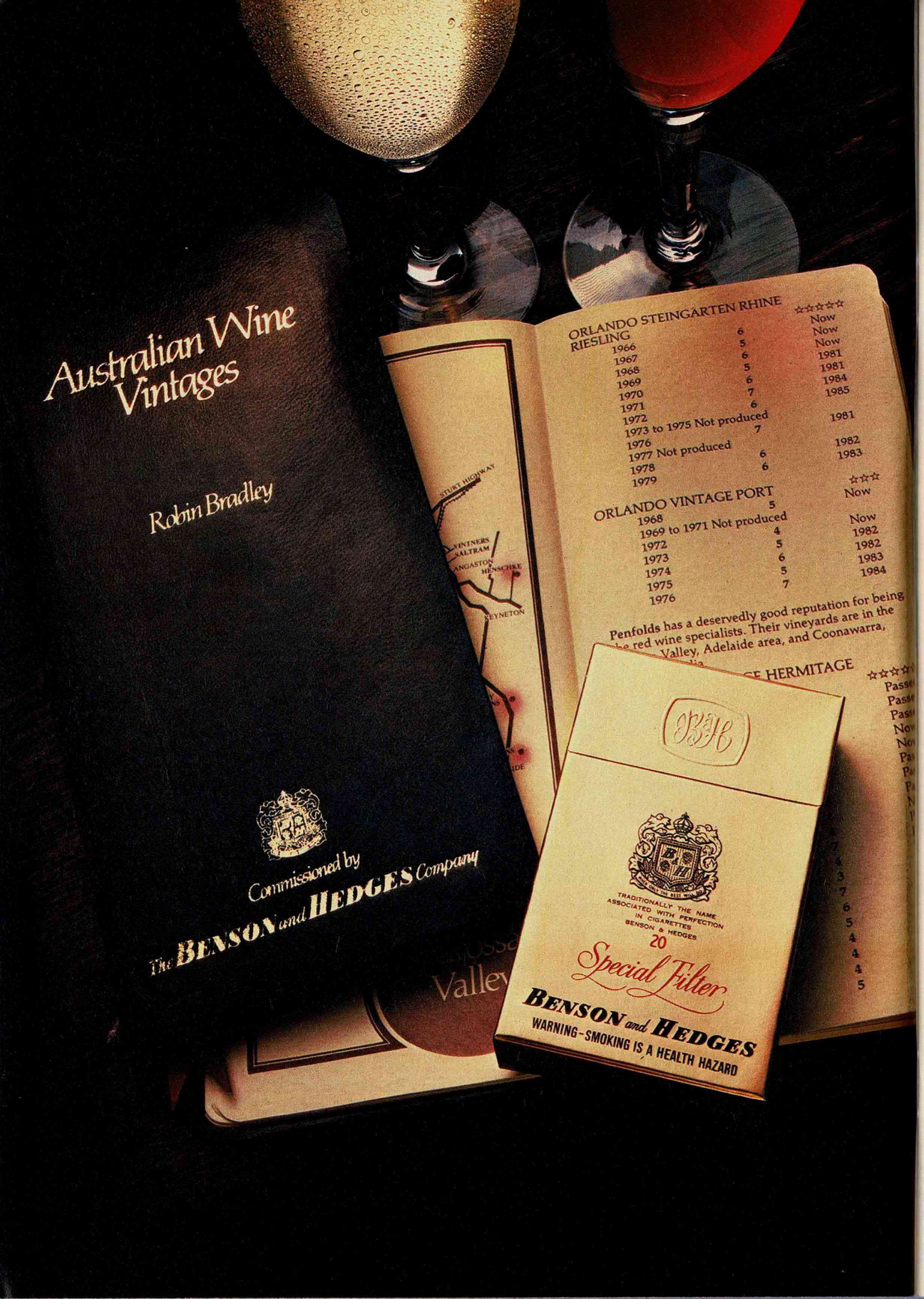

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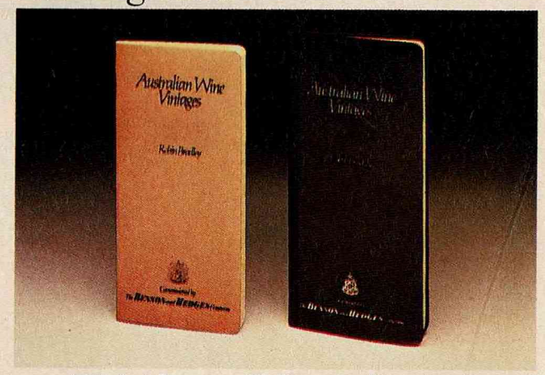

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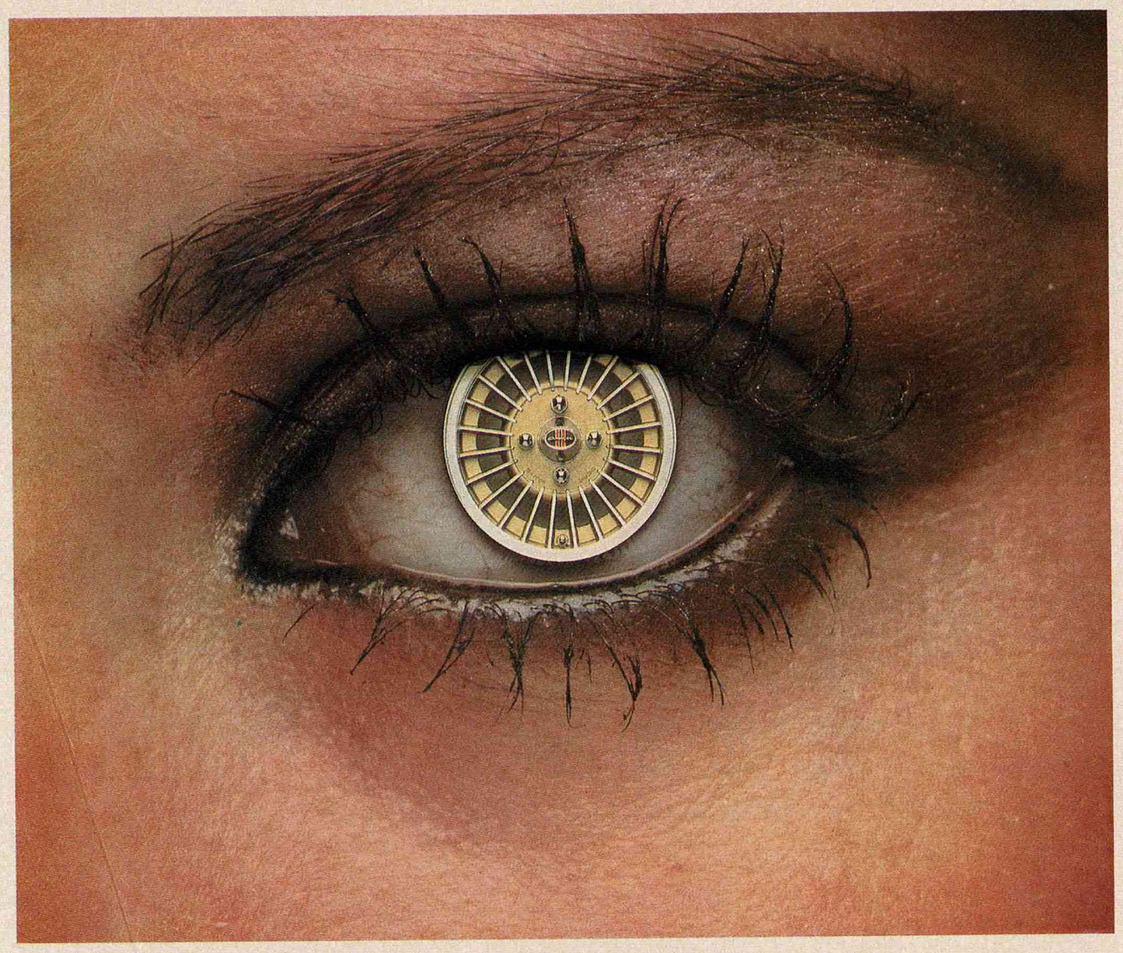

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tertiary institute and have been enjoying sex regularly with a girl I love very much. Recently, she told me that, although she enjoys sex very much, her guilt has been mounting because she is not absolutely certain she loves me, and sex without love is unacceptable to her. I think she is genuinely confused about love and love relationships."

In the early '70s, there was the odd case of a Vietnam veteran describing the phenomenon of working on a girl until she was emotionally dependent, and then walking out. PLAYBOY interpreted this attitude as an expression of all the pent-up rage and anger that drafted GIs could not direct at the system which sent them to Vietnam. As the *Adviser* so succinctly put it: "Not all of the casualties incurred in Vietnam were physical."

Many young men sought advice on how to extricate themselves from affairs when their young ladies' fancies had turned to orange blossom and wedding bells. Paraphrasing *Adviser:* honesty is the best policy. Indeed, the '70s were no different to any other time in history when it came to young people expressing doubts about marriage. Perhaps the one difference was that the doubt was tinged with the first waves of Toffler's *Future Shock.*

The decade opened with the familiar refrain: boy (18) meets girl (17) and together they surrender their virginity; boy then feels obligated and buys engagement ring; after the first euphoria, he begins to wonder if their immature decision to wed is the first act in an emotional tragedy. Decreed the *Adviser:* "The possible pain you could cause your girl at this time by postponing or abandoning the nuptials must be weighed against the incredible pain that would be continuously compounded in an unloving marriage. Next time you mistake sexual desire for marriage fever, ponder on the words of George Jean Nathan: 'Marriage is based on the theory that, when a man discovers a particular brand of beer exactly to his taste, he should at once throw in his present job and go to work in the brewery'."

A couple of years later, PLAYBOY received a letter which could have been written in matrimony by that girl who lost her virginity at 17. "I've been married to my husband for five years and have two children. I do a good job of maintaining the house and caring for the kids, but this doesn't seem to count for much when we are in bed. In brief, we have a wonderful relationship – except for sex."

As the *Adviser* observed: "Sadly, wonderful marriages are too frequently a mask for hidden hostilities and the growth of private barriers. The marriages that most often work are the ones that aren't so wonderful, that are full of problems that require the understanding of both partners."

A repetitive theme trumpeting double standards was provided by men whose desire to marry their lovers was tempered by doubts based on their knowledge that they were not the first men invited into their ladies' beds. Happily, the mood today suggests that men are as willing to forgive their partners their trespasses as they conveniently forget their own.

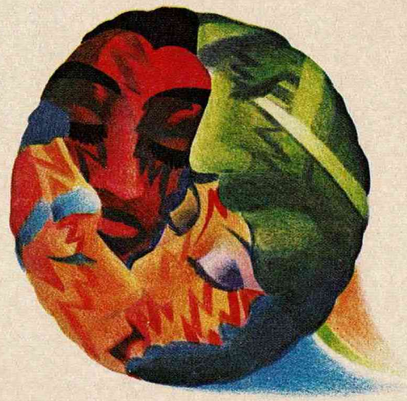
By volume standards, the three fears which bit deepest into the male psyche were the inter-related problems of sexual performance: penis size, premature ejaculation and impotence. It was no surprise, then, that, despite rigorous cross-examination by interviewer James Petersen, Masters and Johnson steadfastly refused in the December issue of PLAYBOY to exacerbate these problems by releasing penile measurements taken during their years of research into human sexuality. Explained Dr Masters: "If we had published the size, everybody would have been using a measuring stick. And that way lies impotence."

In doing so, Masters mirrored a nestful of neuroses about penis size and shape . . . "The other day I was reading a book that promised to tell me everything I wanted to know about sex, when I discovered something I didn't want to know: that the average length of the erect penis is 15.25cm. My own erection checks in at a mere 14cm." And another: "Recently I married, and my wife has asked me several times if all penises curve when in the erect state as mine does. Is this curvature normal?"

The *Adviser* was able to assure the reader, and millions of other men, that the bent or curved penis was quite common. The column was scant comfort, however, to those correspondents who wanted to know if there was an operation to increase penis size. The answer was no: neither through a surgical implant of silicone nor through the daily morning exercise of dangling a weight from the organ.

Although premature ejaculation appeared to be in plague proportions in the early '70s, there were encouraging signs for both the suffering partners that this was one area in which the therapists and their multiplying manuals have broken through the veneer of fear and ignorance. Scarcely a book rolls off the publishers' presses that does not discuss the physiological causes of premature ejaculation and the various techniques which can be employed to overcome it.

A man who complained of having been impotent for two years wrote to PLAYBOY in 1975, pinning his hopes on



what the *Adviser* could tell him about surgery to restore his virility. We explained the technique developed by two US teams in some detail: "The doctors implant two collapsible silicone-rubber cylinders in the corpus cavernosum of the penis. These are connected by tubes to a pump tucked away in the scrotum, and to a reservoir of fluid implanted behind the stomach muscles. By squeezing the pump, the patient transfers the fluid from the reservoirs to the cylinders in the penis, which then becomes erect. Pressing on a tiny valve returns the fluid to the reservoir. Patients armed with this device can experience orgasm and ejaculation, because the brain centres that control erection are different from those that control pleasure."

It is interesting that Dr Bernie Zilbergeld devotes quite a deal of space in his recent book, *Men and Sex,* to the hydraulic implant model. He advises caution among men seeking implants. "We have talked," he writes, "to a number of urologists who have either done the surgery or who were in some other way involved, and the consensus is that implants often work out well for men for whom it is the only hope – those with organic impairment. For those without such impairment, however, and for those who have not tried other alternatives, there is often trouble." As the *Adviser* repeatedly pointed out, the seeds of impotence were often in the mind, and the temporary condition could normally be cured by psychological therapy.

The women's corresponding appendage, the clitoris, was at the root of most of the complaints about unsatisfactory foreplay. Great lovers wrote in puzzlement: why should some ladies object to their proven clitoral stimulatory techniques? The *Adviser* kept explaining, patiently, that many women found direct stimulation of the clitoris painful and a turn-off. And in a general observation on foreplay, the *Adviser* wrote: "Foreplay has traditionally been the time when partners

savor each other while saving the inevitable orgasms for later."

Oral sex emerged as the most refined form of foreplay in the '70s, and with its re-emergence in the public forum came the problems. Diet-conscious wives and girlfriends were curious about whether swallowing the ejaculate would upset the kilojoule count. PLAYBOY's researched verdict: "There are probably no more than 10 kilojoules per ejaculation."

The *Adviser* gave short shrift to men who used emotional blackmail to coerce their unwilling partners to perform fellatio. More often than not, the woman's reluctance was based on nothing sinister or spiritual, but merely on a physical distaste. The magazine also admonished the men who would take the fellatio and leave the cunnilingus. We took the position that, as with all sexual techniques, patience and tolerance would have their oral sex rewards.

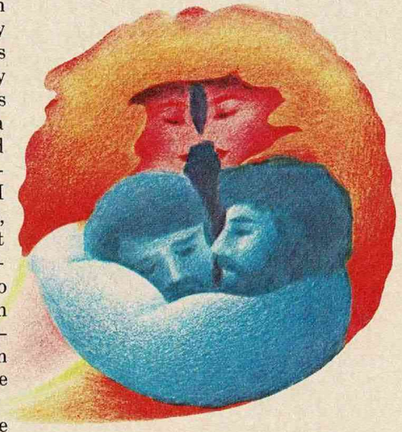
The '70s, too, will stand as the span in which homosexual love was finally named and, in many jurisdictions, was also decriminalised. Unashamedly heterosexual though the magazine has continued to be, PLAYBOY became a middle-ground forum for a tormented man who was both uplifted and terrified by the gay liberation advance. "I have been a homosexual all my life, though I have been careful to keep it from friends, relatives and business associates. However, I find that I can no longer tolerate life as a closet queen and have finally decided to come out – an act that requires great courage in the young, and even more in the middle-aged."

A distraught young wife echoed the anxieties of thousands of her sisters when she sought advice on how to deal with the situation created by a husband who'd declared himself bisexual after two years of marriage. "Although still affectionate toward me, he treats me more like a sister than a wife," she wrote, asking if there was any chance of the pendulum swinging back. The *Adviser* replied that, if the woman's husband was truly bisexual, it would be possible to save the marriage with the help of counselling. But the editor also pointed out that, if the husband was mincing words and was, in fact, homosexual, there was little prospect of the marriage lasting.

Masturbation might have emerged from beneath the arbitrary blanket of refined taste in the past few years, but the mail bag indicated that bogeys were as real as they were when Havelock Ellis pioneered the sexual revolution. Take the 40-year-old man who, in rediscovering solo sex, worried that he was suffering from infantile regression. Or the case of the youth who complained that his first time with his equally virginal girlfriend had not been as pleasurable as masturbation. Logically, the *Adviser* put it all down to experience. "It's not surprising that you find masturbation more pleasurable – you've had years of experience. The pleasure of sex with another person, likewise, requires learning and practise."

Yet another young man theorised that masturbation was the base cause of shyness. *Adviser* disagreed: "Sexual fulfillment is not the only reason man pursues woman. Your penis is capable of giving you an orgasm and satisfying simple sexual desire, but it can't talk to you, wash your back or put your socks on when you are in a plaster cast. There is also evidence that shy people not only have trouble getting in touch with others – they have trouble getting in touch with themselves."

Fantasies as wild as Tom Robbins' imagination peppered the pages of *The*



Playboy Adviser: "My favorite fantasy involves turning women into animals. I imagine encountering a woman. She suspects nothing, and seldom do I tell her what is about to happen. Then, with some magic powers I possess, I cast a spell on her. Instantly, she turns into an animal – usually a dog, cat or frog. Sometimes, the transformation is in slow motion. The victim sees what is happening to her and is frightened.

"Then I tell her that I won't return her to normal unless she does a trick for me – like begging or rolling over. By the time I turn her back into a woman, she has wriggled out of her clothes and is naked."

Weird fantasies they might be, but they are relatively harmless. In fact, writing in the November issue of PLAYBOY, Dr Paul Wilson, from the Queensland University, said: "Fantasies serve quite specific and important functions. Sexual fantasies aid the biological drive of sex, heighten sexual interest and, therefore, assist procreation. Fantasies also allow us to escape from dull and restrictive sexual and inter-personal environments."

The *Adviser* column also became an avenue for people to parade their frustrated attempts to turn fantasy into fact through swinging sex. Again, the men did most of the bleating and sought advice on how to persuade their women to take the plunge: "Sexually speaking, my wife is rather inhibited, while I am quite free, which is proving unsatisfactory to both of us. I would like her to have sex with other men – and I with other women. The idea is exciting to me, though she would never agree to such activities. Recently, I had to force her to have oral sex with me. I love my wife, and want us both to be happy, but her reluctance to experiment sexually is threatening our relationship. Any suggestions?"

The *Adviser's* answer set the pattern for the magazine's response to similar questions. "You seem to have missed the point about sexual freedom, which certainly does not include the freedom to force your partner to do something she doesn't want to do. Inhibitions are usually based on fear, and won't disappear until that fear has been dissipated. If you wish to lessen your wife's sexual inhibitions, you'll have to proceed slowly, lovingly, and certainly with respect for her feelings. To force her into a sexual activity that either disgusts or frightens her will only convince her – correctly – that she is being used."

Many other questions on sexuality bridge the '70s and the '80s. But let us end this review of human sexuality on the asexual note of abstinence. In the twighlight of the '70s, a divorced man, reduced to a monkish existence for three years, worried if sexual abstinence could endanger his physical or mental health.

Quoting the experts, *The Playboy Adviser* had some good and some bad news for the involuntary celibate. The editor began his answer with a quote from Dr Leon Sulzman's *Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality.* "While there is no discernible physical damage due to abstinence or sexual frustration, the interruption of an established sexual pattern may produce restlessness, irritability, depression, insomnia and a general aura of tension. These symptoms will invariably produce discomfort, mild or severe depression and some somatic malfunctioning." (Medical jargon for an acute case of horniness.) Dr James Lynch, author of *The Broken Heart,* has pointed out that social isolation is one of the main causes of premature death.

Abstinence, then, will not make the heart grow stronger.

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a continuing dialogue on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

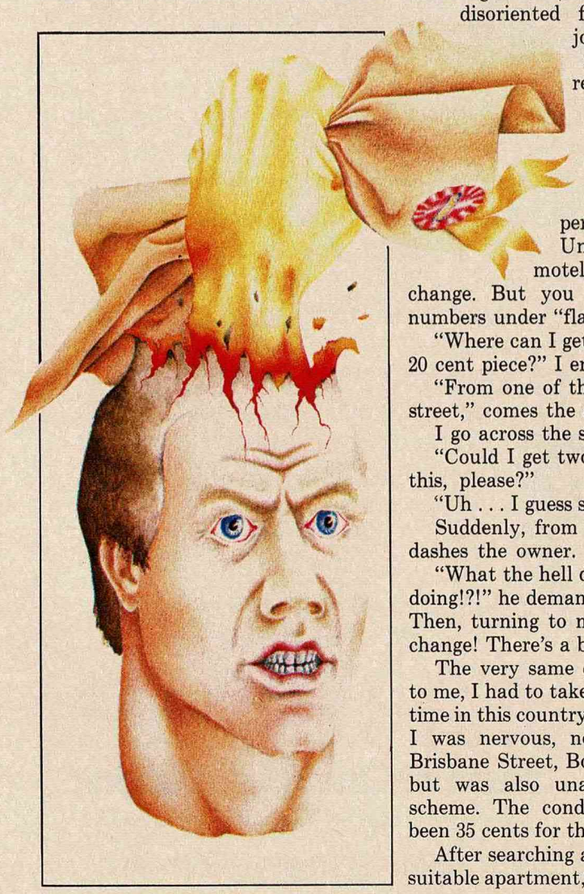
THE ANGRY AMERICAN

Why are most Australians such *rude* arseholes?

As a *very temporarily* expatriated "Yank" (doing a PhD in a particularly excellent department within Sydney University, the members of which I exempt from the following remarks), I find myself in the uncomfortable position of wanting to get the hell out of this malapert society, while, at the same time, attempting desperately to control my hatred of the natives and get about the business of completing the degree.

Before my arrival in this country, I had no jaundiced preconceptions, no biases, no prejudices toward or against Australia (or any Australians). In fact, I was genuinely excited about the prospects which awaited me. I looked forward to the time I would spend here. But that is all in the past.

So many times in the past year have I been tempted to let your appallingly discourteous and mannerless society have a more than well deserved kick in the balls. Australia is a nation full of exacerbated hotheads, constantly bitter and unduly poised to explode into a furious rage at the least provocation – and, more often than not, with *no* provocation. One moment your average Aussie is apparently as amiable and neighborly as you could ever hope for, and then in the span of only a few seconds his very short fuse is unpredictably detonated, bringing about a quite unreasonably frenzied uproar, which (usually) quickly subsides, returning the one possessed back into his pre-eruptive state. And before discovering just how widespread this characteristic malpractice is, I was resolved to taking such outrageous outbursts as being (relatively) isolated occurrences; the exception rather than the rule. I was soon to learn otherwise.



For instance(s), suppose *you* had just arrived in Australia from the US. Your hopes are high. Presumably rewarding experiences lie ahead as you prepare to work here on your PhD. Knowing no one, and being somewhat disoriented from the 26-hour journey, you take refuge in a motel a reasonable distance from the university. After a few days' orientation you begin the search for a more permanent residence. Unfortunately, the motel desk is short on change. But you need to ring the numbers under "flats to let".

"Where can I get some change for a 20 cent piece?" I enquire.

"From one of the shops across the street," comes the answer.

I go across the street.

"Could I get two 10 cent pieces for this, please?"

"Uh . . . I guess so," the girl says.

Suddenly, from behind a partition dashes the owner.

"What the hell do you think you're doing!?!" he demands of his employee. Then, turning to me: "We don't give change! There's a bank up the street!"

The very same day that happened to me, I had to take a bus (for the first time in this country) to check on a flat. I was nervous, not knowing where Brisbane Street, Bondi Junction, was, but was also unaware of the fare scheme. The conductor yelled: "It's been 35 cents for the past year!"

After searching a week in vain for a suitable apartment, I rang another real estate agency. I found that a rental possibility was just up the road from my motel. The estate agent was more than a kilometre in the other direction. Lucky me, I was right in the middle.

"Could you perhaps pick me up outside the motel, as you'll need to drive right by to show the flat?" I politely asked.

"No. You'll have to come here," he snapped back.

"But I don't understand . . . since I'm right in the middle," and I gave a friendly chuckle.

"I'm sorry. Did I say something funny?" came the cool retort.

I hope the bastard understood *why* I didn't make it to his office for an appointment, but probably not.

Things of this sort continue. And I could not possibly recount all the little things, such as the downright rude platitude, "Wha-da-ya-want!" from countless storekeepers. And the unending boorish and absolutely avoidable bumps and shoves from unconcerned, and apparently oblivious, people in the street.

But, since PLAYBOY is limited to 200 or so pages, I will end with just a few more observations. This contemptuous, ill-mannered outlook seems to pervade the entire country. Coming from America, where genuine courteousness and friendliness (especially toward customers) is the order of the day, you can bet this Aussie attitude is/was a shock. In the US, the only thing these discourteous grouches would get is run out of business . . . or out of town.

So why does it persist? I can only provisionally infer that the following factors have influenced this society to develop and display its current contumelious character:

(1) The nation is a melting pot, and the various groups cannot communicate happily nor live and work in harmony.

(2) There is no sense of national unity.

(3) Australians have an overwhelming inferiority complex – and have, as a result, developed an enormous chip on the shoulder.

(4) The combined effects of the above three factors foster an unhappy outlook on life.

(5) The parents pass all this garbage on to their children, who, in their turn, perpetuate the rotten condition.

It is Australians who must solve their problems. But if you think you'll ever make Australia a great nation with *anything* resembling the current attitude, you are miserably goddamn

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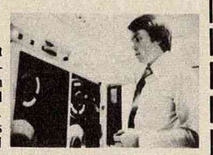

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G.M. Newberry
(Ex of East Sydney;
now of Atlanta, Georgia)

NUDE BATHING

On my last holiday, I tried nude bathing in public for the first time and was amazed at the feeling of freedom and well-being it produced. I don't feel that I am an exhibitionist (in fact I've not much to exhibit!) but it simply seemed so much more natural than the "odd bods" on that particular beach who left their trunks on! If you haven't already swum naked, do try it.

As I prefer to travel somewhere different each year, perhaps PLAYBOY could do an article or, better still, a series of articles – State by State – on where to go for an all-over tan.

Tom Dwan
Moree, NSW

AGE PROBLEM

I am an 18-year-old guy who finds it very hard to make it out with a girl of similar age. My problem doesn't lie with the fact that I can't get on to a girl; it is simply that, in all my five one-night stands with the opposite sex, I have yet to come across a lady under 24 years old. I am not complaining about this situation, but it really would be nice to screw one who (a) doesn't have a kid or (b) is not married.

When swopping notes with friends, they all envy me greatly, but I insist on telling them that they should stick with what they have.

By the way, three of the five girls I scored with were found at a certain trendy Melbourne nightclub called the Underground. So I suggest that all you schoolboys who dream of doing a mummy over should head over to the Underground.

Y.H.
Mount Eliza, Victoria

NON-SEXUAL CLUB

I thought you might be interested in one of our social clubs. It is called the Non-Sexual Club.

The sole prerequisite for membership is not to have had sex in any shape or form for any period whatsoever. Naturally enough, this would exclude people who are sexuals: heterosexuals, homosexuals, bisexuals, trisexuals, lesbians, poofters and any other type of pervert. This isn't because we are prejudiced, but because, if they are practising (a key word) their habits, they cannot possibly be Non-Sexuals, can they?

Now, the point of our club is to get an honorable discharge, and this of course is obtained by having sex of some kind. Members disagree on the form of sex, but it is generally agreed that, providing it's legal, it is okay to go ahead.

It must be stressed that discharge is automatic, and no correspondence will be entered into on this topic. This may sound draconian, but we believe we must not let our standards waver, unlike those of the society we live in.

The fees are nil and cannot be paid to the treasurer who will not issue receipts. All inquiries should not be addressed to the secretary, and the president retains the right to restrict membership. At the moment we are represented throughout Australia. We hope soon to have no members at all. To this purpose, we entreat all members of the public to help their Non-Sexual friends to obtain their discharges. Hon Bruce, president; Hon Bruce, vice president; Hon Bruce, secretary; Hon Bruce, treasurer.

Norman H. Hart
RAAF Base
Laverton, Victoria

FRENCH TREAT

I wish to comment on Don Hewett's French translation of guinea pigs in his article Making a Pig of Yourself (PLAYBOY, September).

In French, we call them *cochons d'Inde* and, when roasted, the legs are not translated *jambes* but *cuisses* (as for the frogs . . .)

So *Jambes de Cochons de Guinea* is wrong both from a culinary as well as linguistic point of view.

By the way, you may be interested to learn that "french letters" in the Gallic idiom are referred to as being *capotesanglaises* (English hoods).

J.H.
Atherton, Queensland

JOH AND FLO

The Joh and Flo show must stop. The show can't go on. The rest of normal Australia couldn't tolerate any more Queensland hillbilly politics.

Andrew John Edson
Pearce, ACT

ASIAN ORGY

I was very interested to read James Cowan's travel tips (PLAYBOY, September). I have been a playboy around South-east Asia for several years now (you printed an "Experience" of mine in your June issue).

Mr Cowan is right about Manila being the best bargain in the region. In fact, several friends and I have arranged to go there for a seven-day "dirty weekend". We have arranged flights, hotels, tours *and girls* and, if we get a few more guys along, the cost will be down to $1000 a man. Every man can choose a different female companion every day if he wishes, and the charge will cover *everything* except, of course, food and drinks.

Mr Cowan made mention of the beauties in Taipei. Let me assure you that, because of the free-spending Japanese and American businessmen on expense accounts, the Taiwanese girls now have a minimum charge of $US100 for just a few hours of their time, and they are very businesslike and unprovocative, unlike Filipino girls.

Finally, may I remind you that the closest Playboy Club to Australia is in Manila, just seven hours away by jet. It is in the Silahis International Hotel on Roxas Boulevarde. We will be spending time there, as it is the most elegant supper club, bar and disco in the whole of South-east Asia. Bunny watching is the popular pastime. To see those glamorous bodies packed in their tiny Bunny suits while they move around serving drinks is definitely not to be missed.

Vic Sheldon
Bondi, NSW.

VERSE AND WORSE

I have noticed lately that public figures are resorting to verse in an effort to gain public notice.

A famous US psychologist named Dr Albert Ellis was here recently attempting to rally our whingeing executives out of their ratholes with such ditties as:

I cannot have my wishes fulfilled –
Whine, whine, whine!
I cannot have every
frustration stilled –
Whine, whine, whine!

Presumably, when they sing this, they see how ridiculous they really are and can then do something about it.

Now I read about a National Party politician in Queensland, Mr Des Frawley, having a go at activist clergymen who, he claimed, were going to take part in future Brisbane street marches. He related to the Queensland Parliament this verse:

I went to church the other day to free
my soul from sin
I was looking for the preacher but
the preacher wasn't in
The sexton then assured me that
there'd be no use in waiting
The preacher's gone away, he said,
to do some demonstrating.

Obviously the power of verse can be much more effective in getting a message across than the monosyllabic diatribe we have to put up with.

Let's have some poets in power!

Fred C. Nicholson
Concord, NSW

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FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

JILTED AND JAILED

LONDON – Rachael Silver was so angry after being jilted by her boyfriend that she was afraid she would commit a crime of passion. So, for her own protection, she tried to get arrested, first by refusing to pay for meals at expensive restaurants, then refusing to pay taxi fares. But patrons in the restaurants paid for her meals and the cabbies told her to clear off. Finally, in desperation, she threatened a driver with a starting pistol – and was jailed for one year.

MOUSE TRAP

STOCKHOLM – A van driver taking hundreds of mice to a Gothenburg hospital for use in experiments plunged off the road after heavy breathing from the rodents clouded the windscreen. This was the 23-year-old driver's novel excuse when he landed in a court. He claimed he'd leaned over to get a rag to wipe the foggy windscreen when the van plunged off the road. But the court remained sceptical, and he was fined 15 days' pay.

TRIGGER HAPPY

SYDNEY – A man at Long Bay prison, serving a 15-month sentence on a heroin charge, thought he would do the right thing when he found a loaded revolver in the jail – he handed it over to the authorities. But his honesty landed him in solitary confinement where he was expected to stay for the rest of his term – because it's the only safe place, away from other irate inmates who have threatened to murder him.

JOB THREAT

BRISBANE – Australia's proposed $210 million communications satellite could cost hundreds of thousands of bank employees their jobs by the mid-1980s. This warning has been given by Mark Lynch, assistant secretary of the Queensland division of the Australian Bank Employees' Union, who said the satellite could take over the handling of many money transactions, thus saving banks, big insurance and finance houses millions of dollars. The union is seeking urgent talks before the scheme goes ahead. But the banks, says Mr Lynch, are not open to this type of communication. "They treat consultative talks with a great amount of disdain," he says.

COP THIS

SYDNEY – Police, already stung by an increasing number of complaints against them in the past year, have put paid to a fiendish scheme which would have further darkened their name. In a dawn raid in Sydney's Wiley Park, detectives arrested a young couple and seized police uniforms, handcuffs, notebooks and other property which they believed were to have been used in carrying out robberies – making it appear the police were responsible. The equipment had been stolen from a police station. Police in NSW maintain that many of the complaints against them are unfair. The 220 received by the State Ombudsman in the past year include assault, accepting bribes, damage to property, possession of drugs, victimisation – and killing dogs!

DANGEROUS CURVES

YORKSHIRE – A road safety chief is urging leggy lovelies to sew up their slit dresses to prevent ogling motorists coming a cropper. Graham Cresswell believes drivers are being dangerously diverted by the thigh-high slits, which are the latest fashion. He has called on all "provocative" young ladies to co-operate and stitch up. "I'm no spoilsport," he insists, adding that the higher the slits go up, the lower the driving standards tend to be.

DRESSED TO DIE

LONDON – The sexual habits of her husband Fred so revolted Margaret Chapman she killed him with a spade and threw his body off a motorway bridge, a court was told. Mrs Chapman, 32, and her lover Peter West, 38, were jailed for life although they denied the charge. Fred was a transvestite.

DAWN FROLICS

SYDNEY – Dawn frolics at Sydney's Coogee beach have been the bane of beach inspectors, who arrive on duty at 6 am to find naked girls and youths still partying on. Some of the swimmers have been cheeky, and names have been taken. The inspectors have been supported by early morning bathers who wear regulation costumes. The skinny dippers, however, thought they'd found one ally in a "regular" who comes to the pool at the southern end of the beach around dawn every morning in all seasons. Said one naked swimmer: "You're not a bad sort of bloke. You haven't said anything to us. But plenty of others are complaining." It turns out, however, that the "regular" is not concerned either way about the controversy. He is blind.

THE PSYCHOTIC PARSNIP

it's a cure-all, an aphrodisiac, a natural wonder-drug, and it's called ginseng

NEARLY everyone in my class at prep school wanted to be a Spitfire or Hurricane pilot. With patriotic fervor, we chewed carrots because somebody in 1940 said that carrots chewed raw made for incredibly good night vision. To see Focke-Wulf 190s and Dornier night fighters before they saw you *and* stay out of the way of our American cousins in the air, we needed the extraordinary night vision that only raw carrot could give.

Aspiring night fighter pilots can now take comfort in knowing that the world is rid of the health risks of raw carrots yet has better night vision than ever. Because of ginseng, is why.

Improved night vision is the very least of ginseng's array of benefits. The reason there are 400 million regular devotees of ginseng in China is that they feel better when using it than if they don't. It produces a very noticeable feeling of well-being. That alone, for a simple herbal medicine with no known drawbacks, is sufficient reason to use it, but there are many other benefits.

Ginseng has been used by Russian cosmonauts in space. The Russians, whatever else one might think of them, are nobody's idea of stupid. The reason for consuming ginseng in space is that it's an adaptogen. This is a new term for a class of substances which are harmless and ineffective in the absence of stress, but can return body processes to normal when faced with stress or injury, irrespective of the direction in which the process has gone off course. As an example: if your blood pressure is high, ginseng will lower it; if your blood pressure is low, ginseng will raise it. The effect is to sort out your body's internal environment.

Ginseng will also prevent tiredness, headaches, exhaustion, amnesia, depression and the debilitating effects of old age. It is also recorded as a useful adjunct in the treatment of tuberculosis, diabetes, and diseases of the cardiovascular system, kidneys and nervous system. And it can be helpful in convalescence as well.

It is also an aphrodisiac, and will help to maintain potency in old age.

Ginseng looks like a psychotic parsnip. It is the root of a plant, *Panax schinseng C. A. Myer* which once grew wild in shady places on the high mountains of Korea, Manchuria and Siberia between latitudes 30 and 48 degrees North.

The extract in pure form looks like Vegemite and has a characteristic bitterish, acrid, earthy, rather awful taste which fortunately is relatively easy to disguise. Chemical analysis has shown recently that the most significant pharmacological activity of ginseng relates to its content of a variety of glycosides and saponins which together make up about 10 percent of the total.

Ginseng has very noticeable stimulative and anti-fatigue properties. It appears to act directly upon the brain cells, and it is antagonistic to depressants such as barbiturates, chloral hydrate, chlorpromazine and, particularly, alcohol. It is thus emerging as *the* antidote for a hangover. Its stimulant properties closely resemble those of amphetamine, but without the negative side effects that make amphetamine a bit inconvenient to use.

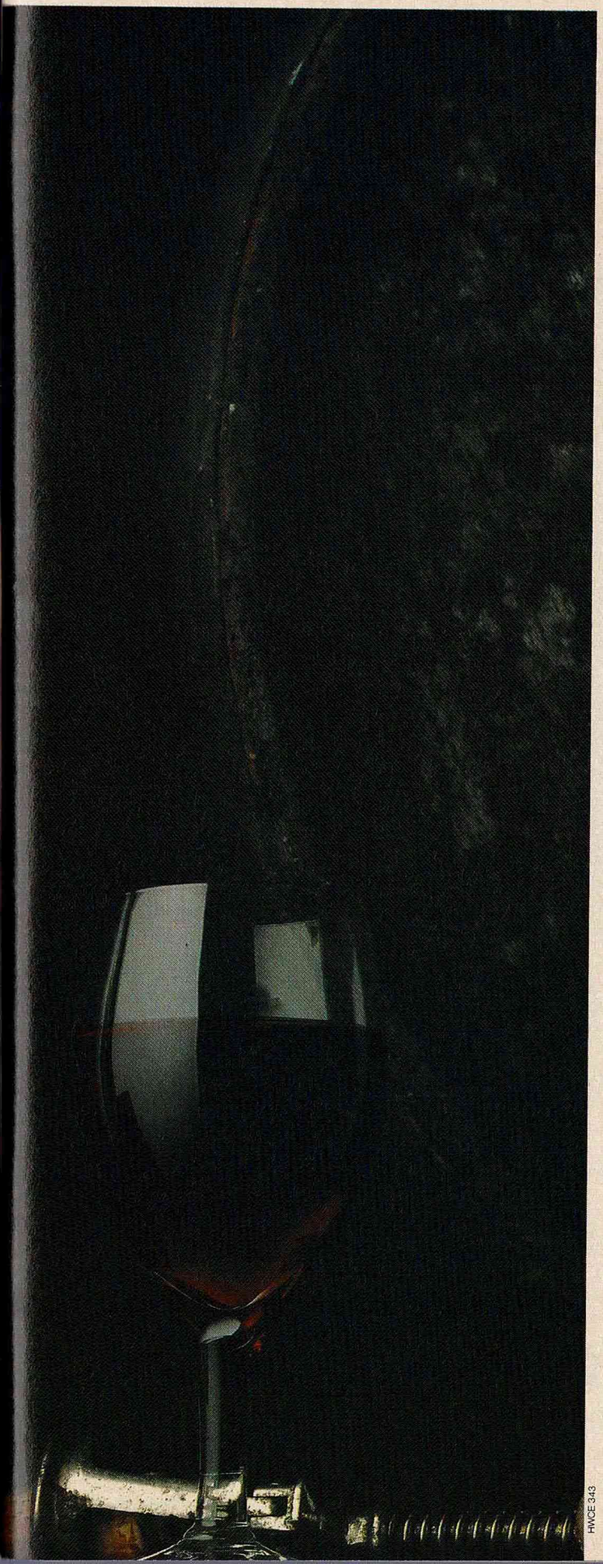
German and Russian controlled experiments using methamphetamine, caffeine and ginseng seem to indicate that, in overcoming fatigue and to improve concentration and intellectual performance, ginseng is more beneficial than either of the others and has: "no side effects and/or self recognition of stimulation".

Its aphrodisiac properties are of more than passing interest. The Chinese have maintained for a couple of thousand years that it works. They also aver that regular use ensures that most pregnancies will end in the birth of a boy.

The "official" medical view of this substance in Australia is a little over cautious. A leading article in the *Medical Journal of Australia* deals with a recent study undertaken at the University of California. The effects attributed "to the chronic use of ginseng (the ginseng abuse syndrome or g.a.s.) included such diverse things as anorexia, amenorrhea, diarrhea, skin eruptions and edema as well as hypertension and hypotension and both euphoria and depression."

If you think about it for a minute, the above is a fair description of the effects of a couple of beers on a hot day or a venereal frolic, neither of which is thought particularly dangerous by anyone except for medical writers. – DR JOHN DEE

All wine should be this good.



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Playboy Interview

Margaret Fink

self-confident, talented and naïve, a leader of australia's film renaissance

DURING THE past year, feature film producer Margaret Fink has scored some notable triumphs with only her second movie, My Brilliant Career. *It carried the Australian colors in competition at the Cannes Film Festival, earned critical acclaim both at home and abroad, fetched the highest US distribution price for a government-funded film, picked up six trophies at the 1979 Australian Film Awards and engenders some dizzy hopes for a box office bonanza.*

Until quite recently, however, few took Margaret Fink's filmic aspirations seriously. Wasn't she, after all, merely a dilettante socialite? A rich matron in search of an amusing and distracting hobby?

Maybe Fink didn't pay her dues making numberless cups of coffee, searching out mislaid props, or acting as a Girl Friday for some repertory company, television studio or film unit. But her artistic foundations were nonetheless firmly laid in the music she learned as a child, the literature she absorbed as a teenager, the art which she taught in schools and the collective experience of her circle of innovative, creative friends.

The daughter of a Sydney insurance inspector who shared a talent for opera singing with his wife, Margaret Fink inherited natural artistic ability which was encouraged by her elder brother, who introduced her to the great authors, and further inspired by her long-time love affair with the late poet-philosopher Harry Hooton.

Hooton was 25 years her senior, a self-confessed anarchist, considered by many a no-hoper who lived mainly on the dole and among the libertarian Sydney clique known in the '50s and early '60s as The Push. Yet Fink defied her family and invited scandal by leaving home at 18 to live with him in one room in Kings Cross.

Ten years later, after Hooton's death from cancer, she married millionaire entrepreneur Leon Fink, exchanging unconventional, Bohemian life for that of a respectable wife and mother of three. It was obviously a big jump and landed her in a dilemma: how to escape the confines of marriage and motherhood.

In 1965, halfway through a breeding decade, a friend sent Fink a copy of Miles Franklin's book My Brilliant Career, *which had been out of print for more than half a century. The story of a young girl who resisted marriage for a writing career, and thought to be largely autobiographical, it struck a familiar chord with Fink, who then decided to make a film of it one day. The idea was inspired, not least because it came some five years before her close friend Germaine Greer raised feminist consciousness with another emancipated book.*

It wasn't until the '70s, however, that Fink launched her first feature film project with The Removalists, *taken from David Williamson's first play. The choice was, perhaps, unfortunate. Critically well received, but a failure at the box office, it nonetheless proved a valuable, if expensive, training ground for* My Brilliant Career, *which has been compared in qualitative terms with* Picnic At Hanging Rock.

The break-up of her marriage to Leon Fink came as she was working on the film. At the time she was shattered but says it gave her the impetus to make sure the film worked.

Two of My Brilliant Career's *Australian awards, including Best Picture for 1979, take pride of place on Fink's mantelpiece in the drawing-room of her imposing yet comfortable Victorian house, which reflects not only the presence of three teenage children but also its owner's passionate interest in fine arts. Paintings, drawings and old, leather-bound books clutter the walls and shelves, blending well with antique furniture. The overall atmosphere is one of incessant activity, both physical and mental.*

Divorced in 1978 from Leon Fink, Margaret, aged 46, now manages to

"I was a very talented little girl in lots of directions. It would be very silly to be modest about that. I could draw very well and play the piano very well, and I had a lot of confidence."

"My father didn't ever say much, but mother would probably have tried to hide from friends and relatives that I was living in S-I-N with a no-hoper who was 25 years older than me."

"A lot of mean-spirited people were thrilled when Removalists *wasn't a hit, and believed I couldn't do another picture. But I knew that one day I would make* My Brilliant Career.

combine business with the pleasure of motherhood, and gives equal attention to both. Her contribution to her children, she says, is her creative example; her contribution to films is her talent.

One thing is certain, the local film industry won't underestimate her again, not least because her own self-confidence has been fully endorsed by critics, fellow filmmakers and the paying public.

To find out what makes Margaret Fink such an extraordinary woman, PLAYBOY *sent* ***Camilla Beach*** *to her house in the smart Sydney suburb of Woollahra. Reports Beach: "She is, at once, self-confident and self-deprecating, immodest and talented, ambitious and naïve, opinionated and entertaining. A woman, in short, who does not invite indifference."*

PLAYBOY: As a child, did you envisage having a brilliant career when you grew up? Or did you and your contemporaries expect that you would marry and have children?

FINK: I was greatly influenced by my brother, John, who set a philosophical tone to my way of thinking which precluded conventional thought and ambitions, including getting married and having children. I might have been only 14 when I distinctly remember seeing a car drive past. A dad was in the driver's seat, mother in the passenger seat and two children in the back. I was disgusted. My early sense of the nuclear family was one which filled me with disgust, and I remember discussing trial marriages with a close friend on the school bus. We were in third year at the time.

PLAYBOY: Did both your parents have careers?

FINK: My father was an insurance inspector who dabbled in shares, things like that. But mainly he was a wage earner with a car thrown in. He didn't drink or gamble; what the world would consider a very good father. My mother was an outstanding singer. In fact, they both had fine voices. They met at the Conservatorium in Sydney where my mother was always winning prizes. Dame Clara Butt once remarked on her talent and told her that she should definitely have a career in opera. In view of the theme of *My Brilliant Career,* it's ironic that my mother decided against a career and opted for marriage.

My parents weren't well off, so it was a struggle to give the four of us an education. They deprived themselves in order to make sure that my brother and I, and later my two sisters, had first-class educations. I went to the Conservatorium when I was about four, to art classes and ballet. In fact, everything I did has led toward me being a natural filmmaker.

PLAYBOY: Were you a movie buff at an early age?

FINK: Curiously enough, as a little girl I wasn't allowed to go to the pictures with ninepence and throw lollies, or whatever the kids did in the local cinema on Saturday afternoons. We weren't allowed to play in the front yard, much less in the street or at Luna Park. So it's ironic that I'm making pictures and my ex-husband, Leon, is connected with Luna Park. Mine was a protected childhood. Anything that was regarded as common was, to us, anathema. However, I still managed to skip sport at Sydney High every Wednesday afternoon and go to the pictures. It's a wonder I wasn't picked up for truancy, because I always wore school uniform.

PLAYBOY: Did you have a precocious talent as a child?

FINK: I was a very talented little girl in lots of directions. It would be very silly to be modest about that. I could draw very well and play the piano very well, and I had a lot of confidence, though I was rather anonymous looking really, run-of-the-mill. My brother also was, and still is, extremely gifted as a musician and draughtsman. In fact I'm interested in brother-sister relationships, from Antigone and Polyneices to Byron and Augusta.

"I was mesmerised by Harry's talk, so I stayed there all day and listened. He held court and people used to just call in."

PLAYBOY: What sort of relationship did you have with your brother?

FINK: Not the sort of incestual relationship I was shocked to discover is not uncommon. John was an inspiration because he would discuss ideas philosophically with me. And he introduced me to literature and authors like Huxley, Waugh and Hardy. I'd read all of Huxley's books by the time I was 16, and was particularly influenced by *Of Human Bondage, The Bridge of San Louis Rey* and *Jude The Obscure.*

PLAYBOY: Like Sybylla, the heroine of *My Brilliant Career,* did you want to become a writer?

FINK: No, I adored Dobell and wanted to be a painter when I left school, but my parents weren't rich enough to afford a tertiary education without a subsidy, so I had to become bonded to the education department and do their four-year teacher training course, after which you were supposed to teach for five years. I did that course, really wanting to be a painter. And then, when I was 18, I saw Jean Renoir's film *The River* and decided I didn't want to paint after all. He's Auguste Renoir's son and the most painterly of all 20th century filmmakers. I realised then that I could better express form and color by making films.

PLAYBOY: So did you quit the teacher training course?

FINK: No, but I did quit home at 18 when I met Harry Hooton. I remember a guy at tech saying Harry was a genius and thinking: "Oh, no, not another one." After all, when people say that, you assume they're not. Anyway, this same guy took me to a party at Palm Beach one Sunday night, and by the time we left, it was too late for me to go home to Vaucluse where I lived with my parents. Maybe I did ring them to say I was staying with a girlfriend, I don't remember. I had already been deflowered at this stage, but they would have thought it was dreadful and disgusting. Oh dear, hasn't the world changed for the better!

Anyway, this guy said we could either go to a friend's at Kings Cross or to Harry Hooton's. Because of my protected background, I'd only been to the Cross once, so I said I'd rather go there. It sounded more glamorous and exciting. However, he ended up taking me over to Harry's place for which I can only be for ever grateful. By the time we arrived it must have been two in the morning, but Harry was still up, dressed and reading. And when he opened the door it was just one of those amazing things.

PLAYBOY: You mean the earth moved, love at first sight?

FINK: Oh yes, your heart in your mouth. I was absolutely dazzled by Harry. Dazzled! That first night we just had a cup of tea and I went to bed with the guy who'd brought me. Thinking of Harry, of course. Next morning I was supposed to go to college, but I was mesmerised by Harry's talk, so I stayed there all day and listened. He held court and people used to just call in.

PLAYBOY: Was he your first real love, if not your first real lover?

FINK: Yes. I'd had a terrific crush on a bloke at tech who'd fumbled around and wanted to have a go. But I decided I didn't want to fiddle around with a contemporary. I thought I'd get it done properly. At that stage in the tertiary education system there were a lot of ex-servicemen who had been in the war and who were doing courses. One of them saw me and said: "You're a good girl going to waste." I wasn't in love with him at all but I was very fond of him, and respected him. He was fatherly, very tender and caring and I thought: "That'll be all right." And so that was that. Not unpoetic, though sensible rather than passionate. I can remember saying in a little voice: "Do you know what you're doing?" And he said he did, so I knew there wouldn't be any fear of pregnancy. I knew I could trust him. Fine man, very nice. I see him now and then. He's a painter, and I have a great affection for him even now. Naturally.

PLAYBOY: What most attracted you to Harry Hooton?

FINK: For one thing, he was very good looking. Not conventionally good looking like, say, Cary Grant. Harry was tall, dark, dramatic and glamorous looking in a dishevelled way. And then I was fascinated by his mind. His ideas were, and still are, revolutionary. He was a poet, philosopher and visionary, the prophet of the 21st century who won't be recognised by most people until that time comes.

PLAYBOY: What were his philosophies?

FINK: His main philosophy was to leave man alone. Man is God. The religious wars have been fought. Forget them. Have power over the universe, power over things. I still don't express his ideas well, and I'm reluctant to enlarge on them, because Harry spent so much time making sure he was expressing them properly himself. The best source is his work, which isn't easy to find. There are lots of anthologies, like *Things You See When You Haven't Got A Gun* and others called *MS* he wrote with A. D. Hope and James McAuley. There's also a book called *Power Over Things,* and another called *It's Great To Be Alive.*

PLAYBOY: Was the attraction mutual?

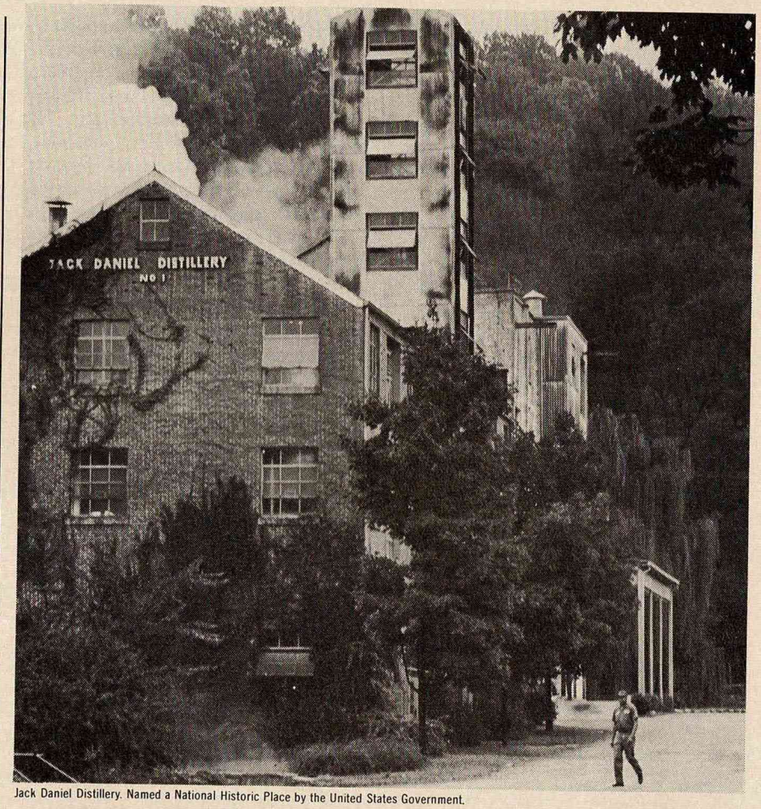
FINK: Too right it was. He was 25 years older than me, and by that time I wasn't bad looking. Too fat, but pretty.

PLAYBOY: How did your parents react?

FINK: My father's attitude has always been to turn a blind eye, as if nothing's happened. So "the brunt", as my mother calls it, has always been her department. She was horrified. Harry sounded like a libertine bum, an evil man. In her eyes he was a ne'er-do-well, a non-provider who was usually on the dole; anything you can think of that respectable citizens deplore. But, of course, they were wrong, because he really was the prophet of the 21st century. I mean that. And I was lucky enough to fall in love with him and have him fall in love with me.

PLAYBOY: How did your relationship with Harry evolve?

FINK: He was on at the time with Ruth Biegler, who has become one of my closest friends in the whole world. I value her more than I can say. We'd



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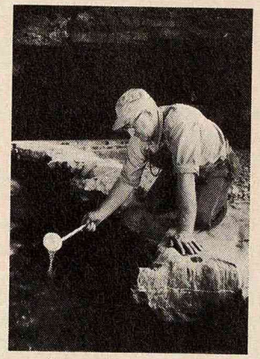
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been at the same primary school, Rose Bay, and together again at Sydney High where she was the school Dux, the absolute brain. Anyway, realising, when I met Harry, that this was something really important, she just bowed out with all the grace in the world. No envy, no jealousy, nothing. Fantastic! And ours became a really great love affair, really good.

PLAYBOY: How soon did you set up home together?

FINK: I'm never too sure about dates, but it wasn't long. You know how it is when you fall in love. You make love, go to sleep, and next thing it's morning and you're living with someone. I stayed home less and less until, I suppose, a few more clothes went and it was pretty clear what was happening. The books and the objects went, and next thing I was gone too, ringing up instead of living at home. But leaving home today doesn't carry the same stigma that it did back in 1951. Nowadays it's almost expected. Then I was something of a disgrace. My father didn't ever say much, but mother would probably have tried to hide from friends and relatives the fact that I was living in S-I-N with a no-hoper who was 25 years older than me.

PLAYBOY: What sort of lifestyle did you lead together?

FINK: Bohemian was about all you could call it. If Harry wasn't on the dole, he would have been doing some low-class job as a storeman or packer, something like that. I was on a scholarship, and I also did part-time work potting, painting and making clothes for friends to earn a bit more money. I even once had a job as an usherette in a cinema. We were always short of money but, if it was a toss-up between food and roses, I would invariably buy roses. At first we lived in one tiny room at the Cross which later we swopped with a very generous friend who had a two-room house on the harbor. It was a free life, so different from the respectable behavior expected of me at home.

PLAYBOY: What types of people formed your circle of friends in those days?

FINK: Bright and original people, largely the libertarians from the university, popularly known as The Push. Most of them were still studying in those days, though a few taught. And I suppose you could say that most of them have now worked their way up to positions of power.

PLAYBOY: Who were the principals of The Push?

FINK: Germaine would be the most famous now. She came up to Sydney, and the first person she wanted to meet was Harry, so she knocked on our door. I quite clearly remember my first impression of Germaine, of being confronted by such a splendid creature. However, the Libertarian Society really stemmed from John Anderson, who was Challis Professor of Philosophy at Sydney University, and included such people as Lillian Roxon, who's now dead, Gordon Barton, Donald Horne, Peter Coleman, David Armstrong and Yvonne Dunleavy, writer of *The Happy Hooker.* The general attitude at the time was one of anti-careerism, an idealistic approach toward improving society. They'd drink in the same pubs, eat in the same restaurants and go to parties together.

PLAYBOY: Were you and Harry Hooton libertarians too?

FINK: No. The libertarians weren't self-confessed anarchists like Harry, who was philosophically quite apart. He used to argue with them frequently but he was anti-academic too. He used to say that, if you find somebody outside a university with a new idea, he's a crank, and if you find somebody inside a university with a new idea, it will be a miracle. We were all friends, but Harry disagreed with the basic libertarian philosophy which advocated free love. He didn't hold with that and said: "Free love is cheap love." He wanted exclusivity, so he made the one restriction that I would be sexually faithful to him.

"I was expected by my in-laws and delighted parents to change overnight from a free spirit to a respectable Woollahra matron."

PLAYBOY: And were you?

FINK: Mainly I was. Mucking around drunk at a party doesn't count.

PLAYBOY: How long did your affair with Harry Hooton last?

FINK: Until he died in 1961.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you meet Leon Fink just before Harry died?

FINK: Yes. Harry was in hospital in Melbourne, dying of cancer, and I flew down to see him. While I was there, a friend took me round to Leon's studio. Apparently he saw me and he thought "Okay, that's that" and pursued me thereafter. When I came back to Sydney, I had coffee with Germaine one day and told her that I'd met this guy named Leon Fink in Melbourne. And she said: "You're joking. He deflowered me." Apparently she was a Catholic virgin hanging about Melbourne University where, I might add, she got an inglorious BA. Leon was also there doing law. Anyway, she decided it was time for her to be deflowered, a bit like me. And she chose Leon because he was the most upsettingly beautiful person around. She still loves him, and so do I. Very interesting if you consider that she was a Catholic virgin, deflowered by a Jew who later married me. I love that!

PLAYBOY: Did Leon Fink resent your relationship with Harry Hooton?

FINK: Harry had three to six months to live, the doctors said, and Leon was just fantastic. I was then in a state of euphoria, which was strange, since I was also grieving. But I understand that's not unusual, particularly when you're also taking barbiturates as I was. So I had an affair with Leon and, when Harry died, we got married. That was the beginning of a whole new life.

PLAYBOY: Surely marriage was at odds with your earlier lifestyle?

FINK: Absolutely. I was in for more than I'd bargained for. But I'd had procreational stirrings at 28 and, while it may sound calculating, getting married and having children and not having to worry about money was novel. As it happened, it wasn't entirely welcome either, because conventional behavior was alien to me. I was expected by my in-laws and delighted parents to change overnight from being a free spirit to a respectable Woollahra matron, doing things out of a sense of duty rather than through choice.

PLAYBOY: Did Harry Hooton cast a shadow over the early days of your marriage?

FINK: You'd have to ask Leon that. I certainly mourned Harry for years after his death. When he was dying, he made six long tapes, but there was no way I could listen to his voice. It was even worse than looking at a photo. With time, I eventually got over that very, very deep sense of loss. But I still miss him.

PLAYBOY: Were you still teaching at the time you married?

FINK: Yes, I was teaching final year students at a few private schools and, when I found out that Harry was dying, I had to write and explain that my lover didn't have long to live. They were very understanding, considering that I wasn't a married woman. I guess a lot of people do respond to what is clearly a genuine situation. And they gave me leave.

Harry died in June. I got married to Leon in July and came back to Sydney and kept on teaching to the end of that year to see the students through their final exams.

PLAYBOY: And did you give up teaching after that?

FINK: Yes, I did. I never wanted to be a teacher anyway. I don't believe in instruction *per se.* For children to be strapped to desks, writing like little clerks for however many hours a day, I think is criminal. Isadora Duncan was right. There isn't nearly enough movement or music in schools. I think children should be taught to use their bodies and develop their senses far more. And, I believe, the best teachers teach by example. I wasn't inspired by the idea of presenting prepared lessons, evaluating children's efforts, preparing exam papers, marking those papers and then giving reports. I believe in a freer educational system.

PLAYBOY: Did you then settle into the role of a Sydney socialite?

FINK: I found myself falling into patterns, like learning to cook, which was not uninteresting. In fact, I became quite an accomplished cook and entertainer. Hostess I think they call it. I'm not an idle person. I'm a doer and a maker and, I hope, an achiever. I started painting and drawing again, which was very Bohemian and arty, according to Leon's parents. And I had exhibitions. In fact, I've sold all my paintings. I don't own one myself, although they weren't anything to be proud of, because I regard my art rather flippantly.

We lived in Sydney for a while before going to England, where Hannah was conceived and born, and stayed there for about 18 months before moving back to Melbourne where I had John. And then we moved to Sydney where I had Ben who's now 13. For me, the '60s was a breeding decade, a decade of input when I went to the theatre and films, painted, drew, thought and read a lot.

PLAYBOY: When you first read *My Brilliant Career* in 1965, how did it strike you?

FINK: At the time I felt trapped. I call marriage a lace prison. You can get out — but you get caught. Because of the very gentle nature of marriage, women have been duped for centuries into believing that they haven't been enslaved. But the fact remains that women, as wives, are enslaved. If the terminology was correct, the marriage service would read: "Wilt thou enslave this woman for the rest of her life?"

Anyway, I was in the middle of a marriage and having children and feeling trapped and very much identified with Miles Franklin as she portrays herself in the book, despite the big age gap. She was 16 and I was twice that age. But I've always felt 16 anyway, even now, when I'm 46. Reading the book, I was especially struck by the feeling of waste in terms of female creativity which, over the centuries, has been thwarted and lost. Outstandingly talented women of the past — Mary Shelley, for example — subjugated themselves to blokes in every way. Mind you, I would, too, if I had Percy around!

In 1897, when Miles wrote *My Brilliant Career,* there was no contraception available and, while I believe she died an embattled virgin, it would have been reasonable for such gifted girls to have passionate feelings, get off with a guy and fall pregnant. Mothers don't have much time for writing, so it was more or less an either/or situation. As Sybylla, the heroine, says at the end of the film: "I don't want to be a wife in the bush having a baby every year. I want to be a writer. At least I want to try. I've got to do it now, and I've got to do it alone." I just think that having a husband, children and a home to look after, without having money, precludes artistic activity.

PLAYBOY: If you hadn't been married to a wealthy man, would you still have had children?

FINK: No way. I have had help with the children ever since they were born. That doesn't mean to say they didn't have my company. But they had my patient company rather than my impatient crankiness. Money can buy you time.

"Because of women like Miles, Germaine and, I hope, myself, more women are encouraged to act out their gifts if they have any."

PLAYBOY: Do you think the book's message — that, to have a successful career, a girl must resist marriage — is as relevant today as it was at the turn of the century?

FINK: I think it's even more relevant. Let's face it, *My Brilliant Career* was a dream in the form of a novel. As it turned out, Miles pursued a career, but against all odds. Now, because of women like Miles, Germaine and, I hope, myself, more women are encouraged to act out their gifts if they have any, or at least have the right to choose. Certainly, reading *My Brilliant Career* encouraged me to embark on my own career. That's a nice touch.

PLAYBOY: Why do you suppose that Australia has been a breeding ground for feminists?

FINK: It would have to stem from our social origins, including segregated schools and the general chauvinism of Australian males. Not that I blame anyone. I don't cast any blame. But if Germaine didn't say in her book that little boys' conditioning has been as appalling as little girls', she should have. In fact, I think that girls have had a break in this country.

Certainly at the time I went to school, boys were expected to do well. If girls did well, it was interesting, but not expected. Whereas their role in later life was one of a household slave — just as bad as for boys, who were expected to earn bread to feed and raise a family, or go to war and be killed — it was nonetheless different. For an original gifted girl, I think it's probably been easier to develop her talents in Australia.

PLAYBOY: Do you consider yourself a committed feminist?

FINK: Yes, I would have to say that I am, though naturally, instinctively, I distrust any group because I'm an individualist. However, at this stage in history, after centuries of patriarchism, it is absolutely essential for a thinking woman to be a feminist and to proclaim that she is a feminist. But I don't believe in committees. I don't believe in meetings. I don't believe in demonstrations or marches or wars. I would rather approach things from an isolated position, knowing there is a movement out there. So, in that sense, it's very difficult for me to remark on anything to do with women as a movement because I am an isolated participant, despite being the first paying member of the Women's Electoral Lobby in Australia.

I have a distinct lowering of the spirits going into a room full of women. It makes me feel very uneasy, unhappy, out of place. I don't like it at all. It's unnatural, just as exclusively male company is unnatural, although men must like it, because they gather in pubs and clubs and at the track. But it's not for me. That aspect of rabid feminism I find very disagreeable. Rabid feminists get on my goat. Being anti-men isn't going to change men, if that's what they want. They throw the word "sexist" around so much that, if I hear it again, I'll go bonkers. They're anti-glamor, anti-make-up. I just don't believe that any rules should be laid down for human behavior other than striving not to hurt anyone.

PLAYBOY: Which particular feminist issues do you support?

FINK: First of all there has to be economic independence. Then issues like abortion should be settled once and for all. Abortion isn't right, but there's no question that women should be allowed to make up their own minds. And then, I think, marriage laws, which were devised by men, should be changed. I reckon that marriage should be on a mutual lease basis for five years, with the option to renew it or not. "Till death us do part" is ludicrous. And, each time the lease

came up for renewal, you'd have a good excuse for a party. The feminists wouldn't like that, of course. They don't approve of gaiety or joy.

PLAYBOY: You mean you'd celebrate each time you renewed the lease, a kind of second wedding reception?

FINK: Not necessarily. Even if you didn't renew it, and were breaking new ground, why not have a party? It's just so devastating to think that two people seriously go to a church, an office or wherever and declare that they are going to live their lives together. For ever. It makes the assumption that there's going to be an after-life.

But I do believe that economic independence will solve present marriage problems anyway. I can't think of anyone I know who would get married if they were economically independent, but for the stigma that society imposes on women if they have children out of wedlock. Few women can withstand it. Although she didn't have children, even Germaine couldn't resist getting married for three weeks. But, I think, the disgrace of illegitimacy will disappear in time.

PLAYBOY: To turn to filmmaking, how did you first get involved?

FINK: I began by doing technical exercises in camera work and editing and then had the idea of making six short films on the same subject using six different actresses, six different cameramen and six different editors. But I only got around to doing it twice. It was about using psychoprophylaxis to get off some thigh-high boots.

PLAYBOY: A comedy, no doubt?

FINK: Yes. I'd best explain. It took me two days to have my first child and then, when she was delivered by a midwife, some placenta was left inside, so I nearly died. It was such a dreadful experience it's a wonder I let myself get pregnant again. But I did, and then I decided to try psychoprophylaxis for the next birth. That's a form of brainwashing evolved in Russia, a system of breathing you start in the seventh month of pregnancy. You change gears, as in a car. And it works. I used the technique for my second child and it was a textbook birth. Of course it still hurts, but it was more satisfying. I was conscious and not dependent on drugs, though you can have a bit of gas at the end of labor if you need it.

PLAYBOY: What's all this got to do with film and thigh-high boots?

FINK: I'm coming to that. One night Leon dropped me home from a party and went off to a gambling club or somewhere. I was a bit inebriated and, struggle as I would, I couldn't get these patent leather boots off. The babies were asleep – they were too small to assist anyway – and then I started to panic. It was a peculiar feeling being alone, drunk and wanting to go to sleep. I don't know why I didn't just flake out with my boots on, but I decided to use psychoprophylaxis to get them off. It was very funny, realising what I was doing, there on my own, and I decided to do six short films on it. Kate Fitzpatrick was in the first, coming home pissed from a party and trying to get out of the boots. And it was quite hilarious. Then I made a second film using a girl called Bliss. That was shot by Grant Mudford; he's an outstanding Australian photographer now carving a name for himself in the States.

PLAYBOY: Were your other films around this time as off-beat?

FINK: I wanted to work again with Kate, filming a beauty contest. Kate was to play every contestant. I asked a lot of cameramen how it could be done. They all said it was impossible. Even though men were landing on the moon by then! So I started to make a documentary about Eugene Goossens who, I believe, was victimised in much the same way as Oscar Wilde was in England at the turn of the century. As director of the Conservatorium and conductor of the Sydney Symphony Orchestra, he introduced a very important musical climate to Australia which hadn't been here before, and hasn't been here since. However, he had a shady side to his life, an absolute dichotomy. On the one hand he was Sir Eugene Goossens, respected knight. And on the other there were black magic and bisexual complexities. Returning home from overseas, he was arrested and charged with possession of filthy pictures, books and films, innocuous things by today's standards. He never recovered from the disgrace, resigned, left the country and died not long afterwards. I wanted to make a documentary more or less clearing his name. It was Goossens' idea to put the Opera House on Bennelong Point so, the night before it opened, I filmed a memorial concert for him given at the Conservatorium. It didn't quite come off. Most of his colleagues didn't want to talk, so I didn't get that much meat, and the more I probed the black magic part, the more sinister it became. So I abandoned the idea and decided to do a feature, jumping in boots and all.

"There was resistance. A lot of people thought that I was taking up filmmaking as a bored housewife simply looking for a hobby."

PLAYBOY: That was *The Removalists*?

FINK: That's right. I first saw it at the old Nimrod, directed by John Bell, and I was absolutely knocked out by the play. Nobody had heard of David Williamson in those days. Somebody said it was written "by some young guy in Melbourne" and I said to Leon: "Look, get the rights because I'm going to film it, just as it is." As it turned out, it took some time to raise the money and gather the personnel, never mind getting the rights from Harry Miller, who had already discovered David. At first I wanted Roman Polanski to direct, but I couldn't get to see him. So I approached Ted Kotcheff who directed *Wake In Fright.* He thought it was good, but was already committed to another project. So I decided to make an indigenous picture using Tom Jeffrey as director.

PLAYBOY: Was there any resistance because you were one of Australia's first independent woman producers?

FINK: First of all, I can't take that credit. The three McDonagh sisters, who made pictures in the '20s and early '30s, were the first. And second, yes, there was resistance. A lot of people thought that I was taking up filmmaking as a bored housewife who was simply looking for a hobby. But nothing could have been further from the truth. However, just because I hadn't had a conventional training, I was considered an amateur. Just a sheila. Yet I'd been training myself towards making films, though not through normal channels.

PLAYBOY: Didn't making *The Removalists* take its toll on your health?

FINK: I got peritonitis, which had nothing to do with the filming, but I was already under considerable strain during the shooting. As I said, I was treated like the moneybags who somehow or other got the project off the ground. Easier said than done! And I wasn't taken seriously when, for instance, I kept on asking about the clothes. The night before we were to shoot, I discovered that there were no clothes. I had to find police uniforms for two actors, one 185cm and the other 178cm, by seven o'clock next morning. I found them all right. And then I had to dress Jacki Weaver and Kate and everybody else. It wasn't a particular hardship because I'd learned tailoring and had done clothes for the Phillip Theatre before that, but it was a stressful situation.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think *The Removalists* failed at the box office?

FINK: Why did *Jimmy Blacksmith* fail? Perhaps because white Australians don't want to confront the aboriginal problem? *The Removalists* was violent, perhaps that's the reason. But, like *Mad Max,* I think it's a very moral tale about violence, and not just gratuitously violent.

PLAYBOY: *The Removalists* has cost you dearly, considering the recent court ruling that you and your ex-husband must repay $160,000 you were loaned by the then Australian Film Development Corporation.

FINK: The loan arrangement was made with Leon, to whom I was married at the time, and I honestly don't know much about the details. It's in Leon's court now. He's taken it over, as part of our divorce settlement I think. My name is mentioned only because the company's name was Margaret Fink Productions, now Margaret Fink Films. But that's the only thing it has to do with me.

PLAYBOY: Are you good at getting people to part with their money?

FINK: That's the hardest part of filmmaking, but I'm getting better, so it's less demoralising than it was in the beginning. Usually it's a matter of inspiring people with your project. But the success of *My Brilliant Career* should make it easier to raise money in the future. At least that's the theory.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever raised money for other causes?

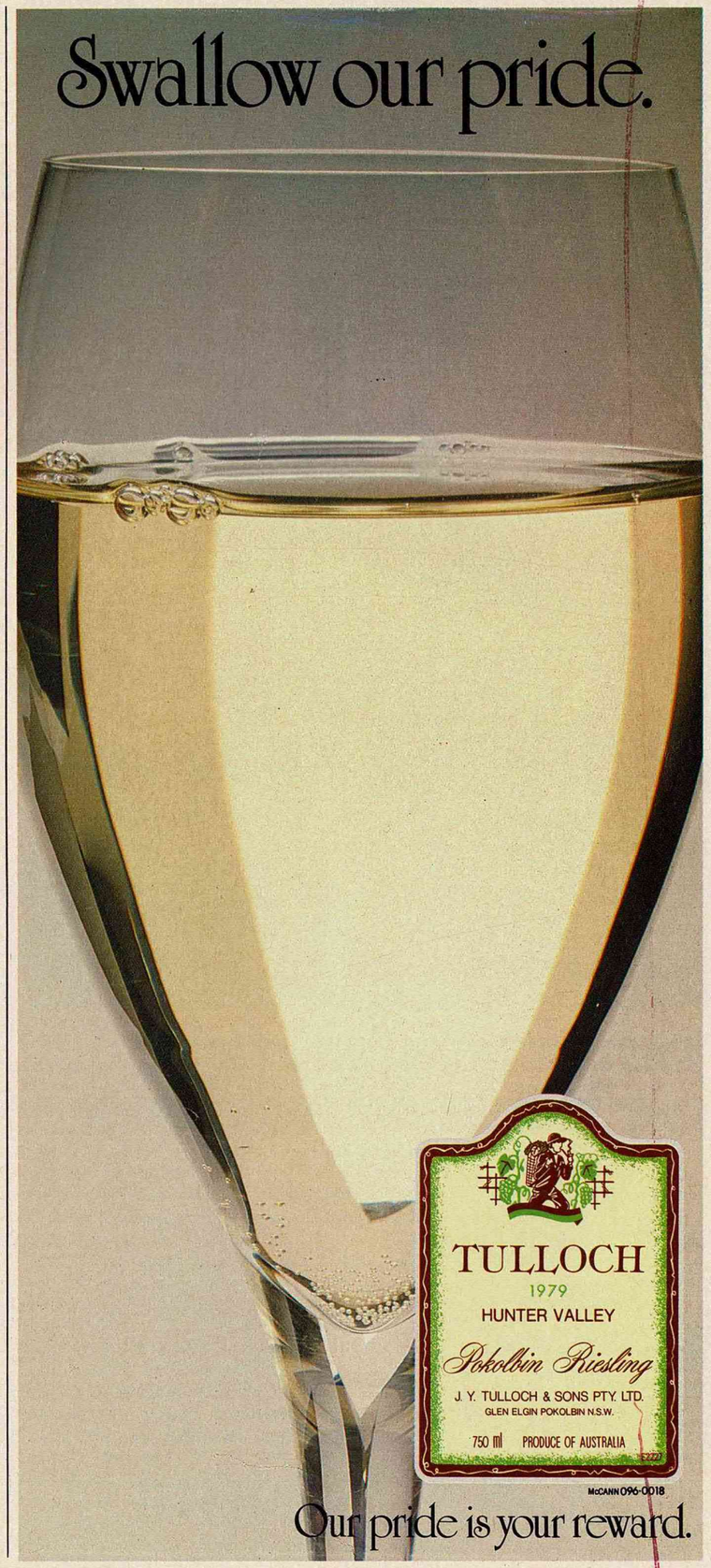
FINK: I used to raise money for a magazine called *21st Century* which Harry edited and we published together. And then I raised money to publish Harry's book, called *It's Great To Be Alive,* a pretty comic title considering he was dying when he wrote it. I needed about $400 and I just went around and railroaded people into giving me the money.

If I believe in something strongly enough, I'll do it. Before *Removalists,* people kept asking how I'd manage to make a film. I just said: "I'm going to." And I did. However, a lot of mean-spirited people were thrilled when *Removalists* wasn't a hit, and believed I couldn't do another picture. But I knew that one day I would make *My Brilliant Career.* I started trying to raise the finance for that picture in 1974.

PLAYBOY: Why did it take so long?

FINK: With a period film you have to show production value on the screen. If you don't, people will rather sit at home and watch TV for nothing. *My Brilliant Career* required between $800,000 and $900,000, and that money took a lot of getting. A lot of people were interested, and some even promised great sums of money; and then they backed out. But I greatly respected those who considered it and then said "no". A few did that, but the majority left me dangling and hoping.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't *My Brilliant Career*



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refused finance by the Australian Film Commission?

FINK: Yes, three times. Three times! I first submitted the project in 1974 and the assessments were favorable, except for one person's, yet they knocked it back, saying I needed a better writer. I got Eleanor Witcombe to write the script, resubmitted it, and they knocked it back again. A short time before shooting, I still needed another $125,000 so I resubmitted the film. I had a good cast, impeccable crew, most of the money, and so on. And they knocked it back a third time. The New South Wales Film Corporation finally became the government investor in the film, and that caused the AFC great embarrassment at Cannes. *My Brilliant Career* and *Mad Max* were the only two Australian films of any note at Cannes and the AFC didn't have a cent invested in either.

PLAYBOY: You bill yourself as a creative producer. Why the "creative"?

FINK: I insist on having a big creative say-so in the art direction, the casting, the script control and the final cut and mix, although it can make for problems between director and producer if it's the producer's project and if the producer is creative.

It didn't work out well with Tom Jeffrey, who directed *The Removalists,* although I explained the situation to him at the start and he said he still wanted the job. But the idea worked well with Gill Armstrong, who directed *My Brilliant Career.* I let her have freedom because she has talent and I trust her. But she also needed someone to bounce ideas off. It was a very good union, so we're working together on another film.

PLAYBOY: *My Brilliant Career* has been described as being a feminist film. Was it intentionally made as such?

FINK: It's not so much about feminism as individualism. That's what I think is important. Not men and women, but people. However, with hindsight, I would have to say that it is a feminist film, although it isn't didactic and we did that deliberately. It's thrilling to see audiences absorbing the film and not realising that it's anti-marriage. I feel very smug about that, especially as it seems to be a box office success.

PLAYBOY: In making the film, why did you choose a dominantly female film crew to work with?

FINK: That wasn't deliberate as far as I know, but I don't consult my subconscious too often. I chose Gill Armstrong to direct because she'd worked with me as props assistant on *The Removalists,* and had made other films I liked. That she happened to be a woman was incidental. The same with Eleanor Witcombe, who wrote the screenplay. I thought she had the right vitality to translate Miles Franklin's book and she had worked on other projects like *The Getting Of Wisdom,* which was set about the same era. Luciana Arrighi is one of the best production designers in the world. She'd designed period films like *Women In Love,* so I'd have been stupid not to have used her. It was the same with Anna Senior, who designed the costumes. My judgment was fully endorsed at the Australian Film Awards. Gill won Best Achievement in Directing, Eleanor won Best Screenplay Adapted from Other Material, Luciana won Best Achievement in Art Direction and Anna won the award for Best Achievement in Costume Design.

PLAYBOY: Was having so many women in the crew while filming a help or a hindrance?

FINK: Definitely a help, because any woman who has the opportunity to work in a traditionally male-dominated industry like filmmaking does make an extra effort.

Interestingly enough, though, at least three women reviewers have given, to my mind, completely unjust reviews of the film. Maybe it's bitchiness or that green-eyed monster jealousy at another's will to achieve.

PLAYBOY: What about you personally? Have you ever felt discriminated against in the film business because you are a woman?

FINK: I don't really know. There are advantages and disadvantages but, I think, a measure of what you do in life is what you make of disadvantages. You have to strive to turn them into advantages. The main difficulties weren't caused so much by being a woman as having no track record on the stage, TV or in films. When I wanted to make *The Removalists,* straight out of the blue, people would say: "Margaret Fink wants to make a film – who is she?" That's quite natural. It's become something of a cult film and I'm in no way ashamed of it. I made lots of mistakes, sure, but I learned from them.

PLAYBOY: You nonetheless claimed at last year's Cannes Film Festival that you and Gill Armstrong had been treated like "unimportant, troublesome little schoolgirls". Wasn't that discrimination?

FINK: I don't remember saying that, but I was treated abominably at Cannes. I've since ironed out the differences with the New South Wales Film Corporation, but it was terrible at the time. The film was one of only 24 in the world chosen for individual competition, yet Gill and I weren't given any credit. Furthermore, as the marketing of the film had been taken out of my hands, the whole point of being in Cannes was to meet producers, writers, directors and actors from the rest of the world. This could have happened, but didn't. The public servants were arranging these meetings for themselves and excluding me. The meetings were bonuses, I'll admit, but there have to be some bonuses at Cannes. It's such a grotesque world fair, an ugly two weeks with so many big money deals being perpetrated that aesthetic endeavor and exchange of ideas don't come into the picture. God, it's awful! The insincerity and hypocrisy with no wit were quite depressing. Australian filmmakers, in the main, are idealists who just want to make films. We don't get much in the way of financial reward at this stage. But, in my view, American filmmakers might just as well be sock or sausage manufacturers. With some exceptions, like Mike Douglas, they don't care about film. They're just out to make money. It's the most immoral industry.

PLAYBOY: How well did you do in terms of sales at Cannes.

FINK: Very well for an Australian film,

"When I realised that I had been deserted, I was flabbergasted. My pride was terribly hurt. Now I feel like writing Leon a thank-you note."

so I had to eat humble pie. I didn't think the New South Wales Film Corporation could make a significant American sale, for instance, and I was wrong. It was the highest sale ever for a government-funded Australian film, although *Mad Max* made even more. But I don't mind admitting when I make mistakes.

PLAYBOY: You say "significant American sale", which was reported as being a quarter of a million American dollars, yet this is a sum most major international filmmakers would consider paltry and would be embarrassed to have revealed publicly. Why is there a double standard?

FINK: Most major international films are linked to the major American film companies for production and distribution, so Americans don't pay much for foreign films because their primary objective is to promote their home-financed pictures.

PLAYBOY: How much do you expect to make from *My Brilliant Career*?

FINK: At this stage, I really can't say. I asked Pat Lovell what she made on *Picnic At Hanging Rock,* as the two films seem likely to do similar business. She told me she made a handsome profit. I only hope that mine will be a significant amount.

PLAYBOY: How much is "significant"?

FINK: I'd like to think about $100,000.

PLAYBOY: Will you invest any profit back into another film?

FINK: No. My contribution is my talent.

PLAYBOY: How did your husband feel about your having a career?

FINK: I'm sure Leon was delighted. He would never have obstructed me from doing anything creative. And, in fact, he encouraged me. But I do have a hunch that *Removalists* in some way contributed to our rift. I was moving out into the world, away from the house and into a working environment. But I'm not certain how it all happened. We were parted by the time I was working 100 percent on *My Brilliant Career* in 1976, and we divorced two years later. But I remember telling Leon one day I had all the money for the film, and he said it was the best news he'd heard all year. We don't communicate all that much now, but I'm sure that he's delighted with the film's success, as are my parents. We get along very well now; my unconventional behavior has been fully vindicated by my life.

PLAYBOY: When your marriage came unstuck, how did you react?

FINK: When I realised that I had been deserted, I was flabbergasted. It happened so swiftly and unexpectedly. My pride was terribly hurt and it took a long time for me to recover. But now I feel like writing Leon a thank-you note because he was game enough to dissolve a union which clearly wasn't working. I was supposed to be the more unconventional partner, yet I wasn't game. I wouldn't have done it, and I'm thrilled that he did because it gave me the impetus to make sure that *My Brilliant Career* worked. It was an incredibly hard job getting that off the ground. Now I have a new life, a new freedom. I have all the advantages of being single without the disadvantages.

PLAYBOY: How do you reconcile your career with motherhood?

FINK: I think a parent who is expressing himself or herself – I should put herself first – is probably of more value to children than being what society regards as a conventional parent. If you're expressing yourself, you're obviously going to be happier and have more self-respect than if you're rushing around being a slave to kids. I think someone who is operating creatively is a more interesting person for children to live with.

PLAYBOY: What about your children; do you hope that they will have brilliant careers?

FINK: If that's what they want. What I do wish is for them to do what they want most to do, and have the freedom

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to do it. After all that's what *My Brilliant Career* is about: the chance to develop whatever gifts you have. My brother's philosophy with his children was to leave them alone, and let them leave him alone, and he has four really fantastic, independent, individual children who do what they want.

I'm only worried about any danger my kids might get into. I want to instil in them that, if they're ever in any trouble, they should contact me. In my case, I didn't ring home because I knew that, by making contact, I'd hear my mother's ire on the other end of the phone asking where I was, and saying: "You come home, my girl, or else!" So I did nothing. But my children know I won't be censorious; that I simply want to know that they're all right or, if they aren't, to help.

PLAYBOY: Does your daughter show any signs of following in your footsteps?

FINK: Hannah is 16 and she's extremely talented in many directions. She doesn't have the outright talent for drawing that I did, or even for playing the piano. But she's multi-talented. For instance, she's good at maths where I was hopeless. Who knows if she'll develop into a filmmaker? I don't. Lots of kids today are keen about filmmaking whereas, when I was at school, nobody considered it. We didn't even have TV when I was young.

PLAYBOY: What about your professional future? You've announced four projects, including a "tastefully erotic" movie. How would you define "tastefully erotic"?

FINK: Well, classy erotic. Not your normal porn film. In fact, not porn at all. But it's just one that's on the boil. I don't know if it will come to fruition. Another project is a horror movie, the third is a musical comedy and the fourth is from Sumner Locke Elliott's novel *Edens Lost.*

PLAYBOY: Which is most likely to be your next project?

FINK: I think the horror film, and after that *Edens Lost,* which Gill Armstrong will direct. Then, sometime in the near future, I also want to experiment with new film techniques and a process I call "laboratory cinema". Instead of using a studio or locations, I want to try to make a film in the space of an average-sized room, using scaled models, special effects and all sorts of trickery that hasn't been developed yet. I hope I can inspire technicians to achieve new effects, because I'm not interested in making films as a business. I want to break new ground as an artist, an innovator and an inventor. I want technology to fit imagination, not the other way around.

At the moment, making a film is like building a multi-storey office block with house bricks. We're like architects who don't know anything about engineering or technological advances. If we caught up with technology, even pushed its boundaries into the 21st century, we should be able to shoot a film in eight days, not the eight weeks it took to film *Career.*

PLAYBOY: You've talked of moving to the United States. Does this mean that you're Hollywood dreaming?

FINK: Oh no. No! Hollywood is a ghastly place, sordid and tawdry. Films that come out of the major studios are, in the main, formula films and not made the way I want to make them. I regard the medium as a curious mixture of art and commerce.

PLAYBOY: How do you see the role of women in the future? You've been quoted as saying that it's not going to be a man's world much longer.

FINK: (Laughs) I think women won't so much rule as become more powerful. As I said in a speech I gave to Sydney High old girls on Speech Day, we may not do any better than men, but we certainly couldn't do any worse! The greatest contribution we can make to the world is to fight for peace. War is the worst thing man has devised. The very worst.

"I enjoy that undefined network of women. I suppose it's similar to men's camaraderie, *but this is subtler and, I think, finer too."*

As I've said, I'm not a radical feminist but I do enjoy that undefined network of women – I hate the word sisterhood – around the world. In Cannes, for instance, there was a link and a bond. I suppose it's similar to men's *camaraderie,* but this is subtler and, I think, finer too. My closest women friends are people like Ruth Biegler, whom I mentioned before, Germaine and several other generous-spirited people. I think it's unusual to develop close bonds with other women when you're past 30, say, but I meet women now who are like sisters and I value those associations. I suppose it's because they're honest. Maybe that's the definition of a friendship: when you can be yourself with someone.

PLAYBOY: Do you envisage getting married again?

FINK: I've joked that I married one millionaire and could do it again but, seriously, I doubt if I'll marry again. I'm loving my present freedom. Mind you, I'm still living with the children and enjoying their splendid company. I've never lived on my own, you see. I left home, straight to Harry, straight to someone else. And, as that's been the case, I could feel very lonely when I find myself finally on my own. So when the kids depart, who knows? I might end up having an "ideal marriage", what I call a companionship marriage, living with someone I respect and genuinely love.

PLAYBOY: What qualities attract you to people, and men in particular?

FINK: Oh men! I love men. I think I like funniness more than anything. Being funny is the ultimate defence. Harry was really very funny, adorably funny. Barry Humphries is another friend who's very funny. Spike Milligan I admire a great deal. Bill Harding, who more or less invented Norman Gunston, is a friend of mine at present – I like the euphemism – and is very funny. John McKellar is another extremely funny friend. I do admire funniness, individuality and talent in people. Recently, an interviewer was asking what were my hang-ups. I couldn't think of any except my obsession with being overweight, having deformed feet and a huge bust. All physical things. They seemed more like faults. Anyway, Gill Armstrong was there and she said: "Oh, you're just so intolerant of people if you think they haven't got any talent." I do respect talent, probably over-respect it. Funniness, of course, is a talent. But I suppose the most important human quality is kindness. I realised that when I was 16. It came to me in a flash.

PLAYBOY: If you could live your life over again, is there any part of it that you would change?

FINK: No, not a thing. I'm a romantic and I link the past in terms of associating myself with a man. I've had at least five, if not six, intense affairs.

People say you only fall in love once, and I suppose my deepest affection was for Harry. But it's hard to tell. I've had other intense, complete, microcosmic affairs that seemed like individual lifetimes, even one that lasted only three months. But, boy, was that intense!

PLAYBOY: Who were the other lovers in your life?

FINK: (Laughs) You'll have to read the biography that Belinda Browne, a former pupil of mine, is writing.

PLAYBOY: Won't you be penning your own memoires?

FINK: No. I want to be living right till the end. Doing, not watching, going forward, not backward.

PLAYBOY: Then how do you sum up your life so far?

FINK: In one word. Lucky.

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ARE ALL the legends about Harry Lasseter true? Did he in fact discover a fabulously rich reef of gold in Central Australia? Was the man really a self-deluded victim of fool's gold or even a fraud? No question in modern Australian history has been as slavishly debated and today, 83 years since the first questions were asked, the mystery remains unsolved.

In 1897, Harold Bell Lasseter, then a 17-year-old with little experience of inland navigation or the desert, claimed he had stumbled on a reef of gold 19.3 km long and

PLAYBOY EXPEDITION

THE SEARCH FOR LASSETER'S REEF

article
By DON HOGG

6.4 km wide in WA, near the Northern Territory border. Four years later, he went back to the area with a surveyor named Harding and returned with samples assayed at four ounces to the ton. The news did not spark a stampede of gold prospectors – perhaps because the Gibson Desert was and still is one of the most inhospitable places on Earth, or perhaps because Lasseter and Harding were vague in describing the location.

The reason put forward to explain why Lasseter and Harding did not return to the reef was that they realised their watches had been wrong when they fixed the position with a sextant. The two men drifted apart. Harding died and Lasseter took off to America, from which he returned in the late '20s to seek backing for an expedition to rediscover his lost reef.

The Central Australian Gold Exploration Company was formed with a capital variously reported at between $10,000 and $30,000 to mount a search. A former Army officer with expert knowledge of the Australian bush, Fred Blakely, was hired to lead the expedition, with Lasseter as the guide.

Extravagantly equipped, by comparison with expeditions up to that time, with an aircraft – suitably named Golden Quest–and a Thornycroft truck, the party set out from South Australia early in 1930 to prove the truth of Lasseter's Reef.

But the expedition moved from one disaster to another until Blakely became convinced that Lasseter had no idea where he was leading the party. Blakely wrote that he even doubted whether the prospector had ever been in the area before. Finally, after a succession of arguments with Lasseter, Blakely turned the expedition back.

Lasseter decided to press on alone with two camels, and, somewhere along the way, teamed with a German dingo hunter named Keith Johns who, in turn, left him. Legend – supported by novelist Ion Idriess – has it that Lasseter re-located his reef, pegged it, but perished in the desert on the return journey to Alice Springs after his camels bolted.

Despite Fred Blakely's book, Dream Millions, *published in 1972, years after the author's death, the myth of Lasseter's Reef persists. Not only did Blakely believe Lasseter to be "self-deluded", but he suggested that the body discovered and buried by bushman and tracker Bob Buck was not Lasseter's. Blakely also doubted that all the material claimed to have been from Lasseter's diary was genuine. Others shared his doubt that Lasseter had died in the desert. In 1956, the WA police lent credence to the rumors that the prospector had faked his death and fled to the US to escape exposure as a fraud when they confirmed reports that they were investigating Harry Lasseter's whereabouts.*

"We believe Lasseter to be overseas," said a police spokesman, explaining that the investigation had been opened following the receipt of information from a Commonwealth Government department. The investigation, however, petered out. But the legend lingers. Since the 1930 expedition and Lasseter's apparent death in 1931, scores of searches have been made . . .

There was an English farmer named Stonier who claimed to have decoded Lasseter's diaries and said: "I could drive straight there if necessary." He came to Australia, recruited a team, and went off full of confidence. Apparently he had no more luck than anyone else for, on his return from the desert in 1971, he had little to say.

Then there was the expedition put together in 1967 by William Neville Harding, a former Lord Mayor of Sydney. Mr Harding went out, looked, and came back saying he had found Lasseter's Reef. He went on to say he wasn't sure there was gold there, but he was confident that it was rich in copper, silver and lead. But no mining followed his claims.

And so it goes on: the myth, the legend, the arguments endure. To my mind, none of the pertinent questions has been answered; perhaps none of them ever will be.

•

AS WE pass Cavan's Knob, I notice a patch of mustard-colored quartz well out from the reef. I pick up a piece and it flashes gold in the harsh desert sun. And every way I turn the quartz, it sparkles. There seem to be specks of gold on every facet.

I ask myself: is this it? After all this time, have we found Harry Lasseter's reef of gold? I think of the death and misery this legendary Eldorado has caused, luring prospectors and treasure-hunters out here to this forbidding desert in the heart of Australia. I squint through the heat haze at the chain of quartz blows rearing out of the strange clearing amid the mulga.

Everything I've read about Lasseter's Reef races through my mind. Much of it fits. Dare I dream, when the dreams of all the others who have combed the Gibson and choked in its heat and dust have been dashed? Am I going to be a millionaire, when all those who have gone before me have failed so miserably?

I call to Henry Caldwell, one of our 10-strong party, who is picking his way through the quartz carpet 400 metres ahead of me: "Henry! Come and take a look at this . . . I think I've found something!" Henry, a laconic Kentuckian who is happier bird-watching than fossicking, ambles toward me. He takes the fist-sized quartz and studies its glinting, mirror angles. "Man," he drawls, "it sure looks like gold."

It is Wednesday, the fourth day in the searing desert from our base camp in the Olgas. Henry and I know we won't be certain what it is we have found until we get back to the Alice and let the Mines Department geologist run an assay. But, without saying anything, we look around us.

There are thousands of the same kind of quartz pieces scattered over an area measuring 100 by 300 metres. Each of us picks up bits at random. Every piece shows color. Suddenly, the relentless heat, the dust, the flies, the fraying tempers and bitchiness, the rancid meat, the breakdowns on the run through the desert and the bone-jarring climbs up and over the sand drifts all seem a pleasant memory.

We'd rated our chances at pulling it off at a million to one when we'd set off from Sydney 11 days before. And now? Because of the mystique that has surrounded Lasseter's Reef for 83 years, doubts linger, but the odds are certainly shortening.

The 10 of us were distributed among four vehicles when we left Sydney on October 6. Ahead was at least 10,000km of roads and tracks and, at the end of it, Lasseter's ghost willing, 200km of trackless desert.

Sponsors provided three of the vehicles, some of the fuel, radio communications, tyres, canned food, emergency equipment, a metal detector, soft drinks and wine – even mustard and muesli. Perhaps the expedition was better equipped than Lasseter's, though a camel or two would have been useful.

Gerry Nolan was the leader and his lieutenant was 29-year-old Tony Peters, a taciturn, bronzed fencing contractor now living in Sydney and as fit as a mallee bull. Tony has knocked around the bush all his life, and it is said he can fix just about anything with a bit of wire. He contributed his old Jeep, affectionately called Jolly, a welding unit and a tremendous depth of mechanical knowledge, as well as wonderful good humor and an insatiable lust for cold beer.

Then there was Caldwell, a wandering adventurer. He seems to have been just about everywhere, and has roughed it for the past six of his 29 years. At all times, he carried a field guide to Australian birds and a pair of binoculars. He travelled most of the time in Jolly with Tony.

Cavan Lenaghan, 33, a graphic artist, took his annual leave so that

"They're supposed to make us feel more at home."

he could contribute to the expedition and indulge in the adventure of it. Of Irish descent and born in Birmingham, Cavan is an experienced ocean yachtsman and competent navigator.

Chris Russell, an Englishman aged 34, had scarcely been further off the beaten track than a city-dwelling family man would go. But he led the field for enthusiasm and had helped Gerry put the whole thing together. He was the radio and metal detector man.

The three girls were Jann Pyper, 28, a typist in the Redfern, NSW, Magistrate's Court, Lyn Donnelly, 32, from Mona Vale, NSW, a barmaid, and Lisa Prior, who, at 23, had already spent a year travelling Europe with her boyfriend, Paul Gilliland, an American-educated Irishman.

Then there was me, age undisclosed, a paid scribbler who had managed to insinuate himself into the expedition as the collector of cars and equipment. I would be the gazetteer and dispenser of my master's finance, as well as assisting with navigation and the maintenance of vehicles.

For nearly 10 years, Gerry Nolan has wanted to locate and investigate an un-mapped reef of quartz in the Gibson Desert, for he believes it could be the fabled reef.

Gerry, 39, has done most things. He's been in the Navy and the Air Force, led a survey party looking for water in Central Australia, tried his hand at public relations and advertising, written a novel and published a book on the use of metal detectors.

In 1978 he was with the Dick Smith expedition that found the wreck of the *Kookaburra,* an aircraft that crashed in the Tanami Desert in 1929.

His interest in Lasseter's Reef was conceived in 1970, when he was responsible for a party of men surveying for water in the Territory and along the WA border. Three of his men saw a massive quartz blow (outcrop) from the end of their survey line as they prepared to leave the area. That was at 3.30 in the afternoon of October 14. The sun, they said, had touched the quartz and turned it to a blaze of light as it travelled westward. A few minutes later, as the sun swung away, the blow melted into the mulga and could scarcely be seen.

In the years that followed, Gerry read everything about Lasseter he could get his hands on, and slowly became convinced that the fabulous reef the prospector is reputed to have found was much further south than was widely believed.

To finance an expedition, he invited friends to contribute to its cost and come along with him. He had little difficulty finding five enthusiastic starters, but between them they had only one good vehicle, a 1974 Jeep CJ6, and little other equipment. Then he approached the publishers of Australian PLAYBOY, who offered to help. The Australian PLAYBOY Lasseter's Reef Expedition was born.

The little convoy, sometimes splitting into two groups, two Jeeps in one and a Chrysler Sigma and a Holden Commodore in the other, arrived at Ayer's Rock on Friday, October 12. We readied the vehicles and left the Rock to camp overnight in the Olgas on the afternoon of the next day.

SUNDAY : Left the campsite in the Olgas this morning hoping to be within reach of the search area by late afternoon. Henry woke us before first light with three verses of My Old Kentucky Home, mournfully warbled from atop a magnificent ironstone rock. That song has been our reveille since we left Sydney. Today, Gerry and Tony joined in from their sleeping bags on top of the Jeeps.

Yesterday, the Sigma, with Paul and Lisa, left us to go to a mission about a day's drive from the search area. Telecommunications there are good and, if an emergency develops, we will use the Sigma as a runner. I'm a bit worried about whether Paul made it, because he's shown himself to be accident prone. Already he's burned a hole in the floor of Cavan's new tent, set himself and his own tent alight with his spirit lamp, and split a tyre on the only potentially dangerous rock between Port Augusta and Alice Springs.

Now there are only three vehicles: the big Jeep Cherokee, the Jeep CJ6 owned and driven by Tony, and the Commodore wagon in which Cavan and I are travelling. Gerry in the Cherokee is towing a four-wheel trailer carrying four 200-litre drums of petrol and one of water we picked up at Whyalla, as well as spare wheels and tyres for all the vehicles.

First stop was Hull River, at the cave where Harry Lasseter spent 25 days fighting first for his sight and then for his life at the height of the 1930 summer. Having claimed to have re-located and pegged his reef, he was returning to base at Alice Springs when his camels bolted, leaving him alone on the fringe of the desert with little food and only a few litres of water.

Aborigines found him and agreed to feed and water him back to the Alice on his promise that a relief party he expected would give them all the food they could carry. But the relief party failed to materialise, and the blacks, believing Lasseter had lied to them, refused further help. Nearly blind with sandy blight, his face and body being eaten away by ants and flies, and with the now hostile blacks camped nearby, it is a miracle Lasseter survived in his cave for as long as he did.

His body was finally discovered by the famous central Australian bushman and tracker, Bob Buck, in the desert a few days' walk from the cave.

Standing in the cave, I could feel the torture the tough little prospector must have endured. Compounding the physical agony was the anguish of knowing how close he was to proving to the world that Lasseter's Reef was no product of his imagination, deceit or desert hallucination.

Harry Lasseter knew he was dying, and he knew that, with his death, the truth would die too. Yet all the time he managed to scribble loving letters to his wife, Rene, in Sydney. In one of the last, he wrote: *"I think I am near my finish I am nearl . . . and crazy with sandy blig . . . tormented with flies and ants. As a last resource I soused my eyes with Lourdes water* (a friend had given him a tiny bottle to carry with him) *last night and they are much clearer today . . .*

"Darling I want you to remember me as when we first met and not the scarecrow that I now am. Have shrunk still further and the flies and ants have nearly eaten my face away. I can do nothing against them. 'Beaten by Sandy Blight' – what an epitaph.

"What good is a reef worth millions, I would give it all for a loaf of bread, and to think that only a week away is lots of tucker. The blacks are not troubling me now they know I'm dying and will wait . . .

"Goodbye Rene, darling wife of mine, and don't grieve – remember you must live for the children now dear, but it does seem cruel to die alone out here because I always have been good to the blacks.

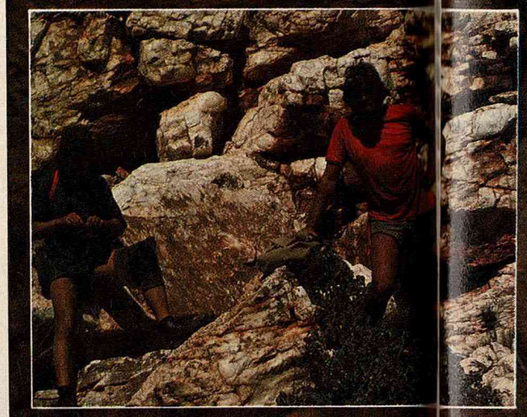
" . . . my last prayer is God be merciful to me as a sinner and be good to those I leave behind. Harry."

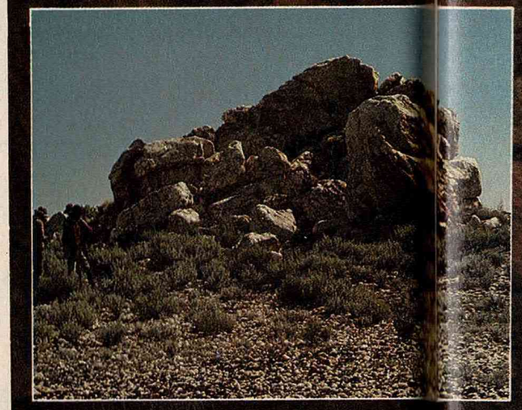
Today, 300 metres from Lasseter's cave, a towering windmill pumps cool, clear water from an artesian bore – the ultimate mockery.

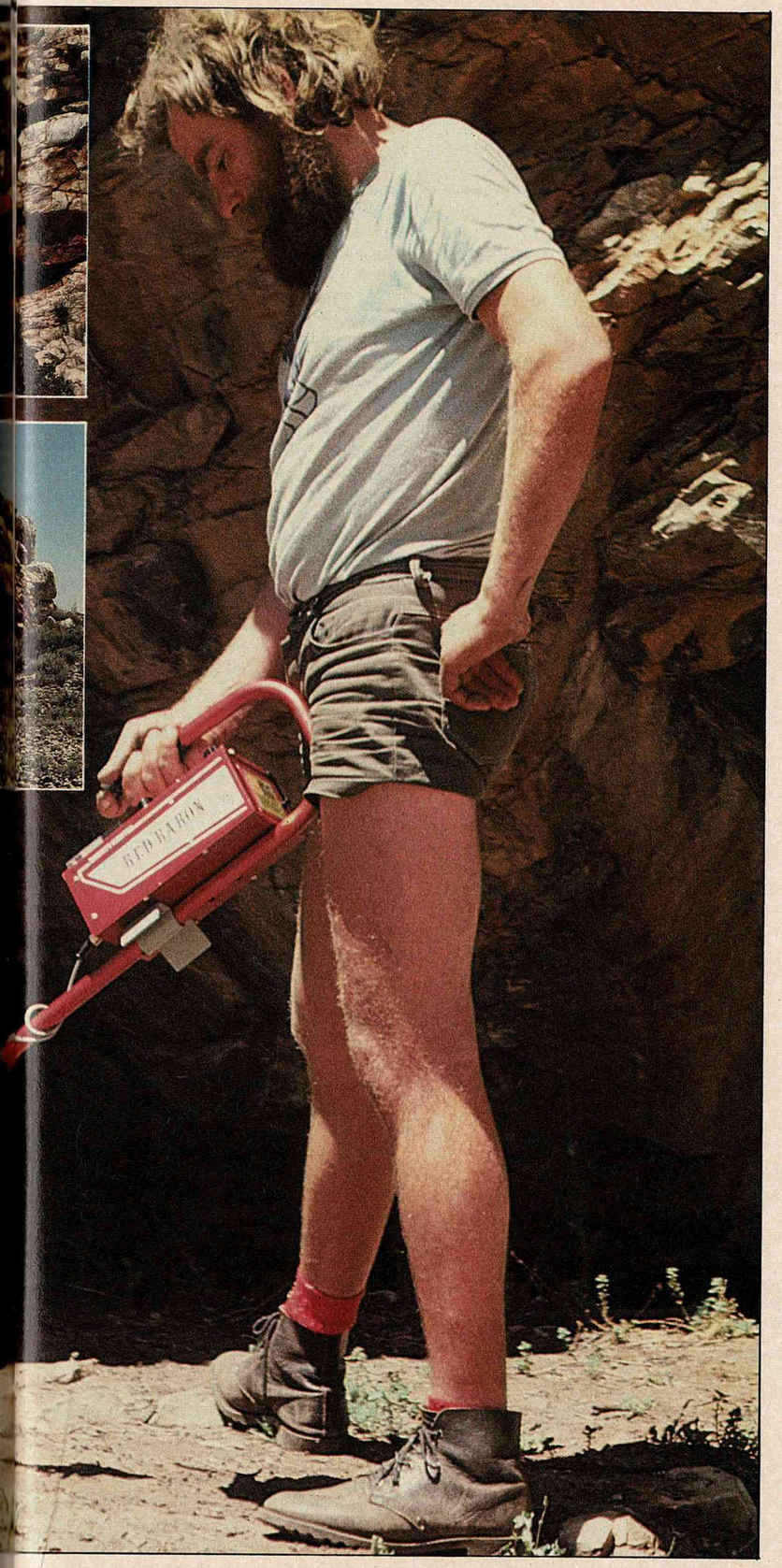
From the bore, we drove through Docker River Aborigine settlement to the WA border. The few roads in this area take a savage toll. This afternoon we passed dead and abandoned vehicles for hour after hour as we drove.

We are camped the night at a spot about 50km from where we'll strike into the desert some time tomorrow.

MONDAY : About 50km east of the campsite we came to a granite hill about 50 metres high, and Gerry climbed it to get a look around. He came down to tell us he could see a knot of humpies and a bore about 1.5km away, and beyond there was a







RIGHT: Tony Peters uses the metal detector at a cave where Lasseter spent 25 days fighting, first for his sight, and then his life. TOP: Peters and Nolan with the big quartz blow as a backdrop. Is this a part of the reef Lasseter discovered? ABOVE: Cavan's Knob, shining in the sun. It sure looks like the glint of gold!

spinifex plain that might make a pretty good place to enter the desert. We pointed the vehicles off-road at 9.15 am and zeroed the trip meters. Navigating in the desert is more than child's play. You don't go over a big sandhill when you think you might get round it, nor do you charge into a big stand of mulga if you can avoid it. All this means you are constantly changing your course, zig-zagging and weaving, and it's not hard to wander off your heading.

As the day wore on, the temperature rose relentlessly. Inside the Commodore it was unbearable. On our way up the biggest sandhill yet we hit a high rock behind a clump of spinifex. We left the ground and spun sideways. I knew we couldn't stop if we were to beat the sandhill, and I kept as much speed as I could, sliding, skating, bucking, clawing up in a dense shower of red sand. The spinifex was lifting the wheels, first the front, then the back, the tacho sometimes spinning high into the red as everything leapt in the air. Relief as we crested and stopped.

I got underneath to see what damage there was. Cavan yelled: "Get out of there – there's bloody fuel all over the place!" I came out like a very quick snake, and we grabbed shovels and cleared the petrol-soaked, smoking spinifex from under the tank.

We sat in the red sand, waiting for things to cool enough for us to get under and have a good look and, for the first time, I realised how tired and filthy we were. Cavan's legs had been scratched raw by the needle-sharp mulga and spinifex.

Old Jolly arrived and Tony got out and drawled: "Got a problem, mate?" Had we ever! Tony dived underneath and found that the fuel gauge unit had pulled out. There was an almighty clang, and he announced: "I've hammered the bastard back in again."

Late in the afternoon we slid over a sandhill to see the Cherokee parked, trailer disconnected, in a stand of tall, beautiful desert she-oaks. Base camp at long last. The drive in had taken nine and a half hours, and we'd covered only 34.8km.

Our campsite is on the slope of a huge sandhill, and from here we command a panoramic view of the countryside. In the distance, perhaps six kilometres away, there rises a huge, rocky hill. Directly behind it, maybe a further 12km, is a taller feature, and behind that again is a mountain that is mapped and named. We can see three points of the Petermanns away to the north. The whole picture fits perfectly with what Lasseter said he could see from his reef of gold.

Then there are the rock holes we saw this morning. Lasseter said he was within 50km of two sources of water, and we know that we are, too – this morning's rock holes and some others off to the east. Jesus, we might just be in the right place!

TUESDAY: It was precisely nine years ago that Gerry's survey team saw the big quartz blow we're here to locate and investigate. They saw it at 3.30 in the afternoon, as the sun swung westward and painted it a blazing gold.

Jann and Cavan went with Gerry, and Tony and Henry set off in another direction. They planned to meet as their grids crossed in the early afternoon. The parties were due back in camp at about 5 o'clock, but 5.30 came and went without any sign of them. I went with binoculars to the highest point I could find to watch for them, and spotted Cavan literally stumbling along about two kilometres out of camp about 5.45.

He staggered in just after six. His water bottle was bone dry and he fell to the sand absolutely exhausted. We all shot questions at him, but he couldn't speak. He drank long and deep from a cooler and then fell back to the sand. It was fully five minutes before he could begin to talk.

"We've spotted the reef," he said and waved his arm in the direction of it. "Big bastard ... thought it was a yellow tree at first ... but it's a bloody big white quartz blow."

Then Jann came in, with Gerry a few hundred metres behind.

"We found the end peg of the survey line easy, no sweat, then walked on to a big basalt hill we've named The Sphinx," said Gerry. "We had a look there, and then went back to the survey line from where I reckon my blokes saw the blow in 1970.

"Cavan saw what he thought was a big yellow tree sticking out over the mulga, and Henry put the glasses on it. 'That's no tree,' Henry said, 'that's a quartz outcrop with the sun on it'."

Tony and Henry ambled in. They were in better shape than the others, but still desperately thirsty and tired.

They decided to take the Jolly as far as The Sphinx tomorrow. Apparently, the mulga between the campsite and there isn't too threatening. I was glad to hear that. The quartz blow has been called Cavan's Knob, and the hill behind The Sphinx is to be known as Mount Jolly.

WEDNESDAY: Jann and Cavan stayed in camp today while the rest of us bumped out into the desert aboard Jolly at 5.15 am. Tony navigated to The Sphinx and we emerged from the mulga scrub right alongside it after about 35 minutes.

Gerry, Tony and Henry went up its great basalt face like mountain goats to have a look around, while Chris set up the metal detector. Chris claims this gadget can discriminate between metals, and that we'll be able to tell if we find gold.

The detector didn't seem very enthusiastic about The Sphinx, so we moved out to the big blow, Cavan's Knob. We got there after about an hour's walk.

Lasseter wrote that his reef rose in a clear area, another point of similarity. This blow is about 12 metres high and 120 metres around the base. Out from the base, for hundreds of metres, the ground is strewn with quartz as big as your fist and becoming darker as it gets further away from the pure white outcrop. Everything coincides with Lasseter's descriptions.

The sight of the blow stopped Gerry and Tony in their tracks as they emerged from the mulga. "Jesus," said Gerry. "Maybe Lasseter's Reef has come home."

Henry and I followed the reef for about five kilometres. There were smaller quartz blows everywhere, usually 300 to 400 paces apart, and the entire area was covered with quartz – brown, purple, green, near-black. We counted 15 blows on the walk and could see more in the distance. On the way back, we found two humpies fashioned from dead mulga. They looked incredibly old.

Along the way we had looked at hundreds of pieces of quartz, but found no color. Then, as we passed Cavan's Knob, I came on a patch of mustard-colored quartz well out from the base. As I lifted a piece, it flashed gold in the sunlight. I turned it, and the thing kept flashing. There were specks of what looked like gold on every facet.

Every bit of quartz we picked up showed color. The distribution of the specks seemed quite even and I remembered Lasseter's words to his wife: "Thick as plums in a pudding."

The tiredness completely left me, and the walk back to the The Sphinx didn't seem hard at all. Chris and Lyn, sitting in Jolly, gave us water from a big container. We drank as they looked at my samples. Chris set up the metal detector, ran it over them – and it screamed its head off.

Gerry and Tony came back to report the reef about six kilometres wide and running nor' nor' east to sou' sou' west. Lasseter had described his reef as six kilometres wide and running north/south.

Chris said the detector had indicated high mineralisation everywhere. Gerry examined my samples through a magnifying glass and said much the same as Henry – it sure looked like gold.

THURSDAY: We went out to the reef early with the object of charting its extremities. A hot southerly blew all night and was still gusting when we arrived at Cavan's Knob.

The place where I found the mustard quartz has been named Don's Reef, and I went straight there to collect samples to take back for the experts to look at. Then we split into three groups to survey the reef.

We know that it runs for at least 14km, because we've walked that distance along it, and there is still more in the distance. We estimate it to be at least 20km long.

Late this morning Henry picked up a beer can a few hundred metres from the humpies. It's of the rip-top kind, and, although heavily rusted, could not have been there more than 10 years.

Both Gerry and Henry have found stone native artifacts – an encouraging sign. Lasseter wrote that his reef was on sacred native land.

Back at the camp, Tony, who has all along been the most reserved and sceptical of the party, came up and said: "Want to see what I've got?" My bloody oath I did! From his pocket he took a small length of red adhesive tape and carefully handed it to me. Attached to the sticky side were a few large specks of ... gold? "Got it dry-panning in the sand with a shovel," he explained. "Heaps of it in every shovel of sand. Henry got some, too."

After our evening meal, we opened a few bottles of warm white wine, the first booze we'd had since we arrived in the desert, and went over the whole thing. Had we picked up the right kind of samples for a geologist to assay? Should we have dug?

We have decided to move out tomorrow. We have taken seven bearings of the reef's position and know we could return without difficulty.

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The drive out went pretty well without incident, and took only half the time it did on the way in. We made Ayer's Rock that night, and the proprietor of the Inland Motel shouted drinks for as long as we could stand up. She had bet us we couldn't stay out a week, and we had.

On Monday we took our samples to the Department of Mines at Alice Springs for a geologist to identify. We carried the samples in a large green plastic garbage bag. A geologist finally appeared and we asked him to have a look at the rock.

Gerry and I shuffled around nervously while he carefully examined the quartz through a glass. "I think you have gold here," he said finally, "but I don't have the facilities to tell you for sure. Your samples need to be crushed and treated."

Since then, the samples have been crushed and assayed and we now know that what we were looking at was mica, one of a number of metals which are known as fool's gold.

One of the features of the whole search that has puzzled me since we first located the big quartz blow is that it is not mapped on the most recent of the topographical or geological maps of the area, yet it is significantly bigger than many of the mapped features around it. Has it in fact been under sand for much of the time? How else could it have escaped the attention of the photogrammetrists and geologists?

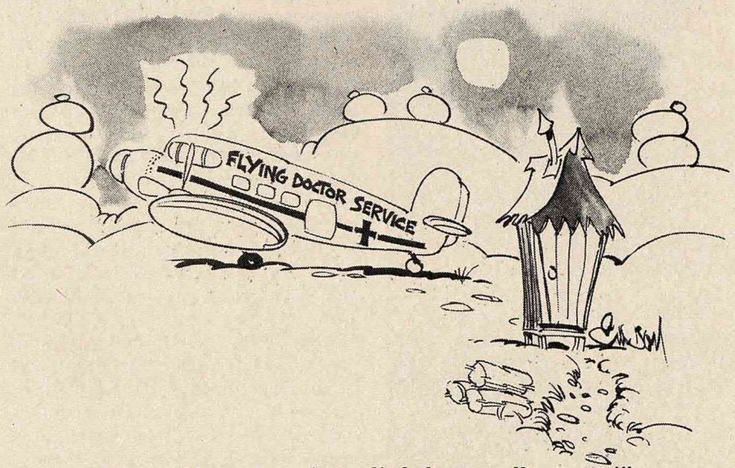
Certainly, there are many striking similarities between the reef we discovered and the one Lasseter claimed contained a fortune in gold. Its size, location and appearance all tie in with Lasseter's own description. But as far as we know it does not contain gold.

Could it be that Lasseter, having suffered as he did to get back to his reef, found the mica we did and convinced himself it was gold? There are claims that the samples he had assayed came from another area.

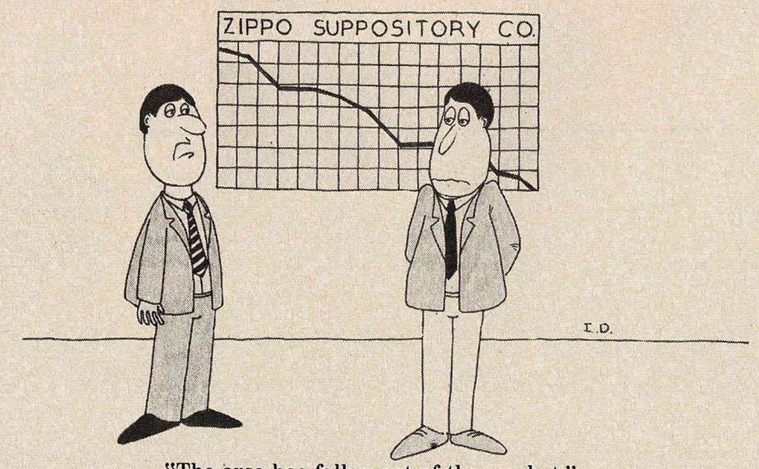
To us, Lasseter's Reef is as much a mystery now as ever it was. But, to some of us, the urge to go back to what we've found and investigate more thoroughly is as strong as the desire that took Lasseter back.

To me, it doesn't matter much any more what Lasseter discovered or what he thought he discovered. Having seen and walked the country and understood something of the suffering he endured, I admire him no matter what.

Australian PLAYBOY is grateful for the assistance given by a number of companies to the PLAYBOY Lasseter's Reef Expedition. They are: Shell Australia; Chrysler Australia; Jeep Australia; General Motors-Holden; Wormald International; Amco Wrangler; Kaiser Stuhl; Tatra Industries; Bradmill; Cerebos; Hagar Plastics; Coca-Cola Bottlers of South Australia; B. F. Goodrich; Gregory's Guides and Maps; Hendon Metal Detectors; Mobile One; *Overlander* magazine; Rothmans.



"No problems, base, just a little house call ... over!"



"The arse has fallen out of the market."

Australian Playboy February 1980

MAN'S ETERNAL TREASURE

politicians come and go — but gold plays its own sweet tune

article **By TREVOR SYKES**

SINCE THE dawn of time, gold has gripped man's imagination. In China, the Middle East and the Indus Valley of Pakistan, it was mined in the Stone Age.

One of the oldest known mines in the world is the Zod deposit in the area where Turkey, Iraq and Iran share borders with southern Russia. The deposits in the streams there were panned in Neolithic times. The outcroppings of the main deposit were discovered later and by 1200BC were being worked in trenches one metre wide and five or six metres deep. By 200AD the richest ores from this deposit were being exploited by extensive underground mines. Today it is

Picture courtesy Queensland Gold

still one of the richest mines in the Soviet Union.

Such is the lure of gold. Men have hunted it not for hundreds of years but thousands. Gold was mined by Stone Age man as soon as he had even the most primitive tools for the job.

When contemplating the long history of gold, and its domination over men's minds, one feels a sense of awe. Gold has a power that is beyond rational explanation, and it has held that power continuously since before history began to be written.

Gold is a useful metal with some peculiar characteristics. It is the most ductile and malleable of all metals. A grain of gold (1/480th of an ounce) can be drawn into wire more than two kilometres long or beaten into a sheet .56 metre square. Apart from dentistry, its main industrial use is in electronics. The tiny silicon chips at the heart of modern computer technology are wired by microscopic threads of gold.

From a practical viewpoint, therefore, gold has its uses, but they are not great. There are many metals, such as iron and copper, which are of far more practical value.

Gold is valued primarily for its beauty. It is the only metal which arouses the primal passions in man. It is uncanny how, throughout history, man has repeatedly resorted to gold as a protection against unstable rulers and suspect currencies. The United States Government is presently trying to "de-mystify" gold. Based on historical evidence, it will not succeed. Gold's mystique is mighty and enduring.

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Since antiquity, gold has been used for ornamentation and as money, and there are good reasons why man should have mined gold so early in history. Gold can be found in relatively pure form, and is easily recognisable. Native gold occurs as veins in quartz and other rocks. Over the aeons, this gold can be eroded free by water and carried as tiny particles in a swift-flowing stream. Where the water slows, as on the outer curve of a river, the heavy particles of gold will settle to the bottom, often with gravels.

Alluvial deposits such as this were worked in very ancient times by the civilisations of the Middle East. The washing of gold ores is depicted on Egyptian monuments of the First Dynasty, around 3000BC.

The legend of the Argonauts' quest for the Golden Fleece appears to have been founded on an actual expedition in about 1200BC to capture gold from an Armenian alluvial deposit where sheepskins were used in the washing process. Rich deposits were known in Lydia (western Turkey), the Greek Islands, Persia, India and China.

Being easily worked, gold has been moulded by craftsmen since antiquity. Minoan, Assyrian, Etruscan and Egyptian artisans fabricated beautiful and elaborate works of art in gold. As the metal does not tarnish, some of these are still in almost perfect condition. Few human works survive for as long as those crafted in gold.

Almost every ancient civilisation prized gold, using it extensively for rituals, idols and the embellishments of power. It was the metal of kings and temple priests.

That indefatigable (and, alas, often inaccurate) reporter Herodotus tells us that on the summit of the topmost tower of Babylon was the temple of Bel. This had "a fine large couch in it, richly covered, and a golden table beside it". In a second shrine, lower down, was "a great sitting figure of Bel, all gold on a golden throne, supported by a base of gold, with a golden table standing beside it". The Chaldeans told Herodotus that more than 22 tons of gold were used to make it. Outside the temple was a golden altar where young animals were sacrificed.

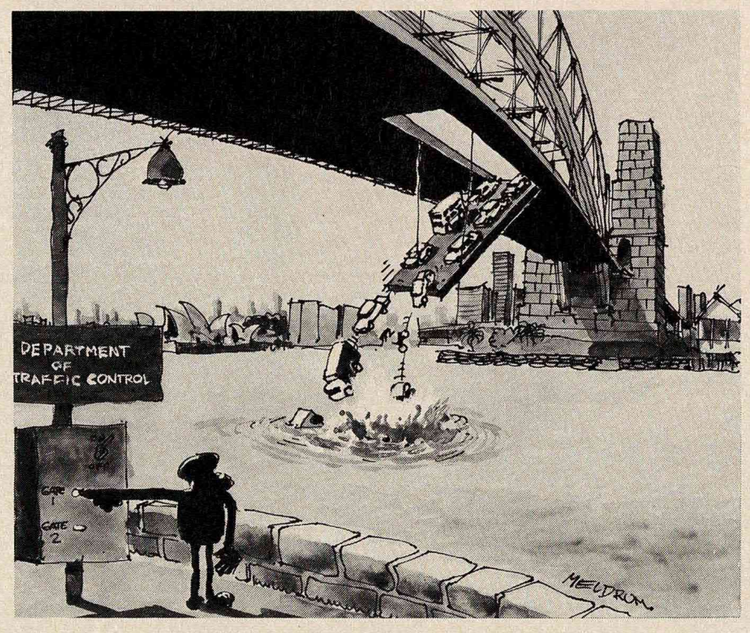
The Egyptians had a whole industry devoted to making gold funereal furniture and jewellery. The Tomb of Tutankhamen contained gold-encased wooden tabernacles enclosing triple coffins, the innermost of which was solid gold. The golden thrones and jewellery discovered in this tomb have dazzled the world ever since. And yet Tutankhamen was not an important pharaoh. He died as a boy, and his sepulchre was one of the smallest in the Valley of the Kings. The tombs of the great pharaohs must have contained stupendous amounts of gold before being pillaged by grave robbers.

Even the rational Greeks prized gold. Gold was mined in Thrace, east of the river Strymon. The Mycenaeans were described by Homer as "rich in gold" and used gold death masks. The Minoans traded oils and wine for gold from neighboring states.

From the Hindu epics, it would appear gold was first used in coinage in India. Herodotus was unaware of this when he recorded the following passage (Histories, Book One): "All the young women of Lydia prostitute themselves, by which they procure their marriage portion; this, with their persons, they afterwards dispose of as they think proper ...

" ... The manners and customs of the Lydians do not essentially vary from those of Greece, except in this prostitution of the young women. They are the first people on record who coined gold and silver into money, and traded in retail."

Philip of Macedon was one ruler who was acutely aware of the importance of gold. Early in his career, he seized the gold and silver mines of Thrace and they contributed considerably to the growth of his power. His son, Alexander the Great, took a more cavalier attitude. Upon conquering the kingdom of Darius, he stripped all the temples of their gold and distributed it among the population. The practical effect of this was to drive up prices, leaving the general population no better off. The sudden availability of gold also upset the traditional currency balance of the ancient world, which for centuries had been about 10 pieces of silver to one of gold. The Alexandrian bequest drove the ratio down to two or three to one and caused severe dislocations to trade and commerce.



It is the first dramatic illustration in recorded history of the damage which a centralised government can wreak by meddling in and manipulating the gold standard.

After Alexander, rulers started to stamp their profiles on their coinage. Professor J. K. Galbraith has commented drily that this was less a guarantee of the weight and fineness of the metal than a thoughtful personal gesture by the ruler to himself. It was one that could work in reverse. After the death of the Roman emperor Caligula (the one who ate the baby in *I, Claudius* – remember?) his money was called in and melted down so that not only the name but the features of the tyrant might be forgotten.

The early gold coins were very beautiful, but they soon ran afoul of the basic problem which still afflicts modern currency: how to maintain stable values. It was rapidly recognised as essential that coins should be of standard weight and that the gold or silver content should be made uniform. A merchant who was paying for a commodity would tend to keep the best coins for himself and pay with inferior ones. He would also clip or file small pieces off the coin before passing it on, thus debasing the currency. Unscrupulous rulers would also degrade the currency by reducing the gold content. Prudent citizens hoarded the best gold coins. Thus was born the phenomenon known as Gresham's Law that bad money drives good out of circulation.

The ruler whose features were imprinted on coinage to the best effect must have been the Empress Maria Theresa of Austria, whose profile included a generous display of bosom. And perhaps for this reason, the coin was long used as a standard unit of currency in the Middle East. As recently as a few years ago, Maria Theresa dollars were still being minted, dated 1780, for use in Yemen.

Counterfeiting is another crime of ancient lineage. As early as 540BC, Polycrates of Samos is reported to have cheated the Spartans with coins of simulated gold. What he used as a substitute is not known, but it could well have been pyrite, the disulphide of iron known universally as "fool's gold".

In the Middle Ages, gold was a standard international unit of currency. The knights who travelled to the crusades normally wore a chain of gold links about their necks. They paid for sea transport, accommodation and the like by breaking off one or more links of their necklaces.

Then in 1492, Columbus discovered the Americas, making his first landfall at San Salvador. He described its naked inhabitants as handsome and pleasant people, but (he wrote in his diary): "I do not wish to stop, in order to discover and search many islands to find gold." The gold eluded Columbus, but soon after, the Conquistadores discovered the fabulous golden riches of the Aztec and Inca civilisations.

Fired by greed for gold, the Spaniards rapidly overran South America looking for ever more fabulous riches. One story which caught their imagination was of Eldorado, the mythical ruler of a town close to Bogotá in Colombia. Eldorado was said to plaster his naked body with gold dust once a year during a festival, then to plunge into Lake Guatavita to wash it off. His subjects threw jewels and golden ornaments into the lake as Eldorado immersed himself, according to the story. Although one Conquistadore claimed to have met Eldorado in 1530, he was never found, nor any trace of his treasure. The search for Eldorado opened up large areas of South America and at various times maps were printed showing Eldorado as a city at imaginary locations in Brazil.

The treasures of the Americas caused considerable economic dislocation when they were shipped back to Spain. Comparatively little of the gold and silver brought back by the Spanish galleons was looted from temples and palaces. The great bulk of it was produced from mines run by the Spaniards and worked by slave labor.

Between 1492 and 1600, more than eight million ounces of gold reached Europe from the Americas, representing an addition of 35 percent to the world's gold stock in that period. The Spanish gold flooding into Europe resulted in a huge rise in prices. The effect was most marked in Spain itself, where prices rose about five-fold during the 16th century.

Professor Galbraith explains it as follows: "These prices, not the tales of the Conquistadores, were the message to most Europeans that America had been discovered. At work in a primitive but unmistakeable fashion was the central proposition concerning the relation of money to prices – the quantity theory of money. This holds, in its most elementary form, that, other things being equal, prices vary directly with the quantity of money in circulation. In the 16th and early 17th centuries, prices varied upward and greatly with the vast increase in the supply of precious metals available for coinage from across the Atlantic."

The South American mines were phenomenally rich, especially in Colombia. South American mines accounted for 61 percent of the entire world's production in the 17th century and 80 percent in the 18th century.

In 1823, Russia became the world's largest producer, a position it held for 14 years. Then came another great era of surging gold production as a string of discoveries was made across the globe.

During the quarter of a century from 1850 to 1875, it is estimated that more gold was produced in the world than had been mined in all the years since 1492, chiefly because of discoveries in California and Australia. In the late 19th century there were gold rushes to Rhodesia, Siberia and a fantastic long rush across the top of Australia from Charters Towers to the Kimberleys, then down the western

"Then he tried to buy me by offering a diamond bracelet ... Isn't it cute?"

margin of the continent to Kalgoorlie. The wildest rush was sparked in 1886 by a strike at Fortymile Creek in the Alaskan Yukon, which led to later discoveries at Klondike and Nome.

The first genuine discovery of gold in Australia was by a public surveyor, James McBrien. In February, 1823, working in the granite country east of Bathurst, NSW, he thought he saw "numerous particles of gold" in sandy hills by the Fish River. The gold was sparse, and barely worth a search. Bathurst plains shepherds, who had leisure and opportunity to look, found significant traces of gold and sold their specks and grains to local jewellers.

There was little incentive to search because, by law, all gold was the property of the English Crown. This inhibited the search for gold, although the presence of gold around Bathurst was well known. The first diggings were started by Edward Hargraves at Yorky's Corner, which he renamed Ophir. As Professor Geoffrey Blainey has pointed out in his superb book *The Rush That Never Ended,* Hargraves has gone into history as the discoverer of gold in Australia, although he was less successful than a score of shepherds who had gone before him. Hargraves did, however, have a keen flair for publicity.

The rushes to the Bathurst fields were exciting enough, but they were eclipsed by the Victorian rushes soon after. The discovery of gold at Ballarat in 1851 created a sensation. The Melbourne *Argus* reported: "The whole town of Geelong is in hysterics. Gentlemen foaming at the mouth, ladies fainting, children throwing somersets, and all on account of the extraordinary news from Buninyong."

Blainey records that between 800 and 1000 men were digging around Ballarat when commissioners and troopers issued the first licences on September 21, 1851. This licensing system, badly administered, would later lead to the battle of Eureka Stockade, the only armed insurrection in the history of Australia.

The rushes to Ballarat, Bendigo and a dozen other newly-found fields depopulated Melbourne and Geelong. Tradesmen left the cities to dig for gold, and housemaids left to marry rich diggers. Ships feared to call at Melbourne because their crews were liable to desert *en masse* for the diggings. Governor La Trobe reported that, in some suburbs of Melbourne, not a man was left, and women were forgetting their feuds, choosing to live together for protection.

A chain of gold discoveries began, working its way around the country. Successively, gold was discovered at Mount Morgan near Rockhampton, at Charters Towers in central Queensland, in the Kimberleys and in the Pilbara. Walking south and carrying all their belongings and mining equipment in long wooden barrows, prospectors found gold at Southern Cross. The rushes halted there for a while because the plain to the east was waterless; then, in 1892, Arthur Bayley and William Ford discovered gold at Coolgardie. The last great rush was on.

News that Bayley had brought in 554 ounces of gold spread like wildfire at Southern Cross. When he returned to Coolgardie, the entire male population of the town crossed 180 kilometres of semi-desert country with him. The price of a horse rose overnight from £5 to £50. Poorer men humped their swags for the distance.

Within a few weeks, every inch of ground at Fly Flat, where the gold was in fine particles, had been pegged. At Pig Gulley and Spud Gulley, the gold was in nuggets and lumps. In these first weeks, the men who reached the field gathered 3000 ounces of gold. The gold was so rich in places that men could chop it from the reefs with tomahawks.

The most famous, or notorious, find of all was made by six tired and disillusioned young Queenslanders in rough country about 19 kilometres south of Coolgardie. Their luck had been so poor they had decided to separate and were talking over their troubles in the camp as one of their number, John Mills, sat idly tapping a piece of stone between his legs. Then it broke, revealing rich stringers of gold.

Perhaps nothing richer on the Coolgardie field came out of such a small patch. In a few weeks they dug 10,000 ounces of gold from a hole 1.5m long and one metre deep. Coolgardie was spellbound by the rich nuggets, including "Big Ben", 110kg of stone which yielded 45kg of gold.

The Queenslanders sold their lease to an English syndicate headed by Lord Fingall for £180,000. With cloak and dagger secrecy, the golden hole was covered with a steel sheet, which was cemented down, and guards were placed over the mine until the new owners could begin production. Lord Fingall returned to London to float the Londonderry Gold Mining Company, with a nominal capital of £700,000 in shares, mainly promoters' and vendors', and working capital of only £50,000.

But when the mine was opened a few months later, it proved to have been only a rich pocket. The ore did not live at depth. The main wealth it provided was rich humor for the Wild Cat column of *The Bulletin,* which frequently reported on the unsuccessful "Plunderderry" Mine.

One old prospector who had little luck at Coolgardie was a modest Irishman, Paddy Hannan. In 1893, 40 kilometres north of Coolgardie, the horse of one of his party cast a shoe. Naturally, the party indulged in a little prospecting while waiting for the horse to be re-shod and Hannan discovered several new nuggets. The site of the discovery was named Hannan's Find and was to become the greatest gold town of them all – Kalgoorlie.

Kalgoorlie did not boom overnight. Its alluvial gold was patchy and prospectors were distracted by a rash of further finds in the area.

A 43-year-old Adelaide financier, George Brookman, formed a syndicate to prospect for gold at Kalgoorlie and went there with a prospector named Sam Pearce to look for good ground. They decided to peg the low brown ironstone ridges five kilometres to the south of Hannan's Find. These ridges, which had been ignored by earlier prospectors, comprised the fabled Golden Mile of Great Boulder. In 1895 the Great Boulder mine struck ore and Kalgoorlie became submerged in a welter of speculation. Gold mines were promoted and floated with abandon.

There were many reputable mines and managers. Herbert Hoover, later President of the United States, ran the Sons of Gwalia mine outside Laverton. As Kalgoorlie's shafts sank lower, the grades petered out, and the field was declining by World War One.

Since the very earliest days, men had mined gold by separating native gold from the surrounding rock and dirt. The types of deposit mined were vein deposits, where the gold was in fissures of the host rock, and placer deposits, where the gold was contained in alluvial or glacial gravels. In either case the gold was extracted by taking advantage of its comparatively heavy weight. Ore could be crushed into small particles, then the gold could be separated by washing, panning, or by several other methods, including the cradle and the dry blower. However, these methods could not produce gold from low-grade ores, nor when it occurred in tiny particles.

Gold mining declined in the 1920s, but revived in the 1930s as the price of gold rose and the flotation process was introduced to produce gold more efficiently from its ore. In 1896, Kalgoorlie miners discovered that the black rock that they had been dumping on the mullock heaps was in fact telluride of gold, some of it assaying as high as 90 ounces to the ton. It took many years before an efficient way of extracting this gold was discovered, but ultimately it was done by roasting.

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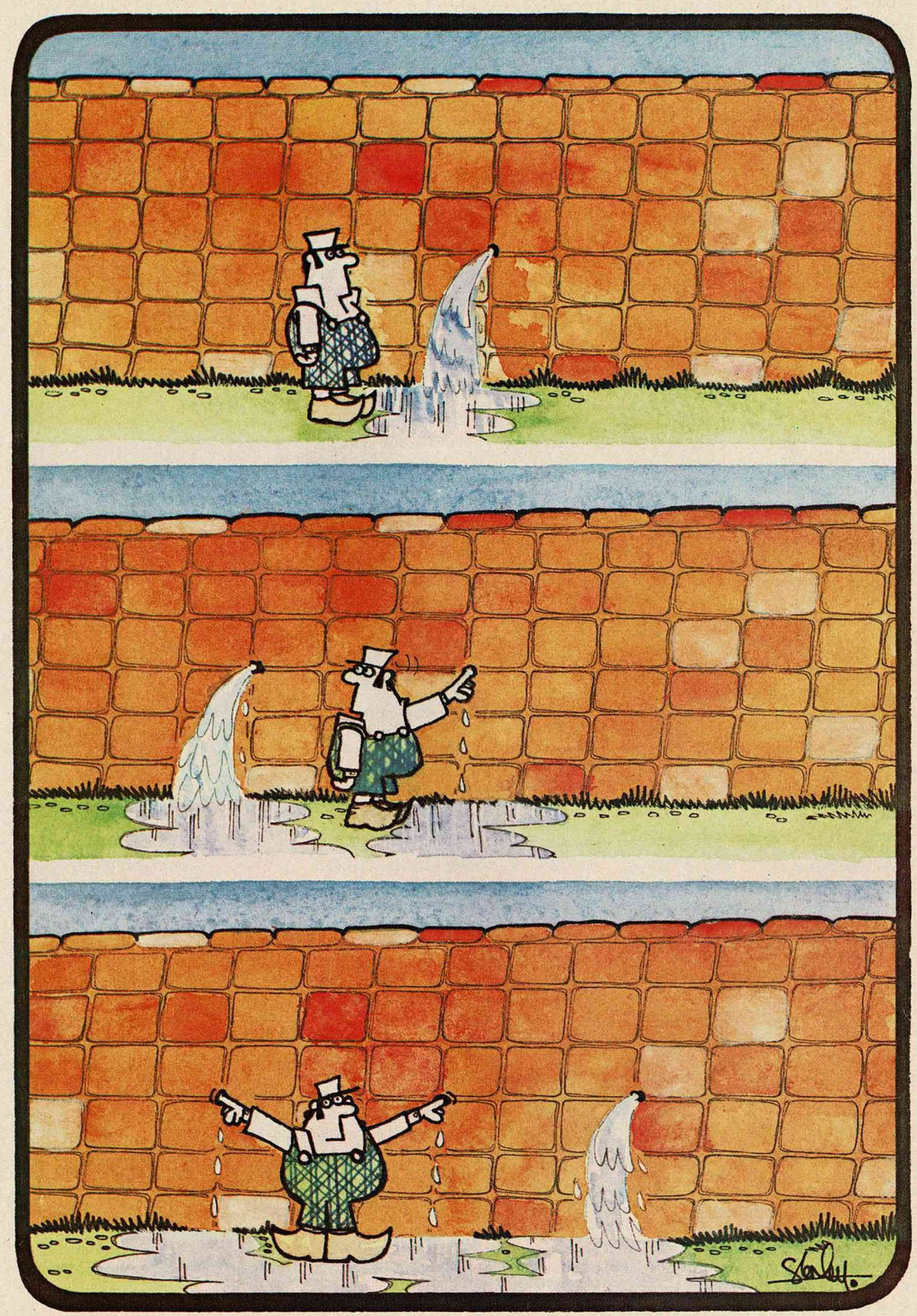
Millions, probably billions, of words have been written on international monetary policy over the past four



decades. It is the purpose of this article to ignore them all (for which readers should be thankful) and concentrate instead on its effects on gold.

The pegged price caused a steady decline in gold production through the '40s, '50s and '60s. Mining companies' costs rose to the point where it was uneconomic for them to recover the metal. Those which dominated the scene were the ones with the best deposits and with the cheapest labor – Russia and South Africa. Throughout Australia, mines were abandoned and machinery fell into disuse. But as political uncertainty grew in the 1970s and inflation eroded people's faith in the soundness of paper currencies (particularly the US dollar), investors turned again to that primeval metal, gold. The most notable switching out of dollars and into gold was by the newly rich petrodollar sheiks of the Arabian Gulf, but they were joined by investors who have been dismayed at the corrosive effects of inflation in the past decade.

This move toward gold became a stampede in 1979. Gold soared to a record $US440 an ounce in early October, then dropped back to $US350 in nervous trading. In assessing where it will go from here, it is necessary to take a look at the classic laws of supply and demand.

Today, nearly three-quarters of the non-communist world's gold is produced by South Africa. The major gold producers in 1978, with the 1977 figures included for comparison, were:

	metric tons 1977	metric tons 1978
South Africa	700	706
Canada	54	53
USA	32	30
Papua New Guinea	22	23
Australia	19	20
Philippines	19	20
Rhodesia (Zimbabwe)	20	17
Ghana	17	14
Brazil	13	13
Dominican Republic	11	11
Colombia	9	9
Other non-communist	52	53
Total	968	968

South Africa's dominance was even greater in the past. In 1970, it produced 1000 tons of gold at a time when world non-communist production totalled 1273 tons. Its production levels have declined in recent years.

Indeed, a notable feature of the table is that production did not rise in 1978 despite the fact that the gold price had already begun to move upwards. This is because major gold producers were sensibly taking advantage of the price rise to treat low-grade ores that were previously uneconomic.

Papua New Guinea's ranking as the non-communist world's fourth gold producer is almost entirely due to the gold produced in copper concentrates by the great Bougainville mine. Gold was originally seen as a by-product from this mine, but the way gold prices have soared it might be more accurate to view the copper as the by-product.

A significant proportion of the world's gold production is from metal produced as a by-product. Gold occurs in association with a number of minerals, particularly copper, nickel, silver, lead, zinc and uranium.

Australia, which shares equal fifth place with the Philippines, has only a handful of producing gold miners. Peko-Wallsend produced 143,000 ounces in 1978-9 from Tennant Creek and Mount Morgan. Central Norseman, which has the big mine at Norseman in WA, produced 83,000 ounces. The Telfer gold mine in WA, owned 70 percent by Newmont and 30 percent by BHP, produced 220,000 ounces, making it Australia's biggest gold mine. Kalgoorlie Lake View, which operates the Mount Charlotte mine in WA, produced 115,000 ounces, and Australian Development Ltd at Tennant Creek produced 7500 ounces.

There are numerous other small producers around Australia, including some colorful old-timers working tiny deposits (you may collect a few shotgun pellets if you go too close to their cradles), but their total impact on production is negligible.

Australia has considerable gold reserves in almost every State, comprising ore which was formerly uneconomic to treat but would be payable at current prices. The major problem is the lack of milling facilities. Apart from the installed facilities at Mount Morgan and Tennant Creek, there are virtually no milling facilities outside Western Australia. In WA, small gold producers can take their ore to be crushed at a State stamp battery, but these batteries will take only a maximum of 300 tons of ore in one parcel and the waiting list is between three and nine months. Areas such as Bathurst and Ballarat could well be brought back into production, but will require the installation of expensive milling and cyanidation plants. To treat the deeper and more complex sulphide ores, considerably more expensive plant will be needed, as well as de-watering equipment.

The most notable omission from the table of the world's leading gold producers is the Soviet Union. Gold production statistics in Russia are a closely guarded secret. Unsatisfactory estimates put the figure at 400 tons a year. It could well be higher, however, because Russia contains extensive gold mining areas. The biggest gold mine in the world is at Muruntau, half way between the Aral Sea and the Afghanistan border, which produces 80 tons of gold every year. This production figure does not include the amount of gold in the mammoth dumps of low-grade ore on the southern rim of the Muruntau open pit.

These dumps rise 50 to 100 metres above the surrounding Kyzyl Kum Desert, awaiting processing whenever the gold price rises high enough, or metallurgical extraction becomes efficient enough.

Russia also has the world's largest gold dredge, digging gold-bearing gravel from the Mamakan River near Bodaybo, 325 kilometres north-east of Lake Baikal. This dredge, 236 metres long and towering 40 metres above the water, doubled production when it began operating in 1969.

While mine production has been static in the non-communist world, the communist bloc has sold a steady 400 tons to the West in each of the past three years. This has been accompanied by a heavy rundown in official reserves of gold held by the West's central banks. Private investors have not only absorbed this rise in the supply, but have pushed up the price spectacularly in the process.

The critical factor in the future of gold is whether, and if so when, this demand can be exhausted. Because, if gold prices stay around the $US350 per ounce mark, many known deposits of gold which were previously uneconomic will become payable. Also, a search for new lodes will be triggered. If gold demand stays around this level, we can expect production to rise in the years ahead. At a certain point, supply and demand will level out.

The economies of the two major producers – South Africa and Russia – benefit enormously from sales of gold. In both cases, gold production provides an invaluable economic prop to the government concerned.

The chief factor governing demand for gold is distrust of the paper money issued by modern governments.

Looking at the political instability and economic policy failures of governments over the past decade, this distrust is well merited. Governments regularly abuse gold speculators because the rising price of gold represents a massive vote of no confidence in their ability to contain inflation. After all, would you rather hold a bar of gold or a stack of US dollars? If you hold the dollars, you are backing Jimmy Carter's (or maybe Teddy Kennedy's) ability to run the US economy. A grim choice, isn't it? Paper money has often, throughout history, become worthless. Gold never has.

JANE NE

Looking good is important to me; I revel in the compliments, and I like the feeling of confidence I get when I know guys are doing double-takes

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DENIS SCOTT

The best way I know to express myself is singing. What matters is the feeling I get when I've really knocked 'em dead

I don't think that I'll ever run out of steam. One sure thing: I'm never going to burn out – I'll have my batteries recharged

I don't get a lot of time for self analysis, but one of these days I will find a man who will teach me to understand myself

What a way to go!

death must come to us all, but some ways are better than others

humor **By Ron Saw**

I HARDLY ever go to funerals, but I went to Perth last year for the funeral of my mother's distant cousin, Sophie Bruff. I looked at her, lying in her satin-lined box, and felt, as I'd known I'd feel, a deep sadness. I saw only a face, and a pair of clasped hands. There was no hint of the long, shapely figure. It seemed almost prurient to be thinking about her that way – I realised with a start that she must have been 60 or more – but that fleeting guilt was overtaken by the knowledge that she'd have approved of my attitude.

From my earliest years, I had been fond of, had come close to loving, Cousin Sophie Bruff. When I was a little boy, there was a great scandal in our family; one that had to do, I discovered only after patient rubbernecking, with the demise of a well-known senator. He died, it was said, in Sophie's arms, or in some position pretty close to her arms, thus achieving considerably more celebrity in death than he ever had in life.

It's a pity the senator never amounted to much. Sophie always looked as if she should have been a great man's lady. She was, as I've said, tall and stately and beautiful, with high, almost Asian cheekbones and flashing green eyes, and hair which she kept shining black till the day she died.

My sharpest memory of her is as hostess at a great party she gave in the big old house she and her sisters owned in West Perth. That was some time in the 1950s. Cousin Sophie was almost regal in her strapless gown, with a brilliant necklace of square-cut emeralds matching her eyes and dipping to her broad, beautiful bosom. I thought she might be just about the most exciting woman I had ever seen.

I never saw her again, not alive anyway, and to be honest I must say that, callously, the only times I ever thought of her were when I heard examples of what the French call, with semantic beauty, *La Mort Douce* – or, in the unlikely event that you prefer the term, Death on the Job.

I thought back, for instance, to the death of John Garfield, the movie actor. I'd always been a bit disappointed by the fact that he'd died of a heart attack. He'd never seemed to be heart-attack material, had always been, in movies like *The Sea Wolf, Tortilla Flat* and *Body and Soul,* much too tough, in both body and soul, to succumb to something like an infarction. I was immensely bucked, then, to learn that he'd died in the arms of a showgirl, Iris Whitney, in 1952.

There was the case of the French Cardinal Danielou, who was found dead in the apartment of a Parisian hooker. She, poor woman, had run into the street, shouting the alarm, and I for one don't blame her; no matter how profound the "ultimate satisfaction", no matter how douce *la mort,* it can't be much fun for the one who *doesn't* die, and for a well-bred, well-churched girl, the corpse of a cardinal, not fully trousered, can be frankly dismaying.

Megan Marshack, the 25-year-old research assistant to Nelson Rockefeller, bolted, too. It has never been actually stated that Rocky died *La Mort Douce,* but that's the way it'll go into the books.

Research into the subject throws up some pretty good names. John XII was only 18 when he became Pope, and he doesn't seem to have been the right man for the job. He played so frantically at the brangle-buttock game – actually throwing down and raping pilgrims in St Peter's – that he was threatened with the sack. As it turned out, they didn't have to fire him anyway: he was murdered by a cuckold while mounting his mistress in the Lateran Palace in AD 964. The Pope who replaced him, Leo VIII, doesn't seem to have been much more serious about the job: he died a year later – while committing adultery.

Probably the most sensational death was that of the French President Francois Felix Faure. According to Michael Williams, in *New Society* magazine, Faure died from a heart attack in the Elysee Palace "while strapped to a dildo chair and performing an act with his mistress".

A dildo chair! Has life been passing me by? I can, I think, imagine what it might be, and I can even imagine how a gentleman might use it, but why on earth he'd be strapped to it beggars my imagination entirely. I don't even want to think about it.

Faure's mistress, Marguerite Steinheil, was a stirringly-stacked woman, stirring enough, anyway, to have been the model for one of the classical statues in the Chamber of Deputies. It became a tradition for a deputy to rub her left breast before delivering his maiden speech to the chamber.

There seems to have been a bit of confusion about Attila the Hun – a remarkable understatement, you may well consider.

But, after a lifetime of rape and slaughter, he married either Ildeco of Burgundy or Honoria, the sister of the Emperor Valentinian III – though, of course, he may have married both. What IS clear is that the night after his marriage he rolled up his tent; in the marriage bed. Many hold the view that it was too good for him.

None of this, however, was on my mind when I went to Cousin Sophie's funeral. Well, not much of it: it was hard not to think about the senator.

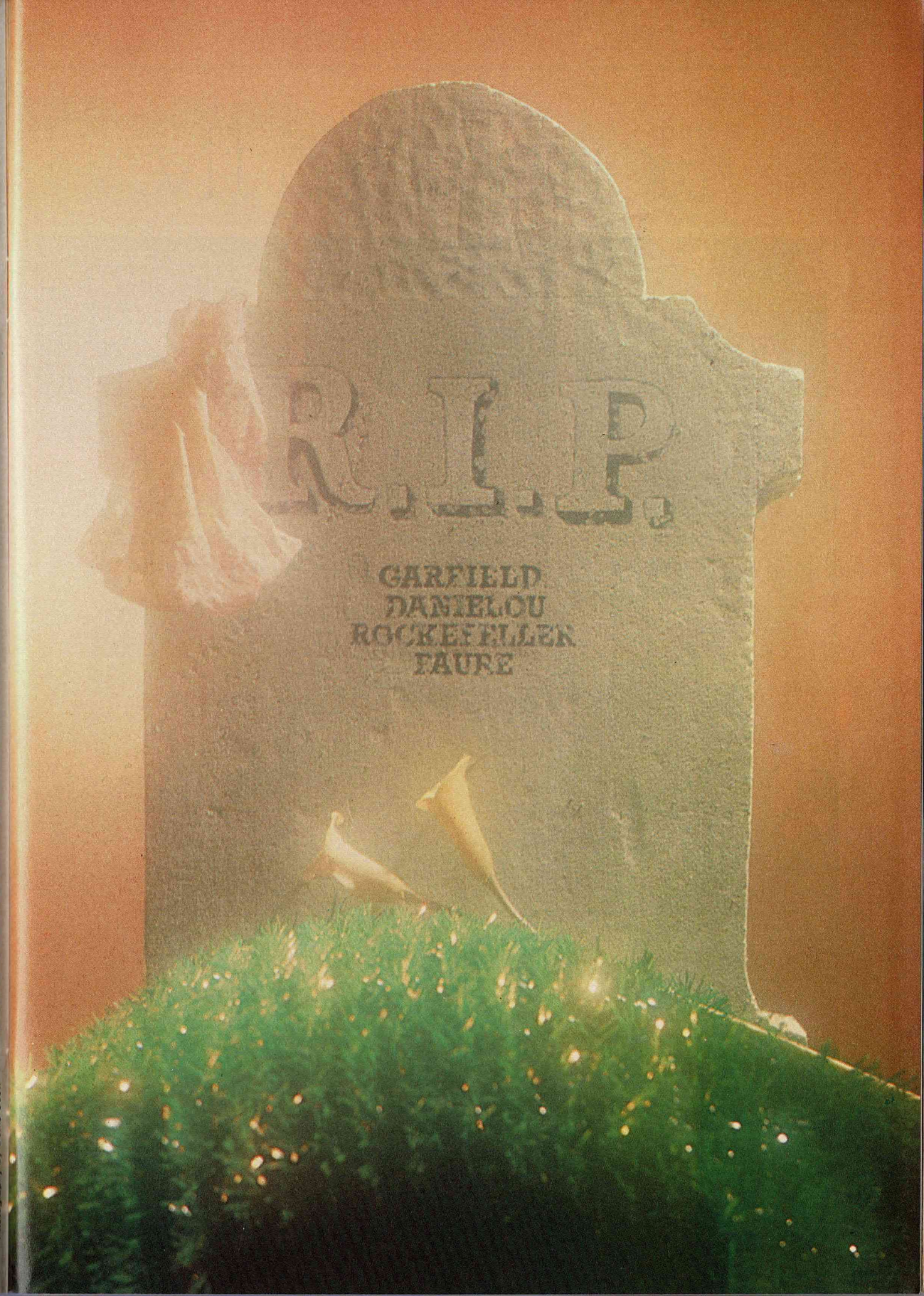
It was harder, as I walked in the garden outside the chapel, to ignore the head undertaker, a stout, jolly man named Trowser.

"Mine," he said after we had introduced ourselves, "is necessarily a lugubrious calling. But at times one's heart tends to rejoice. I won't pretend not to know the history of Sophie Bruff. I've admired her for 40 years, I admire her still, and when I go I hope I go the way the senator went.

"What I can say, though, is that after that short scandal, not one breath of notoriety ever attached to Sophie. I don't say she lost, um, her love of life. She just remained discreet. She had her men, her loves, and I imagine she loved every one of them. Just, er, put the optic on that young feller over there." He pointed to the far side of the garden, to a man of about 25 wearing a faded denim suit, a black tie and an expression of gloom.

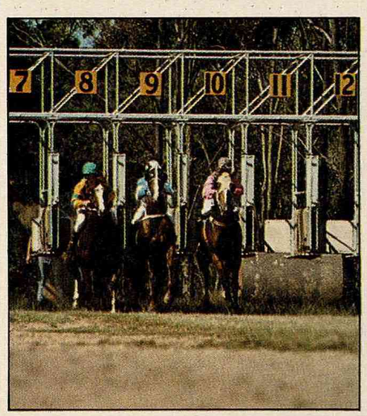
"That young feller was her gardener for her last six years. Well, he was called her gardener, and I haven't the least doubt he did a pretty good job with her hydrangeas and nemesias. All I'll say is this: normally it's part of my work to compose the features of the deceased. In the case of your Cousin Sophie, no such thing was necessary. She died looking as you saw her in her coffin, and from that expression, I'm ready to bet that young feller wasn't gardening when Cousin Sophie went to her maker."

And, remembering Sophie's expression of sweet, rapturous content, I knew exactly what he meant.



Photography by Denis Scott

Horses that fly



sprint racing is booming because of mighty steeds that accelerate to a gut-wrenching 65 km/h in three strides

article By Heather Brown

NUMBER ONE! The starter calls us in. I ride the chestnut stallion into barrier eight, talking gently, soothing him as the steel gates clank shut behind us. This is it. There is no turning back. The boxes are loaded, the horses ready to explode into a flat-out dash to the finish line. I crouch against the horse and feel his heartbeat pulsing.

The starter mounts his stand. "Ready, boys?" he calls, and a babble of frantic yells reply "No sir", "No sir", "This horse is leaning, sir!" A barrier attendant runs in to help and the sprint race is almost set. The beginning – and the end – is near. A breeze flutters my silks as I buckle down, fingers gripping the reins and neck strap and feet ready to push against the irons.

My pulse is already off and racing but I am ready. And so is Lion Don, an Australian champion worth $120,000. He is excited and ready to run. His presence makes me nervous, yet his confidence keeps me calm. Then the cry: "Face up!" A clang and a roar. All hell breaks loose.

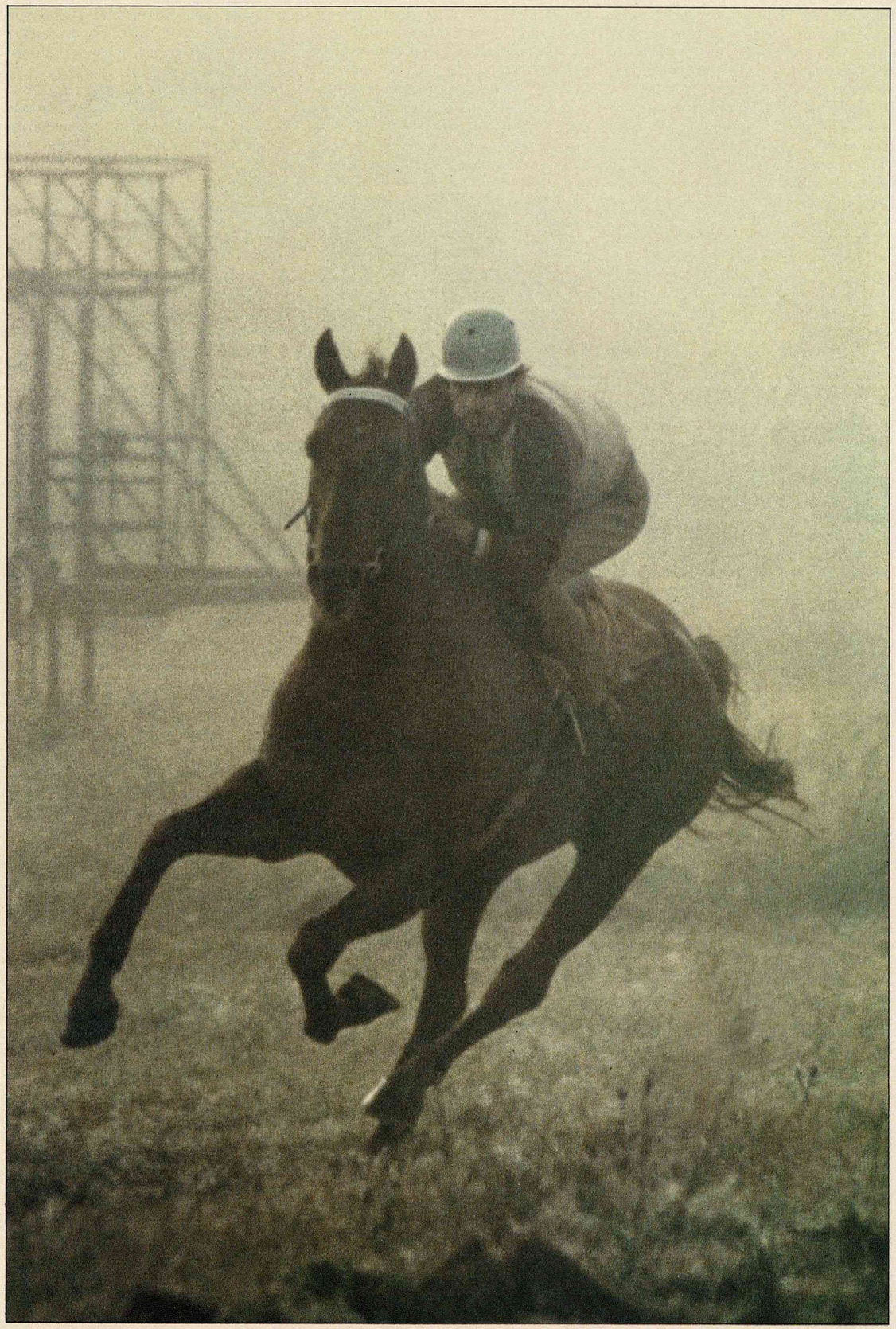
The horse blasts off, leaving skid marks behind him as he hurtles forward, jumping through the air before he hits top speed of about 65 km/h by his third stride. The pace is blinding, the wind slicing tears from my eyes. This is speed I did not believe existed; raw animal speed that blows the mind. The pace is scorching as the rest of the field chase us home. The wind is whipping my face and screeching in my ears. This is not earthly speed. This is flaps up, engines roaring, takeoff speed – and we are flying too close to the ground.

A white blur whizzes past and I know we are home. I stand in the irons and the golden horse knows his flight is over and slows back down to earth. I lock on the reins until he glides to a halt. And then it hits me; a dazzling exhilaration and sense of privilege unlike anything I've ever known. We head back to the saddling enclosure at Gympie Turf Club, Lion Don dancing triumphantly beneath me. I pat his neck and feel the sweat against my hand. So he is mortal, too: four legs, a head, a body and a tail, like the rest of the sprint horses who run faster than a dream and quieter than a whisper. They are all real, superlative horseflesh, with hearts instead of engines and a gift of speed that is intoxicating and addictive.

I'm grinning as we ride in, shaking my head and trying to say something to John. The big Queenslander grins back. He knows I have discovered the incredible magic of sprint racing and, once that happens, there is no turning back. "Helluva horse!" I splutter finally, "and one helluva sport!" John winks quietly and says nothing. He knew that all along.

•

It took me three weeks to realise it. I learned the sport of sprint horse racing at John Mawhinney's Wirraway Training Centre at Gunalda in Queensland, and, although I learned under the Bart Cummings of sprint racing, I decided to try it the hard way. By climbing into a jockey's pad and riding the speed



horses myself. There were times I knew the idea was pretty ridiculous and I think everyone else did, too. Fortunately, we didn't tell each other. The Good Lord did not intend my 180cm to be squeezed into jockey size, but we tried. And when I rode in my barrier trial at the Gympie track, my moment of glory was shattered completely by a technician up a telegraph pole squealing: "Hey, Kevvie, look at the long legs on *that* jockey!"

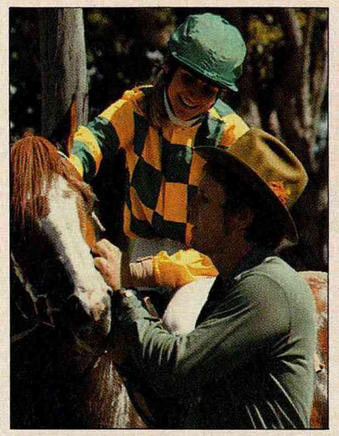
But, for a while at least, I joined those magnificent men on their flying machines and discovered a new super sport that is set to boom in Australia. Racing always has been a sacred institution in this country, combining the national pastime of gambling with the love of a good horse, and sprint racing will be no exception. Whatever the form of racing, and whatever the distance, the action and excitement happens in the home straight. Up to that point, much of the energy in the race is spent jockeying for position and it is only when the field hits the straight that the real action begins. Sprint racing is the purest and most concentrated form of racing, simply because it is the only real test of all-out speed. The classic distance for sprint racing is 400 metres, the quarter mile, and when you realise the world record for this distance is a blistering 21.17 seconds from a standing start, you get some idea of the electrifying speed of a sprint horse.

Although the sport may sound fairly new to most Australians, it has been around for a long time. Picnic race meetings in the country often ran a quarter-mile dash called a Stockmans' Flutter for the best short-distance horses in the area. But the sport never made much headway, simply because prizemoney – and legal gambling – was paid only for the registered distance races.

Now this is set to change, with sprint racing finally receiving recognition on registered racetracks. However, while the sport is thriving in Queensland, where it is run under Queensland Turf Club rules, there are still plenty of teething problems in other States. Sprint racing is opposed fanatically by the thoroughbred racing establishment, who claim the introduction of the sport will damage the thoroughbred industry. Oddly enough, they appear to have the most to gain, with the sprint industry already absorbing their overproduction at increased prices. What is more, the best sprint horse bloodlines in the world are based on the thoroughbred and will continue to be so.

And sprint racing has already proved its enormous crowd appeal, with attendances on almost every Queensland racetrack doubling each time a sprint race has been held.

No one can deny that sprint racing is an exciting sport. It can also be a little terrifying when you're balancing in a few pieces of leather strapped on half a tonne of exploding horseflesh, and we soon established a training pattern at Wirraway. Every morning I rode a horse into the barriers and panicked until John's instructions were over and the gates flew open. I learned a very reasonable fear of being left sitting in mid-air as the horse thundered out beneath me, and I never forgot it. The days passed. We worked hard and I learned the finer points of breeding and training the sprint horse.



Ecstasy breaks out as Heather Brown returns to the enclosure beside trainer John Mawhinney.

If you are interested in the sport of sprint racing, these people can tell you how to become involved.
NSW: (As of Jan 1, 1980) The secretary, Sprint Racing Association of NSW, 7 Young Street, Neutral Bay, NSW 2089. Tel: 908-2044
ACT: Heather Luckie, "Belview", Yass 2582. Tel: 062-262374
Qld: John Mawhinney, Wirraway Training Centre, Gunalda 4570. Tel: 071-846173
SA: Noel Fennell, Willomurra Stud, Kersbrook 5231. Tel: 3893112
Vic: Dr Colin Moore, 79 Heather Ave, Hurstbridge 3099. Tel: 03-7182610
WA: John Lawrie, 82 Clenton Road, Gidgegannup 6555. Tel: 092-7211555
Tas: Ray Shipp, Carrick House, Carrick 7257. Tel: 003-936114

And on the fourth day, I let myself down. I rode a horse whose mane had been removed and forgot to put on a neck strap. Later, out on the track, he was bumped by another horse, blundered and reared backwards. When I reached down, there was nothing to grab, so I came off and hit the dirt. It was my own fault and I paid the price with a cracked wrist, plaster bandages and the feeling of being pretty useless.

After a week I decided I had wasted enough time. I removed the plaster and strapped the wrist instead. It was still weak and hurt a little, but at least I could do a few things again, like climbing back on to a sprint horse.

The colt I rode first was on a short fuse and ready to go, and as I warmed him up he pulled hard and made me strain and plead and hate the pad even more. And then, suddenly, something snapped inside. I walked the colt back to John and dismounted. He asked me what was wrong. I told him my lengths were too short. He adjusted them. And that the colt was spooking. He put on blinkers. And, finally, the truth. I had lost my nerve. I didn't feel like cracking any more bones. I felt defeated and suddenly very tired.

The next thing I knew I was legged back into the saddle and the colt was led back into the barriers. Then John was beside me, scolding and cajoling, telling me I could do it. I didn't believe him, but I knew he was right. Dismount now and I'd never get back into a pad. Then I heard the gates snap open and instinct took over. I rode low and hard down the straight and, as we rounded the bend, I pulled up the colt and jogged him back. I was exhausted and exhilarated all at once. And my nerve was back. It felt good.

The next day I jumped Lion Don out of the barriers and rode my first champion. I was shocked. If this was speed, if this was sprint racing, then I was hooked. I rode back to the stables whooping and yahooing and generally forgetting I had refused point blank to get back in a pad the day before. And two days later, I rode my first exhilarating barrier trial.

So I waited for Saturday. The pace quickened as the horses wound up for their races. We watched them run their final gallops through the grey misted mornings and listened to the heartbeat of their hooves on the earth. We argued the competition and guessed at the chances. The pulse beat a little faster. And, finally this was it . . .

•

The sunlight is bright and the grass is green as the sleek speed horses circle the enclosure, the small men in silks in the saddles. Then the horses dance on to the track. I struggle for a vantage point and notice that, for the first time that day, the bars and betting rings are totally deserted.

A wizened little punter in a pork-pie hat has just seen his first sprint race flash by. "Jesus!" he is shouting to the crowd. "Did you see those horses run? Did you see that speed?"

Yes, I've seen and I've been, and I know one thing for certain. Once you've seen how they run, there is no standing still.

"Excuse me, sir. Could you direct me to the seminar on basic sex education."

there's no such thing as CAN'T

ANXIETY, say psychiatrists, is the first time you can't do it the second time; panic is the second time you can't do it the first time. They're talking, of course, about impotence. Most of them will tell you that 95 percent of the time the cause of impotence is psychological, and until recently most urologists would have agreed. But Dr Milorad J. Jevtich, a urologist doing pioneer work on the problem at the Washington Hospital Centre in the United States is convinced that at least one third of all reported cases have physical causes.

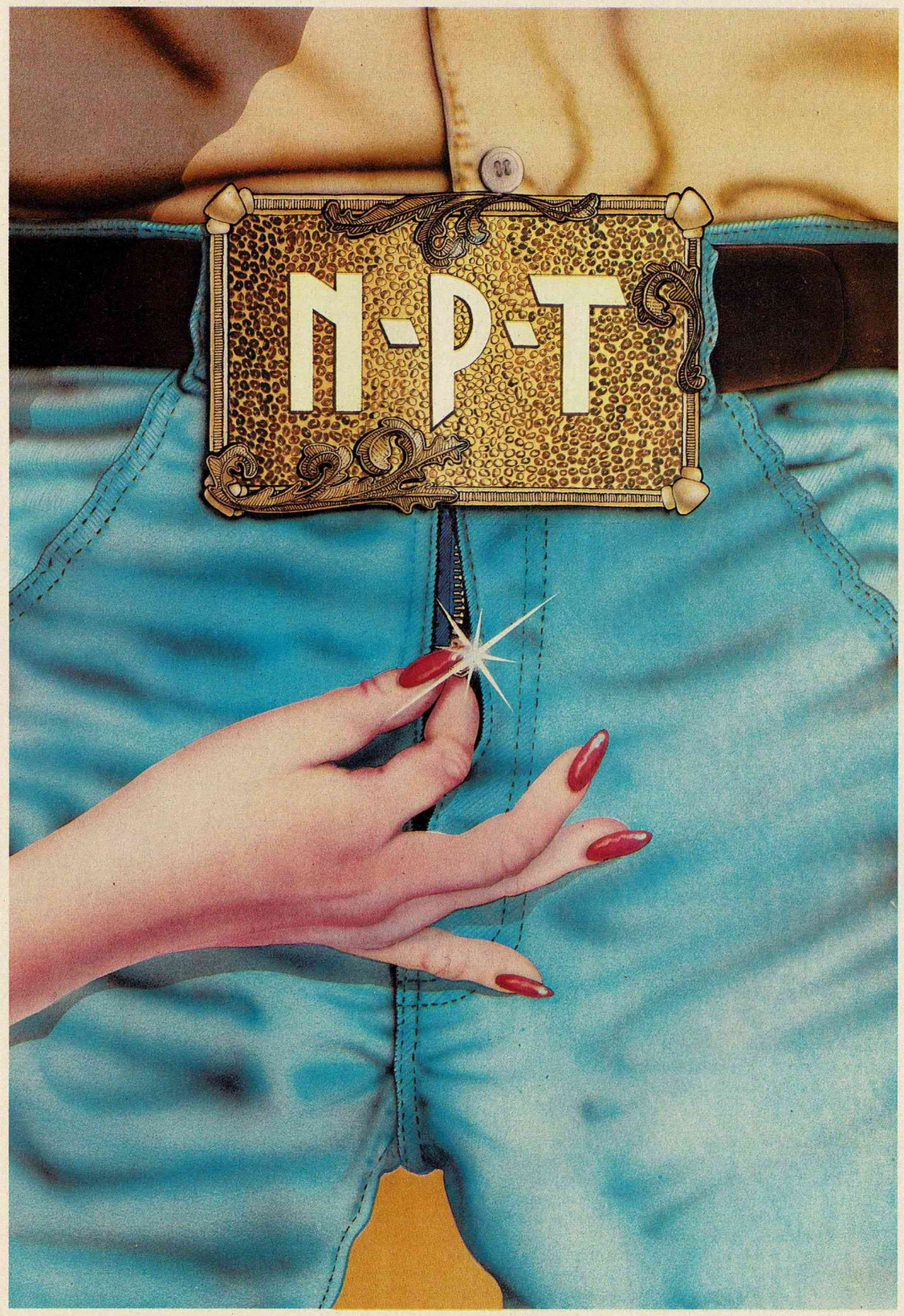
Jevtich has devised a simple way to test for the physical causes of impotence. It is called ultrasound examination of penile arteries, and takes 15 minutes.

The test is based on sleep research done during the late 1960s. Men being monitored electronically while they slept were found, if

recent studies throw new light on a secret usually kept in a dark bedroom

feature **By Eileen Brennan**

Illustration by Don Glassford



they were normal, to have a highly stable nocturnal erection cycle. Every 90 minutes, during their deepest sleep, all normal males have an erection. In the course of the tests, many men who had previously thought they were impotent learned they were capable of having an erection.

The sleep-monitoring test, called NPT (nocturnal penile tumescence) monitoring, has been the main method used to determine whether impotence is organic or psychological. NPT monitoring machines are already in some psychiatrists' offices, and soon hospitals should have the machines as part of their regular equipment. Jevtich's ultrasound test, which is both cheaper and faster than overnight NPT monitoring, holds even greater promise as a diagnostic tool.

Jevtich – who received his MD from the University of Belgrade, did his surgical residency in Yugoslavia, and finished his residency in urology at the Washington Hospital Centre – is convinced that physical causes of impotence are far greater than is generally believed.

Physical reasons for impotence include excessive drinking, diabetes, tranquillisers and other common depressants, and insufficient blood supply, which Jevtich believes is the most important of all.

Prolonged excessive drinking causes the liver to destroy much of the male sex hormone, testosterone. But even in the short term, alcohol can cause impotence. It is common knowledge that many men suffer temporary impotence after drinking too much (brewer's droop). But heavy drinkers have found that it can be a year or more after they have given up scotch before they are capable of erection.

Diabetes recently was discovered to be an important physical reason for impotence. Over a number of years, the disease can cause a man's nerve endings to lose their sensitivity. Some studies indicate that half of all male diabetics have some erectile dysfunction. Controlling the disease often helps the impotence problem.

Some men find their potency affected by otherwise valuable therapeutic drugs such as tranquillisers, painkillers, and anti-depressants. A man who has never experienced an erection problem sudddenly can become impotent when placed on one of these drugs. A change in the drug or a reduction in dosage often provides a cure for the problem.

Circulatory problems may be another major physical cause of impotence. A solution to this was discovered accidentally by Dr Vaclav Michal of Prague in 1972. Dr Michal was examining a patient who had no blood circulation in his leg. "My penis is not moving either," the man said plaintively, "so please check that, too."

Dr Michal listened to the patient, saw the logic in what he was proposing – that poor blood circulation was causing his impotence – and invented the bypass operation on the penis.

The concept of impotence as primarily a circulatory problem fascinated Jevtich, too, who began investigating the idea by comparing the sound of blood in the fingers with the sound of blood in the penis. He used the ultrasound machine to experiment on himself, his son, and his friends.

No one knows exactly how many men suffer from impotence. Medical statistics include only those who have stepped forward to be counted – or, in the case of Jevtich's patients, to be heard. Until recently, very few talked of impotence – neither the men who suffered nor the women who endured, whether spitefully or with understanding. However, Masters and Johnson report that 45 percent of broken marriages are a result of sexual problems. Unquestionably, some of these are related to impotence.

"Often, a man is concerned only with his own performance, and forgets about being a friend to the woman. Then he can't perform."

Jevtich is encouraged by his findings on the physical causes of impotence. "Now we can help men who have had little help. Now, instead of telling the male that it is all in his mind, we can at least look at his complaint objectively, and if it is physical, we can do something."

The biggest "something" that Jevtich does is the bypass operation. Called revascularisation, it involves transplanting a healthy artery from the abdomen to the penis, where it conducts blood around the diseased artery. The operation takes two hours, and some patients are awakened the day after surgery by the throbbing of their first morning erection in years.

So far, revascularisations are being performed in only six places in the world, mainly in the US. Jevtich, who has been performing the operation for two years, says the success rate now is only 50 percent, but he is convinced that the results will improve dramatically as more operations are performed and more study is done. The best results are with men younger than 70 who still have some degree of functioning before surgery.

Another surgical procedure Jevtich uses, particularly with diabetics, is the implanting of a silicone, sponge-filled prosthesis that gives the penis a permanently erect shape but is flexible enough not to show under clothing.

Another prosthesis is a silicone cylinder that is implanted in the penis with a tiny pump-like device implanted in the scrotum. One side of the pump inflates the prosthesis to produce erection; the other compresses it to deflate the erection.

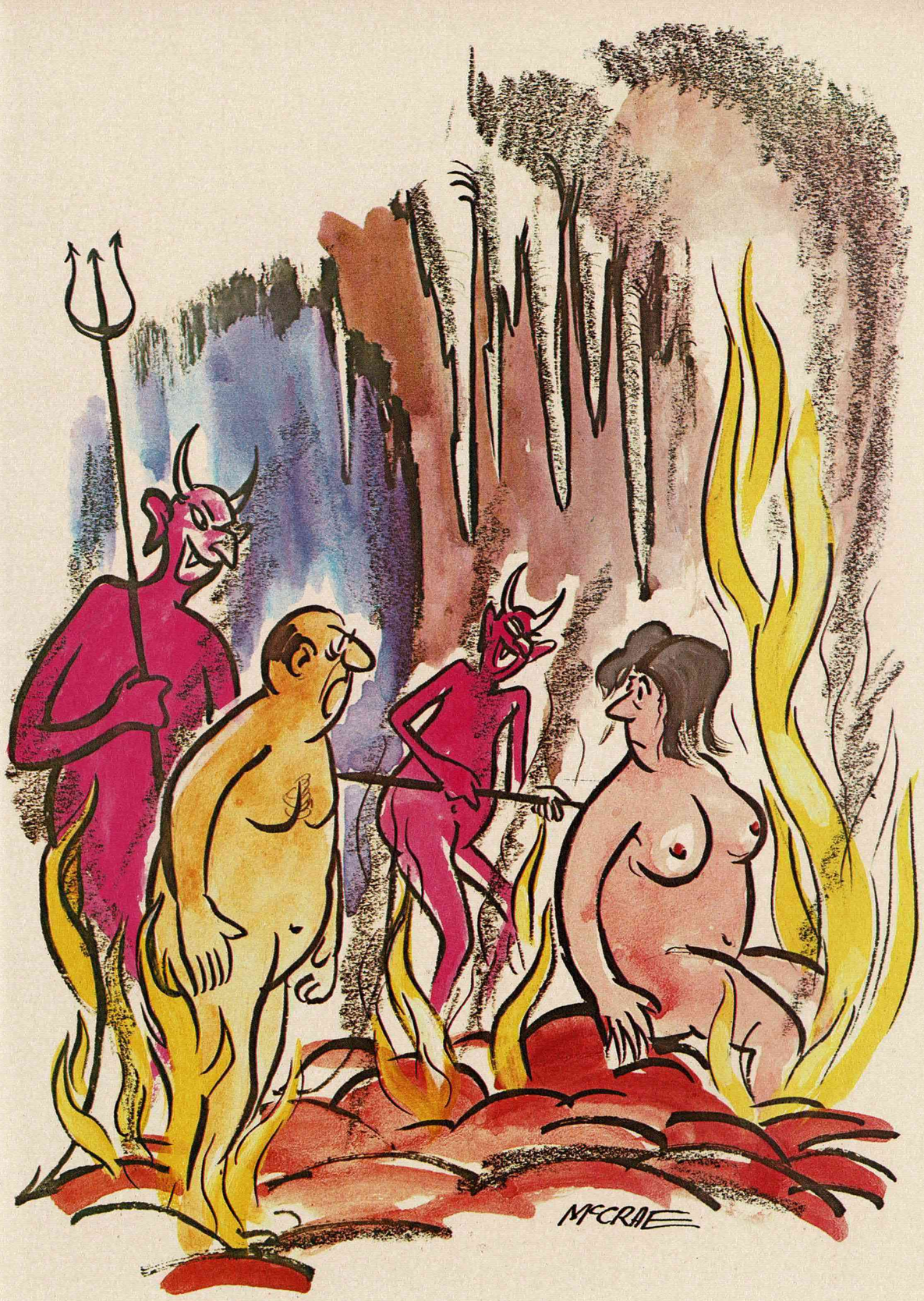
Recent studies by Jevtich and his colleagues show the causes of impotence to be about 16 percent psychological, 46 percent vascular and neurological, and 38 percent mixed, meaning organic and psychogenic. These are new figures, and Jevtich thinks that most urologists are as ignorant about impotence as he once was. Most, he says, are still referring patients to psychiatrists for therapy when the cause is really physical.

Committed though he is to helping men who are impotent, Jevtich emphasises there is more to a male-female relationship than sex. "Often, a man is concerned only with his own performance, and forgets about being a friend to the woman. Then he can't perform. He must learn that women love companionship too, and if there is no climax, it's okay."

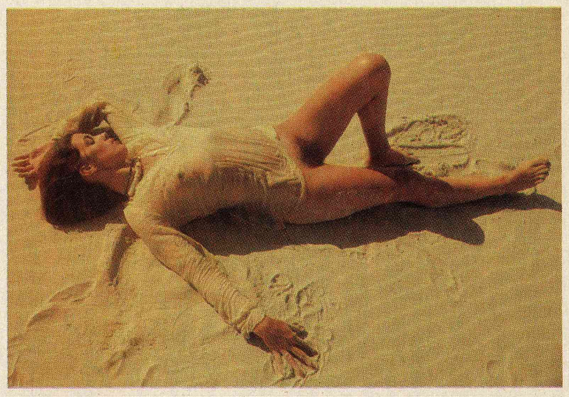
Jevtich says he uses the word "sexuality" in its all-inclusive sense – an overall feeling of aliveness that includes attraction between the sexes, the physical energy generated by that, and the ability to perform in bed. "Sex is intimately linked to everybody's self-esteem," he asserts.

The young like to believe, or at least pretend, that impotence is basically a problem of the aged. Not so, says Jevtich. He acknowledges that in the case of the young, the women's movement has had a psychological impact. "Women are approaching men now. The old way was for the man always to make the first advances. Now girls are making advances, and the boys cannot always respond."

But, while women's liberation may have created some impotence problems, Jevtich thinks that modern man's general loss of control over his environment is a more likely psychological cause. "In modern times, what happens is that a man is with a woman and everything is really pushing him. Taxes are going up, expenses are going up, unemployment is going up, crime is up. But the one thing he can produce is not going up."



"Clara! Would you mind explaining what you've been doing to end up here?"

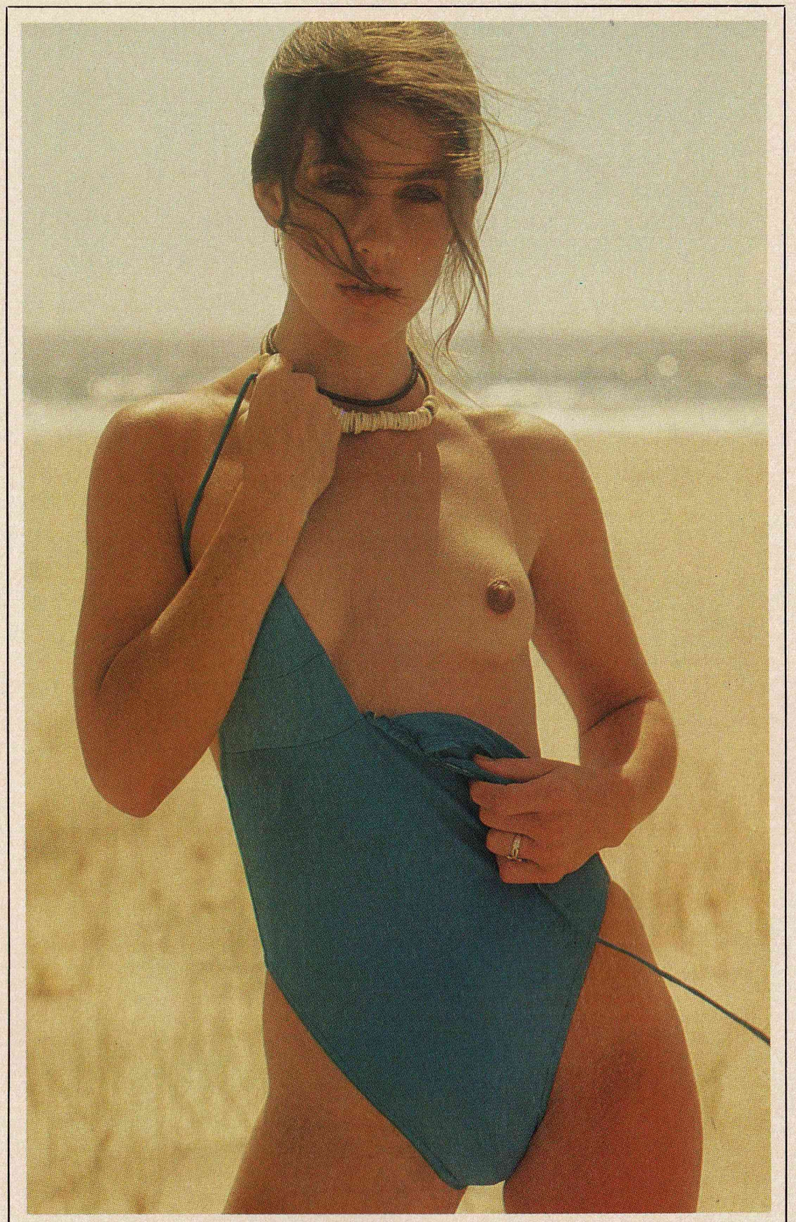


Lesley Ellen Clark no longer dreams about the sultry life in the tropics. She lives it. Melbourne born and bred, the 21-year-old beauty escaped the southern rat race to become a favorite model with Queensland's Gold Coast promoters. She also runs her own business screen printing erotic and exotic T-shirts. But mostly she has pleasure, not work, in mind.

SEA SPRITE

lesley has abandoned the bright city lights for the gentle, sensual tropical pleasures . . .

Photography by Rico Mettbach



She'd much rather forget business cares and go surfing or stretch out on a quiet beach all afternoon. "I can live without bright lights and competitive people, so long as I live naturally," she says. "The surf's so big and wild, it beats anything the city has to offer. That's why I joined my brother on his yacht on a trip to the Solomon Islands and Indonesia – to explore the different surfs and the men who ride them."

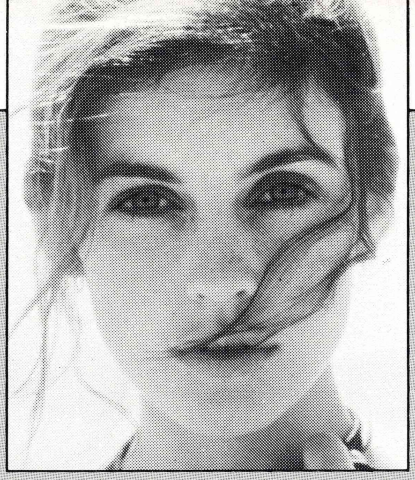
"Swimming nude and then making love on the soft sand in the moonlight are the most natural things to do in the Solomon Islands."

You learn so many gentle, sensual pleasures from the islanders, says Lesley. Like mixing long mango juices and how to give a soothing massage with tropical oils. "I'm looking for men who love that kind of lifestyle – natural, sensual, easy-going – who are tender and protective toward me. I'm a Libran. I'm terribly possessive and I need reassurance."

Lesley spends hours preparing for a date. "I start with a bath and take the whole afternoon slowly getting ready. Then again, I might throw it all away, spend my last cent on a long-distance call and hitch a ride – just to meet someone special." Lesley likes to be close to the sea – "but I wouldn't object to being swept off to an ivy-covered French chateau, or modelling in a Florence fashion house."

"I'm very loyal. I don't need rough handling. The kind of man I need isn't scared to be close. He's not in too much of a hurry, and he can touch."

MISS FEBRUARY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: LESLEY ELLEN CLARK

BUST: 35 WAIST: 25 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5 ft 3 in WEIGHT: 7½ STONE SIGN: LIBRA

BIRTH DATE: 19 · 10 · 58 BIRTHPLACE: MELBOURNE

FAVORITE BOOKS: To Kill a Mockingbird, Happy Hooker

FAVORITE MOVIES: Lady Sings the Blues, Midnight Express

FAVORITE ACTORS: Jacqueline Bisset, Paul Newman

RELAXING: Sitting on the beach admiring the surf watching the surfers.

FAVORITE FOOD: Salads + fruit, Raw vegetables

FAVORITE POETS: George Bernard Shaw (great, great, great grand-pa)

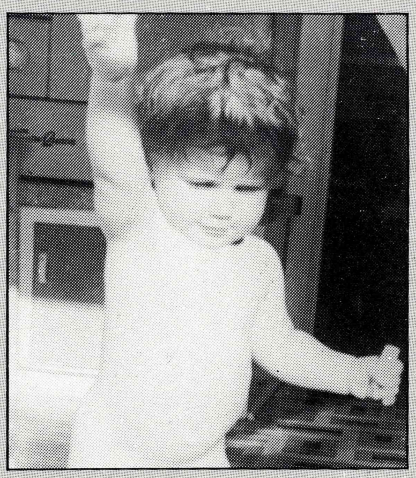
SECRET DREAM: To live on an isolated beach with my exciting man.

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: Bob Marley, Jimmy Cliff, Ricky Lee Jones, Stones.

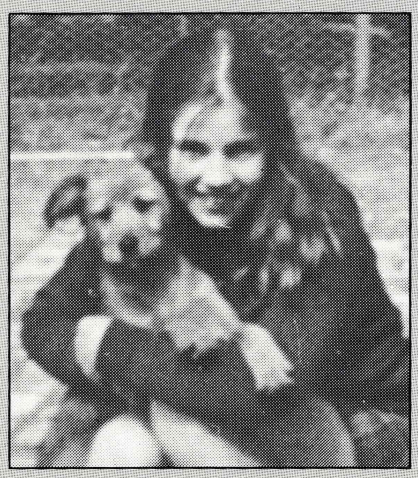
TURN-OFFS: Plastic people

TURN-ONS: Riding a trail bike along the beach.

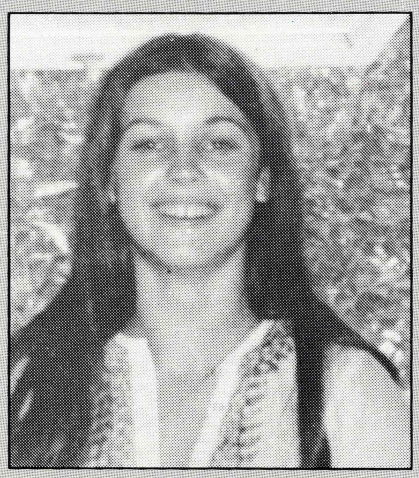
FAVORITE SPORTS: Skate-boards + push-bikes (especially mens)



Age 18 months
Hands up.



Age 12 years
Woman's best friend



I hate getting my photo taken.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Even though the marriage had degenerated into virtually non-stop bickering and fighting, the husband asked, out of habit, what his wife would like for her birthday. "What I'd like is a divorce!" shrilled the woman.

"I'm sorry," responded the man, "but I wasn't thinking of spending that much."

I'm going to duck you," said the five-year-old boy to his slightly older sister.

"I'll bet you can't," she said. "You can't even pronounce it."

The young British sailor staggered ashore on a desert island after being shipwrecked, and was greeted by a beautiful young native girl who began fussing over him. "Oh master," she sighed, "your wish is my command."

"Well," said our young hero, "I fancy a big steak and some beer."

To his total amazement, she produced the steak and beer. When he had consumed them, she seductively inquired if he would next care for "some fun and games".

"By crikey," the sailor cried, "don't tell me you've got a dart board!"

Sex is one of the only businesses in which a man doesn't mind starting at the top and slowly working his way down.

A grieving old woman took her two recently departed moggies to a taxidermist. When the attendant inquired whether or not she wanted them mounted, she immediately responded: "No thank you, I'd prefer them just touching noses."

The attractive secretary was approached by the senior executive.

"If I asked you to become my private secretary at $500 a week, would you say yes?" he asked.

Smiling sweetly, she replied: "Twice a day, if necessary."

A multi-millionaire hedonist had an arrangement whereby the madam of a high-class establishment would bring him three lovely girls every afternoon from whom to make a selection. On one occasion, the trio consisted of a statuesque blonde, a petite but well-developed redhead and, between them as the girls lined up for inspection, a dark-haired beauty of obviously Eurasian blood. "Lovely girls, all three," commented the wealthy client, "but I don't like politics intruding into my personal pleasure."

"Politics?" questioned the flustered madam. "Whatever do you mean?"

"I mean," smiled the man, "that there is East in the middle piece today."

This is truly the plastic age," remarked the career girl. "My two best friends are my credit card and my vibrator."

A bloke up in wild Coolangatta
Was handed two girls on a platter.
One was luscious, one rich,
But a real homely bitch;
So he furgled the first, wed the latter.

The Pharaoh was dictating, and his scribe was busily chipping away at a stone tablet. "I have plans . . . to form," the monarch elucidated slowly, "a personal bodyguard . . . of stalwart . . . and virile . . . young men."

The chips flew fast and furiously . . . but all at once suddenly ceased flying as the perspiring chiseller looked up inquiringly. "Excuse me, your Majesty," he questioned hesitantly, "but is virile spelled with one or two testicles?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *venereal disease* as pubonic plague.

According to a doctor we know, the three stages of a man's life are: tri-weekly, try weekly and try weakly.

It was at the turn of the century in decadent Paris that two middle-aged roués had a group of demi-mondaines brought to their luxurious apartment for selection. One chose a well-upholstered redhead and the other a tiny slip of a blonde girl. "But that is going too far, Maurice," remonstrated the first man. "You have picked a mere child! She probably doesn't even have hair on her pussy."

"That can be remedied, Gustave," smiled Maurice, stroking his luxuriant moustache.

Heard a funny one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, *Box 4088, GPO Sydney, 2001. We'll pay $25 for jokes used.*

"Yes, I like to get up early, too!"

The Greenhouse Syndrome

keep your weather eye on the climatic forecast article

By Richard Shears

IN A GOOD YEAR on Tallagandra Farm, dairyman Terry Makin's 200 Friesians earn him $84,000 in sales of milk and butterfat. If the rain doesn't come, Terry loses $14,000 in sales and has to spend an additional $7000 on hay and fertiliser.

"What I want," he says, "is a bloody good weather forecaster."

He needs a farmhand like Joseph, that Biblical prophet who interpreted the Pharaoh's dream and warned that seven good years on the land would be followed by seven of famine. Unhappily for farmer Makin, after 3700 years of industrial progress, the greatest scientific brains in Australia and the rest of the world are still guessing at next week's weather.

Yet weather is a vital factor in determining the prosperity and mood of those who spend time outdoors. Beauty is created by it on the beach at Bondi, Geoff Boycott's runs at Melbourne Cricket Ground are guided by it, Makin's animals shed their coats for it, and it presents Melbournites with all the seasons in a single day. Man has lived with it as long as he has with woman, but it can hardly be called a

Illustration by Paul Winter

friend – he never knows when it's going to turn on him.

It rubs against the grain of human nature to be pushed around by the unknown, so scientists keep plugging away at complex equations and feeding costly computers. What they have most recently come up with is the fact that the planet is going through a change of life – experiencing a gradual alteration of temperature with associated bouts of hot flushes. Farmer Makin would probably have a lot of questions to ask about this, but he is going to be stunned by the answers. The fact that he drives a tractor, turns a field, and burns log fires is enough to make him an unwitting contributor to man's manipulation of the climate.

Left to work out its own weather pattern, the globe would spin on for hundreds of thousands of years, edging gradually and naturally towards a cooler period. But the lifestyle man has carved for himself is now reversing that process. The Earth is warming up. And, if the rate continues, the consequences may be catastrophic.

Unfortunately, governments are too preoccupied with short-term concerns like unemployment and inflation to pay much attention to what the weather will be like in the years ahead. The "Genesis Strategy" of storing grain – based on Joseph's advice to the Pharaoh to stock up for the seven-year drought – is impractical because the increase in the world's population has already strained its resources. And politicians want hard scientific facts about their own environment before they can be persuaded to act, even on a local level.

"If we could inform the Federal Government that the pollution within Victoria's La Trobe Valley is positively changing our climate, they might listen," says a scientist at the CSIRO's Division of Atmospheric Physics, Dr Graeme Pearman. "But we cannot be so specific, nor can we expect ministers to throw people out of work because we happen to think industry is affecting the weather."

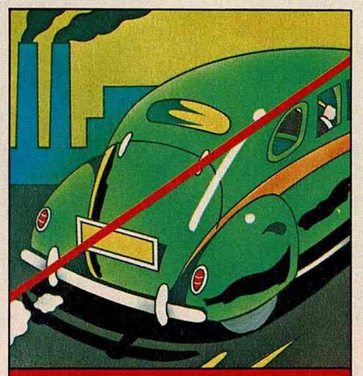
Farmer Makin, therefore, has good reason to be concerned about his own predicament. Based on scientific estimates, should he advise his sons to stay out of farming? Should he, in fact, sell his cows and venture into the thermometer industry?

There is no clear-cut answer, and Australian scientists are the first to admit it. But it is certain that, if the Earth continues to warm at its present rate, the way of life of Australians and millions of others will change dramatically by the year 2040.

"I don't think a single scientist in Australia wants to be alarmist, but we must accept that the warmer climate toward which the world appears to be heading is going to produce results varying from inconvenient to catastrophic," says Dr Barrie Hunt, one of the nation's leading climatologists, whose work it is to study long-term weather patterns. Weather is today; climate is next year.

"A major alteration in the world's economic policies and politics is bound to occur if the present climatical trend continues," says Hunt, who is head of the Climate Research Group at the Australian Numerical Meteorology Research Centre in Melbourne. "People have adapted to their own weather. Any lengthy changes mean major disruption of living conditions and food growth."

The implications of a global warm-up are so serious that the CIA has a special file on climate (ASIO, perhaps unfortunately, claims that it is not concerned). The American agency says the political upheavals created by long-term temperature changes are "beyond comprehension".



The lifestyle modern man has created for himself by the over-use of fossil fuels, such as coal, wood and petrol, has made him an unwitting manipulator of his own weather. Implications of a global warm-up are so serious that the CIA has a special file on climate.

In fact, they are not. Many Australian scientists foresee mass population shifts to escape drought or floods. Demands will be made on climatically prosperous nations to accept refugees from the weather and the associated catastrophies it can cause.

The CIA talks of grave food shortages in densely populated countries such as China and India and expresses fear that hungry nations will try to obtain grain by any means possible. The agency's prediction of mass migration, possibly accompanied by force, has frightening implications for a climate-blessed Australia.

It now seems certain that, in the face of growing world population and expected climatical changes, Australia will have to accept many thousands of desperate migrants fleeing their own weather. Social upheavals in history prove that climate has exerted a major influence on civilisation. Most major population movements can be linked to unexpected changes – regions which are affected by undesirable weather force people to seek more fortunate areas in which to live. Ask any Englishman why he has come to Australia and he will undoubtedly list job opportunity and convivial climate as the main reasons.

Even in its short recorded history, Australia has seen large scale climatic changes brought about by migration and resettlement, which illustrate a significant shift in man's relationship with nature. In earlier centuries, man had to bow to the weather, but now it is the climate that is being manipulated by man. On the northern coast of New South Wales, for instance, the lowlands were seldom hit by frosts. When the forests of the nearby hills were cut down by pioneers, cold snaps came every year as cool air from the hills flowed down unchecked.

Another contributor to climatic change is farmer Makin who, by stoking up log fires, is warming up the planet to an alarming degree.

How does this work? The main cause is the burning of fossil fuels like coal, wood and petrol, which releases carbon dioxide into the atmosphere. Some of it returns to the oceans, other amounts are absorbed by plant life, but most remains in the atmosphere and forms a layer which acts like a valve, allowing radiation from the Sun to pass through and reach the Earth's surface but stifling the heat radiated from the Earth. Encasing the globe in a cocoon of carbon dioxide is similar to putting a single tomato inside a small, spherical greenhouse. Watch it ripen.

The greater the density of carbon dioxide, the more the Earth's temperature will rise, and this is where scientists, climatologists, environmentalists, governments and the CIA enter the crowded arena of debate on nuclear power. If *that* energy source is introduced on a wide scale, it will retard the penetration of carbon dioxide into the atmosphere. However, the outcry against the use of uranium, particularly following the nuclear leak at Three Mile Island, has caused many governments to reconsider the continued use of oil and coal.

Discounting the nuclear factor, scientists have considered the effects of dust from the deserts of Australia, Africa and Asia entering the atmosphere and keeping out some of the Sun's incoming rays, rather like holding a sheet over that sphere holding the ripening tomato. Volcanic ash is a dramatic example of what enormous amounts of dust can do. No better example of that effect can be given than the events following the eruption of Mount Tambora on the Indonesian island of Sumbawa in 1815. In the following year, as the dust in the upper atmosphere encircled the Earth, the north-east US, Canada and western Europe lost their summer. In fact, in New England it snowed in June, and killing frosts continued through the month of August. In France, the harvest was so bad that soldiers had to protect grain from hungry peasants.

Dust could be a contributing factor in determining the Earth's climate, but most climatologists believe carbon dioxide is having the greater effect in winning the temperature struggle against the cooling particles. So the Earth will continue to warm.

"Quite simply," Graeme Pearman says, "if we continue to use fossil fuels at the same rate as today, we will have doubled the carbon dioxide content in the air within 50 years. I do not think the rate can continue, because our oil resources are running low. But, at the same time, you have to consider that some governments are reconsidering the use of nuclear power, which would mean the burning of more fossil fuels.

"If we assume that the rate of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere continues to rise on the same scale as is being recorded now, it could mean that, at the end of that time, the Earth's surface will have warmed by 2C to 3C around the equator, but, at the higher and lower latitudes of the North and South Poles, there will have been a rise of seven or even 10C. That is enough to melt the polar ice, and if that happens, we will have catastrophies in many areas of the globe."

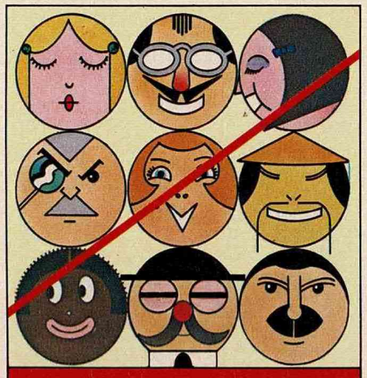
Pearman emphasises he does not want to scare us into a premature grave. He doubts that it will happen suddenly but, because the possibility exists, he cannot dismiss it.

With reservations, Pearman takes the scenario further. "There are estimates that a doubling of carbon dioxide will bring about the melting of the huge ice sheet of Western Antarctica, causing the Southern Ocean to rise by five or six metres. Melbourne, Sydney and Adelaide will go under water. In the northern hemisphere, with the loss of the Arctic ice, Venice and the low-lying cities of Holland will suffer terribly."

Some climatologists reason that the shift toward warmer temperatures will slow dramatically as oil supplies drain. On that basis, they suggest, the globe will continue its cooling pattern, a trend which started in 1945 after a period of 55 years of warmth. However, readings for the northern hemisphere, upon which the whole globe's 0.5C cooling is based, apparently do not apply to Australia and the rest of the southern hemisphere.

Apart from the fact that Melbourne and Sydney overnight temperatures have risen by about 1.5C since 1860 because of the erection of increasing numbers of heat-retaining skyscrapers, the CSIRO has evidence from six Tasmanian weather stations showing a distinct rise in average temperature of approximately 1C since 1945. This measurement may seem insignificant when we experience daily temperature shifts of between 10C and 20C, but in global terms, 1C is considered to be quite a big movement.

Along with the Tasmanian increase, a similar rise of about 1C has been recorded in nine provincial towns in south-eastern Australia, in measurements of the sea surface temperature east of Tasmania, and in climatical information currently being received in New Zealand.



Predictions of famine and mass migratory movements, possibly accompanied by force, would have severe repercussions for climatically prosperous countries such as Australia, who may have to accept thousands of refugees fleeing from their own weather.

Rainfall figures produced by the Australian Academy of Science for the south-east of Australia, taking in Melbourne, Sydney and Brisbane, show an increase of 10 to 20 percent between 1946 and 1974, compared with the period between 1913 and 1945. The increased rainfall corresponds with the generally higher temperatures recorded in the south-east region. When the mercury goes up, the rain comes down.

Australian scientists admit it's impossible to predict whether the temperature increase will continue, whether it means longer periods of rain for the future, or whether the temperature rise recorded in the south-east can be applied to the whole of the southern hemisphere. Weather patterns in the north are often counterbalanced in the south; Melbourne residents will tell you the same pattern appears between their northern and southern suburbs.

Regional drought in parts of the Western Australian wheat belt, which has cost more than $90 million in lost production, does not suggest that the whole continent is heading for trouble. In terms of climatic history and forecasting, the "dry" means little. It hasn't been dry long enough or over a wide enough area to fit into the jigsaw of predictable future patterns for the whole country.

Even feeding the Tasmanian evidence into a weather computer will probably not help scientists foresee patterns. CSIRO climatologist Dr Garth Paltridge likens climate prediction to standing on a bridge overlooking a river watching the whirls and eddies passing underneath. It may be possible to measure the motions of the water at that point, but to know its downstream behavior would mean taking into consideration unknown factors, like the condition of the river bottom and the distribution of snags.

Paltridge says: "An examination of past records shows that there is variability of climate on all time scales, which means, in effect, that the statistics of one period are not necessarily the same as those of another."

This is why our weathermen and climatologists continue to use expressions like "an *expected* cold front" or "we *may* be in for a warm period" rather than a specific prediction of what *will* in fact happen.

Even forecasters using special techniques, like Lennox Walker at the Crohamhurst Observatory north of Brisbane, are fooled by the elements they work with. Walker claimed last August that a severe winter dry spell gripping Australia could be the start of a 10-year drought. Using the hypothesis that the solar system is a vast electromagnetic machine controlled by movements of the planets – a theory rejected by the Bureau of Meteorology – he forecast that the dry spell in the wheat belts would continue well into 1980. But, a few weeks later, the drought broke.

Aware of the difficulties of prediction, Barrie Hunt likes to create a picture based on trends and information he has at hand. With the drift toward warming, he paints a formidable portrait for the parts of the world feeling the severe strain of climatic change – although Australia looks like being born again as the futuristic "Lucky Country".

"If temperatures continue to rise rapidly, and the polar ice melts,

mankind faces the greatest natural disaster recorded in history," says Hunt as he studies piles of charts and computer readings. "There will be major flooding in Bangladesh. Crops in many parts of South-east Asia will be washed out. Starving millions will be looking for new homes and new countries, and the political turmoil, as nation makes demand on nation, is going to be enormous.

"Unlike Australians, who, if faced with regional problems, will be able to move from one State to another, the people of small nations trying to escape from their own flooded or drought-stricken lands will have to cross international borders. Unless there is global co-operation, we are going to see a lot of misery."

Hunt believes carbon dioxide in the atmosphere is the most important factor affecting global climate and points out that this theory is supported by information from spacecraft which measure the atmosphere over Venus, hundreds of degrees hotter than the Earth. The space gases around that planet are heavy with carbon dioxide.

"Certainly, a doubling of the gas in the Earth's atmosphere will result in a big temperature rise. To those who say this is alarmist talk I would agree – at the same time pointing out that our computers may be *under-estimating*. The picture may be even worse than I have presented it. Instead of getting an increase of about eight to 10C at the Poles, it could go higher than that, which would mean an earlier melting. It *could* just happen in 10 or 20 years."

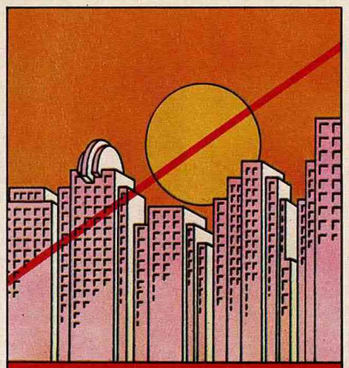
The melting of the polar ice, says Dr Alan Roberts, senior lecturer in physics at Melbourne's Monash University, would probably accelerate the globe's temperature rise, because the Earth would lose much of its reflection. But, he admits: "There just isn't a computer clever enough to tell us what will happen to our climate in, say, 100 years. We can work out things ourselves and feed data to the computers, but we need only be slightly wrong at the beginning and, by the end, we are a long way from reality."

Hunt agrees that computer read-outs can be wrong, but he sticks by them "because they are all we have. You either accept them or you become a Buddhist and pray." One of his colleagues in Britain has produced his own computer data which reveals that the melting of the Arctic ice will interfere with weather characteristics of the northern hemisphere and result in severe cooling of the United States, Eastern Siberia and Western Europe.

The same results – and Hunt says he is not convinced of the validity of the British findings – could be expected if computers were programmed with the same data on the South Pole. Based on that, Australia is in trouble because the computed 6C cooling of the northern hemisphere represents Ice Age conditions.

"We shall be carrying out our own tests to find out how Australia would be affected by the *melting* of the South Pole ice," says Hunt. If the process is rapid, he does not expect to find a happy result – we face floods *or* an ice age, problems too vague to prepare for. This is the difficulty scientists face in getting governments and populations to listen to their warnings.

Given the indisputable evidence of the rise in carbon dioxide and its associated increase in temperature, Australian scientists say we can expect major, but gradual, changes to our environment and prosperity. If drastic



Both the Melbourne and Sydney overnight temperatures have risen by about 1.5C over the past 120 years because of the erection of heat-retaining skyscrapers. This may perhaps seem insignificant, but in global terms, the rise could result in dramatic consequences.

temperature rises can be checked to prevent the disastrous effects of rapidly melting ice caps, and the global climate warms by two or three degrees, Australia can expect a crop bonanza. Although some areas of regional rainfall may shift, and a minority of farmers lose their incomes, the forecast for 2040 indicates an agriculturally flourishing country because, quite simply, we can expect more rain.

"My strong impression is that we are moving toward a new period of prosperity," says Hunt. "Consider this international scene in the year 2040: we are producing more wheat as a result of increased rain brought on by a warmer climate. The United States suffers a dramatic drop in production because of drought. Russia has wheat to trade and so does Australia – to whom does the US turn?

"Realising the advantageous position they are in, the Russians, I feel, will become belligerent. They are going to take a tough line and start pulling the strings. 'Give what we ask', they will insist, 'or you don't get our wheat.' Imagine the strategic role Australia can play in these circumstances. If all our estimates are correct and our production rises, we will be in a position to supply the US with some wheat, although we could not meet their full demands – especially as we will no doubt be under pressure from other hungry nations."

Next year's possible weather patterns are too far away to predict, and people pay little attention to guesses. The Australian builder or farmer is more preoccupied with the precise patterns of today. It is only when weather happens that a man takes action to protect his property or himself. His destiny has been moulded through history by weather, and he accepts it as a fact of life. You don't have to ask a farmer – particularly one who lives in a marginal climate area – what factors rule his livelihood because he will certainly reply: "The bloody weather, of course."

Generally, right now, man is able to cope with his climate. In some regions there is a very fine line; in India, for example, where the avoidance of famine rests on the arrival of the monsoon, and in parts of Africa, where hope for life relies on a good crop of exportable wheat.

Although Australia is 80 percent desert and capable under present water supplies of supporting a six-million population increase, more annual rainfall would significantly improve arid landscapes and increase water reserves. The Australian Academy of Science estimates that, with all constraints lifted on climate, terrain and soil, there would be a wide band of land suitable for agriculture around most of the continent, totalling 67 million hectares. This would increase the present exportable quota of grain. (In 1978, as the world's third largest exporter, we sent 7.9 million tonnes to 30 countries including both China and Russia.)

So scientists think they know how the climate will change over several decades, but the average Australian is more concerned with tomorrow's forecast. Just how reliable is the daily weather forecast?

Well, it all depends on which side of the street you're walking when the showers come. It is, says a senior weatherman at Melbourne's Bureau of Meteorology, impossible to gauge the accuracy of short-term forecasts because not everybody gets the weather that is predicted.

"In order not to baffle people, including ourselves, with scientific

gobbledegook, we keep our forecasts to short, biffy statements. If we said that it was going to piddle down with rain tomorrow, and a farmer in Tallangatta doesn't get a drop, he gets very upset. We'd never get through it all if we gave forecasts like: 'Tomorrow it is going to pee down with rain – except on Farmer Bruce's land in Tallangatta, which can expect a single ray of sunshine'.

"But, in general terms, if we said it was going to rain in Victoria tomorrow, we'd be right. And in those general terms, the people who use us, like the SEC and the airlines, agree that we are accurate 85 to 90 percent of the time."

In the Outback, settlers themselves know roughly how the weather will turn out over the next 24 hours and generally during a season. As an example, the summer monsoons in the north-west will start with thunderstorms followed by a very gradual increase in rainfall which lasts for several weeks, and then along come the north-west winds. The "wet" spreads into the Northern Territory, the north-western regions of Queensland and the north of Western Australia.

Those thousands who live in Outback towns have taken part in a global weather-watch during the past year, a $1000 million world-wide experiment designed to give meteorologists and climatologists a detailed picture of the complete weather pattern around the globe over a 12-month period. Details about Outback winds, rain, atmospheric pressure, cloud formation and sunshine are now being processed in Washington, DC.

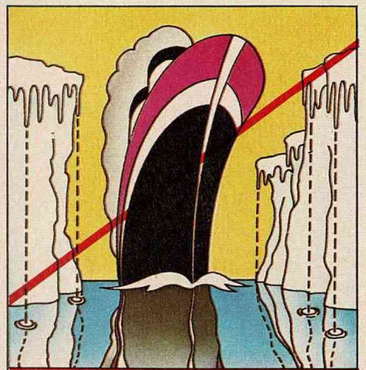
"It is too early to say exactly what we have learned," says Dr Brian Tucker, one of 12 international scientists working on the operation, "but at the end of the experiment, we do know how the weather has behaved around the globe. Most important, we know what has been happening out there in the surrounding oceans."

Dr Tucker, who heads the CSIRO's Division of Atmospheric Physics, is not convinced the world is heading for a major climatical change. He accepts the carbon dioxide theory, but points out that consideration has to be given to the cooling effects of the Sun's heat being reflected away from the Earth by clouds and particles in the atmosphere.

Tucker observes that there does not seem to have been any obvious change in Australia's climate or, indeed, in any particular area of the world. Trends indicated over a period of 10 or even 50 years are not sufficient, he says, to indicate an overall shift of temperature. In terms of the world's history, where many millions of years are involved, a sunny climate for 50 years is insignificant. What *does* concern him is what 10 years of sunshine can do to the vulnerable billions who live in the marginal food regions of developing countries.

"Large populations are existing on finely-balanced reserves of grain. An untypical weather pattern for them is disaster. Other parts of the world may be unaffected, but certain regions can be badly hit. You need only one prolonged period of frost in the Barossa Valley to destroy some very fine wines. Rich areas of agriculture can be ruined by too much rainfall when yet other growing areas are crying out for it. In world terms, these regional trends are too small to be significant, but for the people involved, they are horrific."

God may have created the Earth in six days and given it a weather cycle, but millions of years later, man is still



A temperature increase over the next 50 years of seven to 10C is enough to melt the polar ice and cause catastrophic events in many areas of the globe. If the progress of the melting of the South Pole ice is rapid, we face the prospect of heavy flooding or a new ice age.

trying to work it out. Man has considered schemes for creating his own weather patterns, but it would be better to prepare for the climatic shift rather than try to avert it.

Elaborate and costly schemes have been put forward to help the marginal survival regions of the globe. One suggestion has been to increase the rainfall of the semi-arid Sahel-Sudan zone of North Africa by injecting extra humidity on a great scale into the monsoon area to create inland lakes. The Soviet Union has intensively researched removing, on a controlled scale, the ice in the Arctic, which would create, apart from a warmer climate, enormous areas for habitation. It was suggested the ice could be melted by dropping soot on it from aircraft, but the cost was found to be exhorbitant.

During a study of man's impact on the climate, 30 of the world's leading atmospheric scientists concluded that Australia's water supply could be boosted by towing rafts of Antarctic ice northwards. They admitted the economics of the operation were not clear, but concluded that: "In a world becoming concerned about the effects of energy production, it may eventually prove attractive."

These are all friendly schemes designed to help man live more happily with his environment. But the United Nations has been aware that the weather could be used for military purposes, and in November 1974, the Soviet Union introduced a resolution in the UN that would ban environmental warfare. Between 1967 and 1972, the world witnessed the first experiment with weather as a weapon when the US Air Force and Navy took part in an extensive rainmaking operation in South-east Asia in an effort to slow the movement of North Vietnamese troops during the war.

Wars go on, but man's longest struggle will be against his climatical environment. Because of the indications of a dramatic change, for some nations the battle will not be won. Future weather conditions are going to tax man to his limits, and Australian scientists say he should be planning, on an international level, for the changes. This means we must start storing grain now, because the weather, at its unpredictable worst, could bring prolonged misery as early as next year or even next month.

Ironically, Australia's grain silos in the past year have been packed with 18 million tonnes of wheat, but not as a result of deliberate planning for future global hardships. Sir Leslie Price, chairman of the Australian Wheat Board, says the pile-up was due to "persistent strikes" and a shortage of bulk carriers. Wheat exporters are worried about the "considerable challenge" facing them in marketing the wheat. But in global terms, it might not be too bad if it remains in storage for those non-rainy days.

We don't need Joseph to tell us that. Listen to Dr Hunt: "A change in climate seems already to have started. Things are happening, and we cannot predict for certain how populations are going to be affected. For the world's scientists to be so uncertain should be enough to prompt man to take defensive measures, like storing grain.

"Governments should now be getting together to draw up contingency plans and be prepared to help each other during that future era – which may not be so far away – when, for some, things are going to be very good but for many others they are going to be really bad."

RIBALD CLASSIC

the good-man's wife was not pleased with the poor student's fine eye for detail

THE good-man came down the street carrying a sack of wheaten flour from the mill on his shoulders. When he saw the ragged young man sitting by the wall opposite his own doorway, he hailed him. "Who are you?"

"I'm a weary student. I left Paris at daybreak yesterday and I have been walking since without a bite to eat. I have no money and nothing to pawn for the price of lodging."

"So, no wonder you look as morose as a bear in midwinter. But why didn't you ask for food and shelter at this door over here?"

"Lord, I did, sir! But first the wife scolded me, and then the maid savaged me, and so I had to get out. I've been sitting here, just observing things, for the past hour."

"Now by the Lord God and by Saint Nicholas, that is my house, and you shall have a hearty meal and later on, a warm bed."

The good-man knocked at the door, but it took some little time before his wife came to unbolt it. When the two had entered, the good-man told his wife that the student had come to dine with them, and asked to know what delicious things were in her oven.

"Nothing, husband. You know that you left the cupboard bare when you went off to the mill this morning."

"Bless me," he said, "I wasn't thinking. I was so sorry for this student that I forgot the state of things. Well, in any case, take this flour and bake us some fine, golden loaves for our supper.

"Then, while we're waiting for them, we'll all sit here by the fire and have something to drink while you, Sir Student, tell us a tale out of one of those books you are able to read."

"We have no drink but water from the well," said the wife.

"So – just a tale then, worthy student," the man said dejectedly.

"Ah," said the student, "the lives of the saints and the tales of the Romans are all very well, but tonight I'd like to tell you a real story that happened to me – and I promise not to put you to sleep. It came about that, on my first day's journey from Paris, I passed through a wood and happened upon a huge herd of pigs grazing under the oaks. Some were large and some were small, black and pink, and many of them were fat. But there was no swineherd to be seen. Then, suddenly, out of the woods came a wolf and seized one of the pigs. It was a champion fat one, that pig. How can I describe it? Hmm. Well, all I can say is that it was as fat as the pig I saw the maid carrying into your kitchen not an hour past."

There was a silence. The husband looked at his wife. "Is that true?"

"Forgive me! I had forgotten. I'll go at once and tell the maid to bring us some roast pork with the bread."

"By Saint Martin, that's better," said the good-man. "Now, we have no cares in the world. Please go on with your tale, Lord Student."

"Indeed, willingly. The wolf began to tear the pig and the bright blood came out. How can I tell you how red was that blood? Perhaps I could say that it was as red as the wine that a boy was bringing to your house when I was turned away from the door."

"So, there's wine in the house?" cried the husband. "What of that, wife?" "Oh, my poor memory," she replied. "I seem to have mislaid everything. Yes, my dear, I did send for a bottle of wine for your supper, and we shall have it now."

They sat feasting on the warm bread and the succulent pork and drinking the hearty wine until, at last, the student said: "When we are finished, I will round off my tale. But I scarcely know how to relate it. It may be that you won't believe me. Or it may be that your good-wife will be greatly upset to hear it."

"Rest your mind about that," said the good-man. "Why should I disbelieve you when all things in your tale have proved so true?"

"Onward, then," said the student. "When I saw the wolf devouring the pig, I produced my sling and picked up a smooth stone. I was determined to kill the beast. So, I fitted the stone and made ready – I am a very good slinger. At that moment, the wolf dropped the carcass and looked up at me. How can I picture it? His yellow eyes were fierce and yet full of fear. He seemed to shudder under his shaggy, black coat. Suddenly he reminded me of a priest hiding, let us say, in a cupboard in somebody's house, monstrous fearful that the master would come home and catch him there." The student all the while was gazing steadily at the cupboard that was across the room.

"Priest? A randy priest?" roared the husband. He jumped to his feet and ran to the cupboard. He threw the door open – and, sure enough, there was a priest inside, looking quite as ugly and frightened as a cornered wolf. A lot happened very quickly. The man seized the priest and stripped off his habit. He took a quarterstaff and beat the priest black and blue. Then he threw him out into the street. The wife ran to her bedroom, crying.

"You can have a pallet here by the fire," the good-man told the student. "And you are always welcome in my house. But, please, the next time, don't have a story to tell."

– retold by **ROBERT MAHIEU**

From *Les Contes aux Heures Perdues* by Antoine le Metel, Sieur d'Ouville, 1643.

THE DRIVING FORCE BEHIND LRB

musicians, manager and producer – they rank with the world's best

article By RENNIE ELLIS

TWO GIANT Wells Fargo coaches barrel along a highway that slices across the minimal landscape of the mid-western plains of the United States. Powerful quartz halogen headlights probe the growing darkness and, inside, applause still ringing in their ears, the Little River Band, members' families, entourage and support troops carouse or rest.

Four hours ahead, three semi-trailers carrying tonnes of sound and lighting equipment and a team of pop-eyed, sleepless roadies lead the way to the next venue.

It's a hard life on the road. Sixty gigs in 80 days, criss-crossing the country from Las Vegas, Denver, Dallas, St Louis, Miami, Nashville, to New York, Detroit, north into Canada and then down the west coast of the United States, through Seattle to San Francisco, San Diego and a final concert in Los Angeles.

The coaches make it as comfortable as possible. They are $180,000 mobile homes with all mod cons: telephones, color TV, stereo, video, beds and hot and cold running booze.

It's luxurious, but it's also claustrophobic. There are tensions amid the camaraderie. The carousers do their thing in one coach while others, more tranquil, occupy the other; two parts of a whole, comprising Glenn Shorrock, Derek Pellicci, Dave Briggs, Graham Goble, Beeb Birtles, newcomers Mal Logan and Barry Sullivan and manager Glenn Wheatley, locked into an odyssey that is making them Aussie heroes ... and awesomely rich. They

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETER McLEAN, COMPOSITE BY MAURICE AND JAY

are a soft rock group of mostly married men, two with strongly Christian beliefs that show through in their songs as well as their lifestyles, all of them abundantly talented and strongly professional.

The success of Melbourne's Little River Band in the US, the ultra-competitive home of rock and roll, is a phenomenon. On tour, LRB now headlines concerts from coast to coast and pulls crowds of up to 20,000. In the record charts its singles and albums continue to push for the top, picking up gold and platinum discs along the way.

•

The band is back in Australia after its fifth tour of the US and the release of its fifth album. On the first tour in 1976 it lost $50,000, the second tour saw $10,000 in the red and the third broke even. Expensive, yes, but they established the band in the States. The last two tours have reaped the benefits. On this last carefully scheduled barnstorm by bus into the hearts and minds of middle America, the houses have been packed out.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about the band's US success is that it remains home based and cuts its records in Australia.

The climb to fame and fortune has been a gradual one, orchestrated with the sort of business acumen and marketing strategies usually associated with less flamboyant activities. Lawyers, accountants, and taxation experts keep the band on its financial toes, but the man who got it all together and keeps it happening is manager Glenn Wheatley.

At the award-bedecked LRB headquarters in a Victorian terrace house in Melbourne's Albert Park, Wheatley pauses between telex messages and international phone calls to talk about the band's rise to superstar status.

He is a neat, trim blond of 31, dresses in tasteful, low-key chic and comes across with a beguiling mixture of talkative boyish charm and the calculating air of the businessman who knows exactly where he's going and how he's going to get there.

Rock and roll *aficionados* might remember him as the bass guitarist with the Master's Apprentices, one of the country's best rock bands in the late '60s and early '70s. Now, as the negotiator/organiser and marketer of rock talent, he enjoys enormous respect on both sides of the Pacific.

Before the 1979 LRB tour started in August to coincide with the US release of *First Under the Wire,* the band's latest album, Wheatley was on the road himself, first to Monte Carlo to address the annual International Music Industry Conference, and then on to Los Angeles to meet Capitol Records executives and devise the complex marketing concept that was to push the new album up the charts.

To promote the new album in the US, Capitol and Wheatley decided to kick things off with a special 5000-copy limited edition cassette for radio program directors and top DJs. The cassette and a booklet on the band were presented in a specially designed and printed package in the shape of a paperback book.

"It's expensive," admits Wheatley, "but it will become a collector's item." And hopefully endear the radio station heavies to LRB.

Wheatley now has a permanent office in Los Angeles operated by his brother, Paul, and organises the LRB tours through the International Creative Management Agency, one of the biggest in the country. Tour venues and their capacity are carefully chosen according to Wheatley's understanding of the band's popularity in given areas. Once the venues are decided, Wheatley arranges record advertising with Capitol's national promotions manager which will co-ordinate with the tour dates.

Producing the right formula to enable tour exposure and record promotion to support each other as much as possible is one of Wheatley's special talents. The equation locking these two variables into each other is perhaps the key ingredient to the band's success in America.

His bible is the weekly *Radio and Records,* the magazine which lists airplay on every station. With this, he plots a graph of the band's advertising exposure. Every morning, whether he's in Australia or on the bus touring, he phones Capitol headquarters at nine o'clock. The computer tells him how many singles and albums LRB has sold in 18 major centres around the States the day before, and the running total. It's taking the finger-on-the-pulse syndrome to extremes, but Wheatley insists it pays off.

"Armed with the computer information and my graph of where the band worked, and the airplay and promotion they received, I can make another graph and understand why, for instance, the single is number one in Fort Worth and only 30 in Miami. I then focus promotion on Miami."

Touring the States LRB style is no breeze. Wheatley's schedule pushes the band to its limit. "You succeed by getting out into the field, by being visible and by grafting. We've got to do as many dates as the band can endure.

"One reason most Australian bands have failed in the US is that they've tried to do it the easy way.

"If you try to hit the top too quickly you will fall on your arse. Last year we supported and headlined. We headlined in areas where we knew we had a big following because of our record sales. That's where the daily computer figures help enormously. But in places where we were weak, we chose to support a bigger name which was guaranteed to pull a huge crowd. We get the same exposure as the big name and, if we're good, we blow him off the stage. We outshine him. And we've done it," he adds with relish.

On this last tour, for the first time, LRB was big enough to headline every concert, even in the Northern cities like Detroit where hard rock of the Bob Seger genre is much preferred to the laid-back West Coast sound.

The band's own support acts this time have included J. J. Cale, Jim Messina and new bands like Hotels.

So much for the strategies, the planning, the promotion, the hard work and the enormous cash outlay. This makes up the nourishing and the

Photographs by Rennie Ellis

On stage LRB are a cohesive million-dollar sound, epitomised by the lyrical guitar of Dave Briggs, right. Off stage, they are, as often as not, deeply divided.

nurturing of the goose that, handled correctly, can lay the golden egg.

For those who make it in the market place, and in practical terms that means the US, the financial rewards are astronomical. As Wheatley says, if you hit, the sky really is the limit.

Wheatley did a deal with Capitol Records early in 1979 which guarantees LRB an income of $5 million from the next six albums. This is the biggest deal Capitol has ever done with a band, apart from Paul McCartney's group, Wings.

"That's the minimum amount they think we are likely to earn," adds Wheatley. "Frankly, I think they'll earn a million bucks on the first day of release of the album in America, let alone the rest of the world."

Added to this, of course, are the band's tour earnings. Usually, the band gets a fee and a percentage of the gate at each concert. "We like to work on gross potential," says Wheatley. Fleetwood Mac has pulled three quarters of a million dollars out of a single gig.

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In Australia, most bands would spend between $20,000 and $50,000 to produce an album. These days are long gone for LRB. *First Under the Wire* took four months to get down and cost around $130,000. It's not that LRB squanders money – in fact it is one of the hardest working bands in the world in the studio. It's just that all band members are after the ultimate quality and will spare no expense to get it. Their high standards are beyond the average band's comprehension, but they are well aware that their product has to stand up with the best that the US can produce. And if this means throwing out a day's taping at a cost of up to $1500 because it's felt the work is inferior, then it will go. And Little River Band chooses to record in Australia for two reasons. In the first place, Australia now has recording facilities as good as the best in the US, and second, the family-oriented band does not relish the idea of being away from Australia for three or more months on top of its three-month touring commitment.

The band does, however, bring out one of America's top record producers to help put the recordings together. At 36, John Boylan has an impressive track record. A degree in theatre arts, and experience at songwriting and playing in bands, prepared him for his entry into producing in 1967 when he handled a record for Ricky Nelson. Since then, he has done three albums for Linda Ronstadt including her first gold album. He's produced movie soundtracks and Boston's first album which sold seven million copies in the US alone – making it the biggest selling album in history.

"In the studio," says Glenn Wheatley, "John Boylan is the captain and the referee. He's also the greatest catalyst I've ever met, and that's what Little River Band really needs." Boylan sees his role as providing "the executive overview".

Recording an album is a long, laborious task demanding stamina and concentration just as much as it draws on the band's, and the producer's, creative resources. The process of getting the final sound on tape is a fragmented one in that the various segments – vocals, harmonies, instruments, sound effects – are worked on and recorded at different times, and come together only as an entity in the final mix. To do this, the music makers and Ern Rose, their gifted sound engineer, call upon a bewildering assortment of electronic devices that make the recording studio control room look like the nerve centre from a *Star Wars* fantasy.

This technology means that the studio can produce a sound that's impossible to reproduce at a live concert. Boylan tries to avoid this. "We can do it, but it's counter productive. I'm committed to the idea that LRB should be able to reproduce its records on stage. And, man, it can! The band's amazing. A lot of top acts can't do that. They rely on studio techniques too much. I mean, I've seen Crosby, Stills and Nash go flat when they're in front of an audience."

Boylan is not just a top producer. He is a friend to, and a fan of, LRB. "The sound is unique," he enthuses. "All pop music is a blend of styles, but LRB's is one I've never heard before. It's a skilful blend of the California rock sound with the English harmony sound of someone like the Hollies. The guys are world-standard musicians, but where they really shine is in the vocals – those three-part harmonies. Glenn Shorrock has a husky, soulful, radio-type voice, Beeb has a strident, clear sound and Graham has the falsetto harmony. There's no other sound like them."

The huge bright red AAV building in South Melbourne is probably Australia's best sound and video recording complex. For four months, LRB rented one and sometimes two recording studios to produce *First Under the Wire.* During this time Boylan stayed at the Melbourne Hilton hotel at the band's expense.

For five, six and sometimes seven days a week, and up to 10 and more hours a day, the band sweated to put the songs down. There were tensions, frustrations, disagreements and moments of musical magic and great achievement. Decisions were resolved by democratic group discussions, and, if necessary, a vote. The band has four songwriters: Glenn Shorrock, Graham Goble, Beeb Birtles and Dave Briggs. Goble wrote Reminiscing, the big hit off LRB's last album which reached number three in the States, and Dave Briggs is responsible for Lonesome Loser, the single taken off *First Under the Wire.*

"I try to work closely with the songwriter in conjunction with everybody else in the band, but generally I

let the songwriter's vision prevail wherever possible," says Boylan. "But we think in terms of team effort. We all write the arrangements. Everything is written down in musical terms. I did chord sheets for every instrument for every song we recorded." Boylan says he never tries to dictate his personal music opinion, "because long ago I found out there are too many good records that I personally don't like. My role is to draw it out from the band, not to dictate it."

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Lead guitarist Dave Briggs is sitting on a stool in the studio, acoustic guitar couched in his hands, headphones on his ears. He looks studious and very un-dynamic – like a friendly schoolteacher. Could this be the man whose ballsy, virtuoso playing blew the Steve Miller Band off the stage in front of 20,000 people in Miami's Cotton Bowl? Microphones, sound absorbing panels, piano, drums and other dormant rock and roll paraphernalia are scattered around him. Behind him is an African veld backdrop decorated with painted zebras and rhinos.

On the other side of the glass, in the control room, Boylan communicates with Briggs in the funny-speak of musos: "When it goes blah de da da blah, you come in with the woom, woom da de woom . . ."

Earlier, they had put down all the electric guitars for Dave's big instrumental prelude to Goble's Hard Life, and now they're working toward the acoustic sound.

"Don't make that reverse glide too hard. Keep it nice and even – think of Nancy Wilson."

Dave calls for a plectrum, but Boylan interrupts: "Do it with your thumbnail backward. It might sound nice. Just try it. What have we got to lose? If you like this method of approach we could work on it real good. Let's get one in the ballpark."

Dave is not happy with his efforts. He gets up.

"You can play better than that," says Boylan.

"It's impossible not to make a noise," comes the reply.

"Stuff the noise, man. Everyone knows it's an acoustic guitar."

Boylan: "The most difficult thing is trying to decide the line between perfection and feel. Sometimes, something will feel really good, but it's a little bit out of tune, a little bit out of time, and the decision we have to make is: how much can we scrutinise the tuning and the time without losing the feel? A record that's perfect, but with no feel, is no good; an 'el stiffo' soulless type record. We run across this every day. 'Is that guitar in tune? Not quite, but it's great. Let's leave it.' Or 'Is that guitar out of tune? Yeah. Let's do it again.' Making that decision is the hardest thing."

It is the last week of four months of recording. Nine songs will appear on the record. What is it that takes so long? "Getting it better than everybody else in the world," says Boylan. "The Eagles took two years on their latest album. Fleetwood Mac took 18 months. These are the groups LRB is in league with. And Jackson Brown and Linda. These are the multiple million-dollar sellers, and that's where LRB is – one of the handful of platinum acts in the world. People in Australia tend not to understand what this means; that LRB's got staying power because the guys are pushing the limits all the time, and that's why it takes time. It might take two hours just to get a guitar sounding right."

On the wall behind Boylan is pinned a Beeb Birtles epigram: "Spontaneity brings spondoola."

But how, you ask, can you get spontaneity with this piecemeal style of recording? "It's all in the band track", says Boylan. "That's where the spontaneity comes from. The band track is a bit like a souffle; you've got to catch it right when it peaks or it's screwed, flat."

Making an album starts with putting the arrangements together – deciding which instruments are going to play what, what the format is – verse/chorus, verse/chorus – how long the solo will take. Then rehearsals, maybe cut some demo tapes as a clearing house for ideas. And then the all-important band tracks, the foundation, the guts of the number on which all else is built.

A band track usually includes bass guitar, drums, rhythm guitar, maybe keyboards, and vocal. They are recorded together like a live performance, and the best of many takes becomes the master LRB sound. All other sounds – more guitar parts, strings, horns, synthesisers, harmony vocals, saxaphones – are recorded separately and over-dubbed.

In a sense, the LRB sound is a compromise sound because it is not always what each member of the band wants. One polemical Australian rock and roll magazine unkindly referred to LRB as Little River Bland, a put-down that manager Wheatley found irritating and irrational and typical of the great Australian penchant for knocking success.

Wheatley maintains that the success of the band is due to the continuing quality of the songs. Ask him or Boylan about the conflict between art and commerce – songs and sounds from the gut versus those tailored for the middle-of-the-road market – and they will tell you such conflict is long gone, because audiences are so sophisticated that they insist on what is coming from the gut.

Boylan says that commercial one-shot single records are no longer what the business is about. "The business these days," he says, "is albums." Nevertheless, he and Wheatley agree that every album needs a single to spearhead its airplay and create the initial interest.

Choosing the single on an album is a critical decision made easier by certain guidelines. It has to have universal appeal and cut across demographic lines so that all kinds of people can quickly relate to it, at least on a surface level. And then it has to have a second level so it will survive three or four listenings. It's got to have a melody that hangs in the mind so that people find themselves singing it. Lonesome Loser proved it had all of these attributes and rocketed into the top 10 in the US.

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Wheatley is not only the energy souce into which the multitudinous circuits of touring and record marketing are plugged, he is also responsible for maintaining a group identity which subordinates five distinct, and in some cases almost mutually exclusive, personalities. Defusing potential friction between the group members and keeping them playing in the same key takes up a lot of Wheatley's time.

"Sometimes I feel like Dr Kissinger," he says. "I spend a lot of time with the different personalities – they've got to find a common ground, because they don't have much common ground as individuals. Graham can't go and get out of it with Glenn at a party, because Graham hates parties, hates socialising. Glenn loves it – Glenn likes to get out and have what he calls a good time. Graham's good time is sitting at home being surrounded by his homely things: his records, his TV, his wife, his family."

Wheatley tries to make music the common ground. "If there's no respect for each other's music, then the group would fall apart. And there's been times when there hasn't been respect for each other musically, and therefore no common ground. They've been pulling each other apart and I've had to fight very strongly to keep the thing together. But I have never pleaded with anybody. It's a matter of opening everybody's eyes to the fact that one's a different person to another.

"And they'll stay on top as long as they can all accept the fact that Little River Band will never be 100 percent of what each person would like it to be."

SHORTS STORY

attire **By KATE STEAD**

the long and the short of it – pants are a prize-winning tale

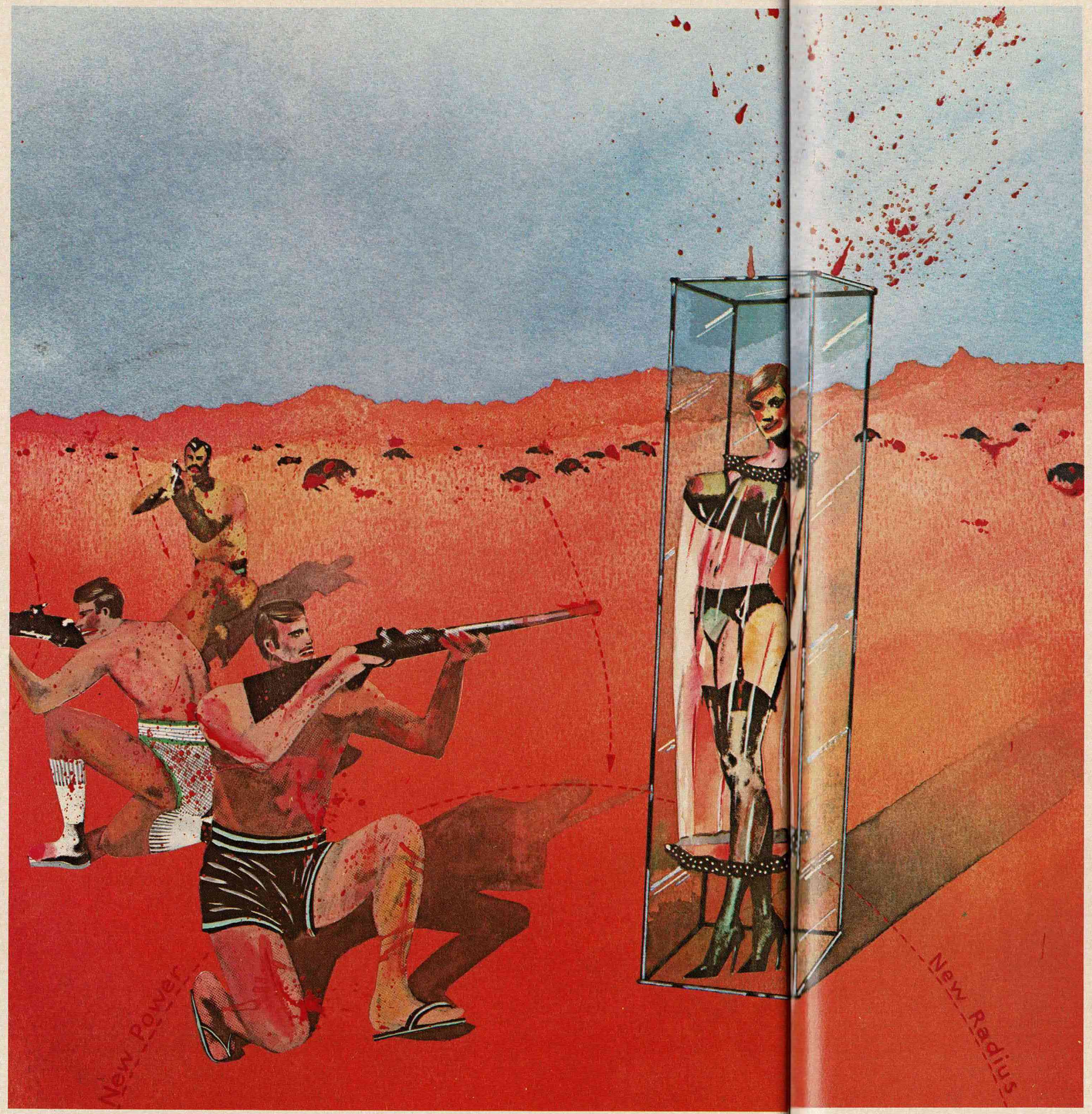
He has on a bright blue chintz shirt and white dishcloth shorts with self-belt ($42) as she snoozes away in her camel chintz muscle shirt and shorts ($40). Both tops are $36. By Lakiss.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY COLIN STEAD

Tarrying away the day in super-soft terry towelling, his dozing friend has on canary-colored shorts and a strapless top from Daily Planet for $10. He dreams of distant climes in brown Bombay bloomers ($40) and desert rust voile shirt ($36) by Lakiss. Daily Planet clothes are available from Cue (Sydney), Oggi (Perth), and Asia (Melbourne).

At last aroused, our beautiful dreamer is seen in a shocking pink pure silk singlet ($40, Lakiss) and imported black shorts from House of Merrivale ($38). Bringing his attention back to the subject at hand, the wistful traveller has on a pair of bright yellow chintz shorts with self-belt ($40, again by Lakiss). It looks as if our short story is coming to an end.

The dénouement of the tale comes in a blaze of bright red. Her pedal pushers ($25) and matching bra ($18) are a match for his chintz shorts ($40). The singlet costs $7.95 at all Army disposal stores. All Lakiss apparel available in Sydney at Clifford Gordon, and L'Uomo of Double Bay; Melbourne at Adam the Original; Brisbane at Bourbon St.; Adelaide at Capones; Perth at Zaks; Hobart at John-John's. Prices approximate.



THE SHOOTER

he never subscribed to the magazine, and he never meant to . . . fiction by robert macklin

IT HAPPENED again this morning. They did it to me again this morning. The swine. And I have their names: the Lorillard Publishing Group. Their managing director is R. B. Hannaford and their gun editor is Mick Hartley ("gun" editor; who is he kidding?) and they publish *The Shooter*, a monthly magazine, and they send it to me each month though I never ordered it. Never! If a man can be certain of anything, I'm certain of that. I have never ordered *The Shooter*.

There was a time, though, when I might have. I'll admit that. I'll go that far. Perhaps 20 years ago, when I was just a jackeroo here in Western Queensland. I liked guns then. I liked handling a gun, polishing the stock, lightly oiling the pull-through and squeezing it through the length of the barrel, then putting my eye to the business end and reaching down so that my thumbnail reflected at the other, checking to see there were no specks of dust left, nothing to interfere with the course of the bullet, nothing to divert it from the kill. Because, once the barrel was clean, really clean, and the action was oiled and the stock polished, I then held in my hands a weapon of great beauty, an instrument of enormous power. And when I loaded the brassy-gold bullets with their dark grey leaden tips into the breech and lifted the gun to my shoulder, I understood instantly what Freud meant when he talked about penis envy. I won't explain it, but a true shooter knows what I mean even better, I believe, than Freud himself. My range was suddenly extended. With the rifle at my shoulder I had dominance over a great circle of country of which I was the precise centre. Within my new radius I was God. It was an immense feeling.

I didn't analyse it. Not then. Afterwards, after it happened, I didn't think about it. Not for years. I blanked it out and was amazed at my ability to do so. Nothing crept through; not a thought, not even a dream, much less a nightmare.

There was a lot of talk in the district. Country people are like that. They'll chew a subject to death and, when it seems done, they'll regurgitate it like cows and grind away again. But I barely heard them, and when I did I said little and they were forced to become silent.

There was nothing I wanted to say. It was just another shooting trip. We were off in the Land Rover on a Sunday afternoon, shooting roos for their legs which we fed to the dogs. We did it in the evenings, after mustering sheep all day, but then it was just the three of us, the jackeroos, and we had a spotlight rigged up, and it was so powerful that any roo or fox or rabbit within 50 metres would be utterly dazzled by the beam. The animals would stand so still for so long that it seemed, through the sights of the rifle, that their hearts must have stopped beating already.

But, on Sunday afternoons, we didn't care all that much about the shooting either, because the girls were along. It was more a social event than a serious shoot. Which is not to say that we didn't take the actual shooting just as seriously. I mean, if we aimed at something, it was vitally important to hit it, because the girls were not only spectators, they were judges. If you aimed at something and failed to hit it, you were suddenly deflated in their eyes. Your potency was questionable. And when you're 16, potency is everything.

Potency might be the wrong word. Potency wasn't really a problem for me, not with Harriet or Beth, her kid sister. Just the reverse in fact.

On that particular day, we had all been to church in the early morning at Kellerton, and I had been sandwiched between them on one of the pews, and

Illustration by Art-O-Mat

throughout the service I was conscious of the way they were moving their bodies against me. Beth particularly. She had manoeuvred herself into the seat beside me. I couldn't avoid her without it being obvious.

Beth was 13. She was short and fat and even then, at 13, her breasts were fully developed with large, dark aureoles, though they sagged with their weight. Her eyes were big and very brown with a touch of blue in the whites. They were her best feature.

Harriet was four years older, a year older than me, almost as tall as me, a nice figure, an easy nature, generous disposition. I loved her, I think. I wanted to own her. She didn't mind.

But Beth was aggressive. Almost as soon as we were seated, her thigh began to rub against mine and then she moved her whole body closer, sliding on her own perspiration over the smooth polished pew.

I crossed my legs to avoid contact with her and edged away, and inevitably touched Harriet, who smiled down at her prayer book and responded by returning the pressure of my leg.

It would have been amusing were it not for the circumstances. Harriet had been away at school in Brisbane while Beth went to a local school and was at the property each weekend. The boss wanted it that way. He was a widower and he liked to have at least one of his girls nearby.

If he had chosen Harriet to stay in the district, there would have been no problem. Or if I'd been able to bunk with Roy and Carl in the jackeroos' hut it would have been avoidable. But I slept at one end of the homestead, and every night she was home she came padding down to my room after the boss had gone to sleep. To talk, she said. But I knew what she wanted. She made it very plain. She talked about herself and about her body beneath the brief, transparent nightdress.

When Harriet came home (for good, she said), Beth was a complication.

As sisters, they weren't genuinely close, though Harriet, in her innocence, believed they were. Simply because they were sisters. Beth was wiser. She instinctively understood the subtleties within the relationships — the boss, Harriet, herself and myself. She had known such things from birth. She played on them, cleverly and terrifyingly. The incident in the church was only one among dozens since Harriet had come home. The touch of her fat thigh was like warm porridge against my leg. When the service was over and we were all shuffling out, she rubbed her breasts against my back and I could hear her breathing.

We left the women at the church, as was the custom, and went through the back door of the pub where the graziers drank scotch and the jackeroos usually drank beer. I had a couple of Bundaberg rums with water and they tinkled against my eardrums.

The boss took the girls home, and Roy and Carl and I followed. After a quick lunch, we fuelled the Rover and started out along the fence lines.

Roy was driving. Carl and I and the girls were in the back. When we saw a roo or a rabbit, we would tap lightly on the tin roof and Roy would stop so we could take steady aim and make a quick, clean kill.

I had two rifles, a Hornet and an old single-shot .22, which was my favorite. It was a beautifully accurate weapon, and I began to make some good shots. I took a rabbit just behind the foreleg at 60 metres and all at once the radius around me became my realm.

We talked as we went along. At my suggestion, Harriet stood beside me, leaning on the roof as the Rover bounced over the track. This made it a bit of a crush for Carl, so he sat down in the well of the truck with Beth. But then she left him and came up in the wind with us and we didn't talk so much. It didn't inhibit her though. She chattered in a way which, to anyone else, would have seemed erratic. Unless you knew, as I did, it would have been difficult to discern a thread between her sentences. It was apparent to me, though. She was skirting the edges of her threat. Then we saw the emu.

There weren't many in the district. We might see half a dozen in a month's mustering. Carl chased them on his horse sometimes — whenever the boss wasn't around. He said he'd seen one of the O'Tooles ride one down, slip his boot out of the stirrup, pop the stirrup over the emu's head and down its neck, then wheel away at a gallop. The head and half the neck came away from the body, he said. The rest of the emu just kept on running.

We saw this one, and Roy stamped his foot on the accelerator. The emu had no chance because every few metres it would stop and make to break through the fence to safety, but then panic at the oncoming vehicle and start to run again.

Carl joined me at the roof and the girls scrambled to the back of the Rover where they sat and hung on for dear life as we sped through the bush.

Carl got off a couple of shots as we closed with it, but they seemed to miss. I was saving my single shot until we were close enough for me to be sure. I was on the fence side and I had the rifle to my shoulder and I knew the moment would come when it would be precisely where I wanted it in my sights, and I would simply squeeze the trigger. It was running fast now, head erect, really striding out. It would be difficult but I could do it. Then, unexpectedly, it stopped dead and ducked its head toward the space between the fence wires. It realised, I suppose, that it couldn't outrun the Rover. But the suddenness of the stop caught Roy by surprise and, though he hit the brakes as hard as he could, in a flash we had overrun it. It was just at the back of the Rover, struggling with the fence, and I wheeled and its big brown eye was in my sights for an instant of time which seemed to have no beginning and no end.

I squeezed the trigger and the eye disappeared and Beth opened her mouth very wide as if to scream. Her hands started to come up to her face and the hole which was her eye, but they didn't reach her face. They didn't even reach her breasts before she was dead. Then Harriet began to scream very loudly, and the emu untangled itself from the fence. It was through at last, running hard across the paddock, its legs pumping, safe.

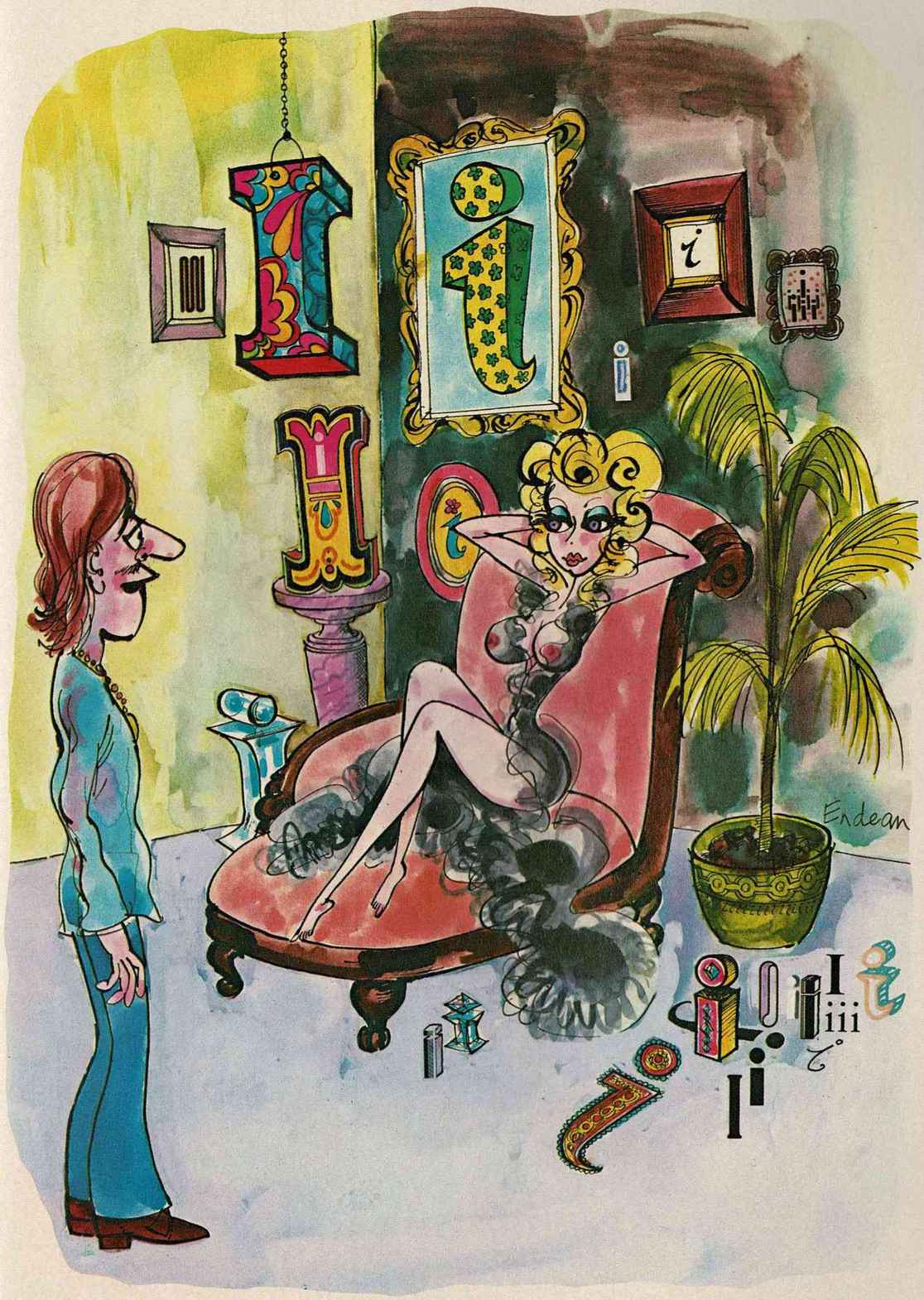
I had flattened the point of the .22-long the night before. It didn't help with accuracy, but it improved the killing power. It spread on impact. That was probably the reason it was in the Rover when it exited. It had no velocity left. Carl picked it up. He seemed to think it was important, like killing the snake which has bitten you and taking it with you to the hospital so that there can be no doubt about the appropriate antivenene. In this case, of course, there was no point to it at all.

He might as well have left it there.

Twenty years ago. Sometimes it feels as if it happened only last week. And on the days when they send me the magazine, I know that it's going to happen again, tonight, when the property is silent and the mist is rising from the dam and the swamp birds scream in the darkness.

I've written to the Lorillard Publishing Group and R. B. Hannaford, the managing director himself. I have tried to persuade him not to send me the magazine. I have pleaded with him. I have told him time and again that it was his *Australian Aviation* which I originally ordered from the catalogue, but he insists that the order was for *The Shooter* and that the computer couldn't have made a mistake. It's not true. Computers are just machines, aren't they?

They make me so angry. I'm almost tempted to order one of the rifles they advertise in their damned magazine and take matters into my own hands. But that attitude doesn't achieve anything. That's what Harriet keeps telling me, anyway.



"Has anyone told you you have beautiful I's?"

YOU WANNA BET?

in melbourne, they back more than the horses — from two-up to roulette, gambling is hot

By JOHN POWERS

THE FORBIDDEN intrigues and excites us. That which we can't see, don't know, or is not permitted contains overwhelming allure. Knocking on prohibited doors makes the heart pump faster. The thwarted adventurer inside us stirs. And when the doors open . . .

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At 10.30 on Friday night there's the scare of a police raid at Nappy Ollington's legendary two-up school, a kilometre from Melbourne's GPO. Within seconds, thousands of dollars disappear from the table Nappy's staff controls. Most of the hundred-odd gamblers who'd clustered around the spinner now jostle for positions near the billiards and table-tennis games. Others grab chairs at small tables and deal cards feverishly. Some stand in corners and vigorously debate the best methods of mowing lawns on rainy weekends. Solitary men read newspapers that are four days old. Everyone waits anxiously. Nappy's game has been raided 250 times and forced

Illustration by David Higgins

to find new locations at least 80 different times. Nobody wants to make another trip to Police Headquarters.

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Four kilometres away, in a room upstairs in a plush Toorak mansion, two brawling manilla players are prised apart as they fight each other over a snide accusation of cheating.

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At a rented house in sedate Kew, an overweight businessman with a sheen of panicky sweat upon his forehead pockets $2000 of gaming chips and moves decisively away from the roulette table of an illegal casino. He shakes his head adamantly as the croupier urges him to keep betting now that his luck has changed.

The $2000, the businessman says, has "just about" made him square on the night – which probably means it has reduced his losses to something manageable. But he's had a scare. He downs a whisky quickly and takes a deep breath. His eyes blink rapidly.

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At Nappy's, the doorman shakes his head at two intruders coming up the staircase. No, he tells them, there's no two-up game here. You must have the wrong address. This is a private club – a meeting place for lonely men. Somebody's tweaked your nose about the two-up. Kick him to death in the morning. Meanwhile, have a nice night somewhere else.

"They hunt me like I'm a gutter rat," Nappy complains bitterly about the Gaming Squad, while his staff reassemble the long table and replace the betting money, "yet all I do is run a two-up school – the fairest form of gambling in the world. And part of Australia's culture. *Synonymous* with Australia's culture! Your grandfather played it, and your father played it. So nobody's ever going to stamp out two-up, because it's a game almost every Australian loves to play. And it really does have magic. Just look around you!"

He waves proudly at the eager-eyed sportsmen who surround the new spinner as he moves forward to toss. The room becomes hushed. There's a hum of expectation as the spinner checks the balance of the two coins – 1918 George V pennies, one tails up and the other heads up – on the edge of his kip. He gauges the height of the Union Jack nailed to the ceiling. He's maybe pitched a thousand times, but he still makes these visual calculations. Then his arm dips slowly and rises quickly. The coins fly upwards – both must strike the flag for the throw to be legitimate – and the spinner leaps aside as they fall.

If there's a decision – two heads or two tails – there's a scramble to the winners' side of the long table. Nappy's staff – several of them young and promising prizefighters – pay out the winnings from the stacks of $2, $5, $10, $20 and $50 notes in front of them.

Nappy breathes a deep lungful of the smoky air as he observes the pushing and shoving around his table. He beams as he listens to the excited chatter he's generated by defying the law and keeping his game a permanent part of Melbourne's sporting scene. "Out there," he points, derisively, indicating the rest of the city, "you've got murders in the massage parlors . . . you've got kid prostitutes . . . you've got heroin pushers. You've got porno movies and live sex acts on stage. *They're* legitimate! And if you want to bet, you can go to TABs, and Tattslotto, and bingo halls – all with the odds phenomenally against you winning. Yet I'm treated as a criminal. And what do I do? I spin two coins and give you a fair go. Does it make sense?"

Not to two-up enthusiasts. Under the "Sydney way" rules that Nappy plays, his "house" takes five percent of winnings, plus 100 percent of losses which, according to the probability theorist, Michael Long, ensures that an average of 97½ percent of money bet on each spin goes back to the gamblers. That's a more enticing prospect than the returns that *Choice* magazine's July 1979 issue claims legitimate forms of gambling offer:

Pools – 40 percent
Lotto – 60 percent
Instant Money Game – 60 percent
Bingo – 75 percent
Poker Machines – 78-80 percent
TAB – 85½ percent

Choice concluded: " . . . if anyone is in the grip of gambling fever, it is Australia's State Treasuries."

"Gamblers," the former Footscray footballer declares thoughtfully, "are strangely mixed-up, odd blokes. They haven't got goals. Even if a gambler wins five or six thousand dollars, he's still chasing. He doesn't know *what* he's chasing, but he is always there, pitching. I think he's more content when he's broke . . . starting the chase all over again. The chase to nowhere."

A 40-ish blade wearing an ostentatiously expensive suit enters the converted warehouse and joins a group of friends on the edge of the ring. He's clutching a wad of $50 notes in his left hand. "I just want one result," he tells his friends confidently. He watches the game for several minutes, trying to read a pattern in the fluctuating fall of the coins. Then his moment comes and he rushes to the table and lays the whole of his wad on tails.

The prizefighter offered the money flicks a glance at Nappy. This bet's big – $1000 that the fighter checks as fast and professionally as any bank teller – and needs the boss's approval. Nappy nods acceptance. The coins fly and land tails. The blade, showing a lot of teeth now, collects both his stake and winnings, pats several shoulders encouragingly, and exits immediately into the night.

Other men drag harshly on their cigarettes as they watch him go. One hit. That's the way to do it if you're brave enough.

Nappy nods admiringly. "Other blokes get thousands in front," he says, "and still don't know that money in their hands up here might just as well be beans or carrots. It's only when you hit the pavement, get on the streets outside, that it turns into real money.

"When kids of 18 or 19 come up here for a bet, I take them aside and tell them: 'Look at that bloke over there, son. He's been playing this game for 40 years and hasn't mastered it. And see that other one. He has been at it for 30 years. And look at them . . . *look* at them! If they can't beat it in 30 or 40 years, how can you beat it? So get the hell out of here. Have some fun. Lift up a few skirts. Enjoy your money. Then, if you still want to try your luck at two-up, come back when you're 25."

The game flows smoothly.

"Lay your bets, cobbers!" the ringmaster urges as he paces around the inner circle, signalling the players to move back and leave space for the pennies to hit the floor and roll without striking people's feet and causing a disputed result. "Lay your bets. Get them down."

And sitting unobtrusively at the side of the ring, scrawling an O or an X on a notepad as each pair of heads or tails fall, is Harry, who's one of the old-timers Nappy uses as a tragic warning to youngsters. He's working out a new system.

"There are a million systems," Harry confides, "and they *all* work . . . until you put money on them." He chuckles, and the chuckle splutters into a wheezing smoker's cough at the irony of proven results meaning nothing when they're put to the real test of being backed by cash.

"I've played this game all my life," Harry admits, lighting a new cigarette from the stub of the old one. "It hasn't ever got me into big trouble, but it's kept me poor." Harry doesn't bet much now. He comes for the atmosphere and to be among friends. He's nearly 80, shabbily dressed, but still thrilled by the compulsiveness of hooked two-up players. "Desperate men do desperate things," he says. "And I like being around when the desperadoes throw down their last hundred on a spin. And the good ones never howl if they lose. But to me that's gutsy – risking your last hundred on two pennies spinning in the air. *Gutsy*!"

At two o'clock in the morning, Nappy decides most of the important money's gone, so he signals that the night's over. The "house's" money is stuffed into worn satchels, and the ringmaster, who's surrounded by the intimidating bulk of Nappy's staff, strides quickly to the exit.

The night ends as it began, with the "old" or "Melbourne" style game being played – my $10 against your $10, or my $20 against your $20. Traditional two-up. Maybe play will go on until dawn. It'll go on for as long as there's someone to spin the pennies and someone who says the spinner can't "head" them.

•

Serious gamblers – men wagering large sums four or five nights a week – visit Nappy's for a change of pace or to enjoy a few hours of raucous fun before moving on to heavier scenes.

A 15-minute drive from Nappy's place takes them to a floating casino, constantly changing its location of operation to avoid the remorseless tracking of the Gaming Squad. But the regulars are kept informed of each move. They always know where to find the action.

Here it's all first class.

The cut of the suits and the casualness and regularity with which hundreds of dollars are risked on each turn of the cards or spin of the wheel suggest a predominance of six-figure incomes. And it's because so many of these men are well-known in their professions and socially that the casino floats so regularly to new locations. Security must be guaranteed. Nobody playing here wants his name in *Truth*. So the $6000 of gaming equipment is shifted continually to new addresses.

Somebody from the management welcomes you at the door with all the affability of a head waiter at a silver-service restaurant. Hands are shaken and salutations exchanged. Everything, from the moment you enter, reflects the polish that big money commands and expects.

Smiles remain constant as you're led into the gaming room. A hostess takes your drink order. Another hostess offers you a selection of sandwiches. And you're advised that, when you're ready to gamble, chips can be purchased at an office in the hall. Then you're wished the best of luck and a pleasant evening.

Very civilised. But the atmosphere of the gaming room is leaden. Not a trace of sparkle.

The most animated sounds come from the croupiers, the Wrest Point-trained young men in dinner suits who keep their smiles flashing as they deal cards at the blackjack tables or spin the roulette wheel.

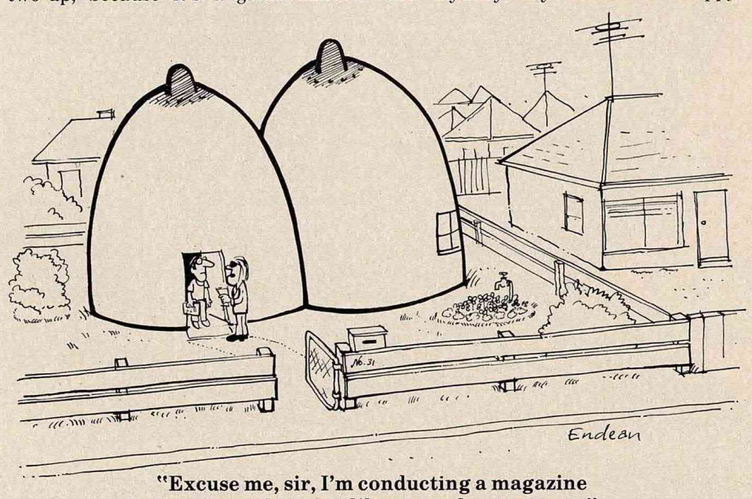
About 30 people wander, dispirited, between the blackjack and roulette tables. Most carry drinks, but few of them talk. A malaise of the affluent is that so few things remain capable of rousing their excitement; $1000 won or lost, what the hell? That seems to be the attitude. They can drop $100 on each of a sequence of roulette spins without giving any outward sign of concern. And they don't yell, or look ready to turn cartwheels – as Nappy's spinners often do – when they hit a winner. Emotion, one is given the impression, would be looked upon as naïvety here.

The young blackjack croupier keeps trying to win a smile by praising the gamblers' judgment every time they hold low cards and the "house" breaks. When they're wrong, and lose, he pulls a tortured face, as if it's hurting him to take their money. But none of them ever seems to look at him – just at his fingers as he turns the cards.

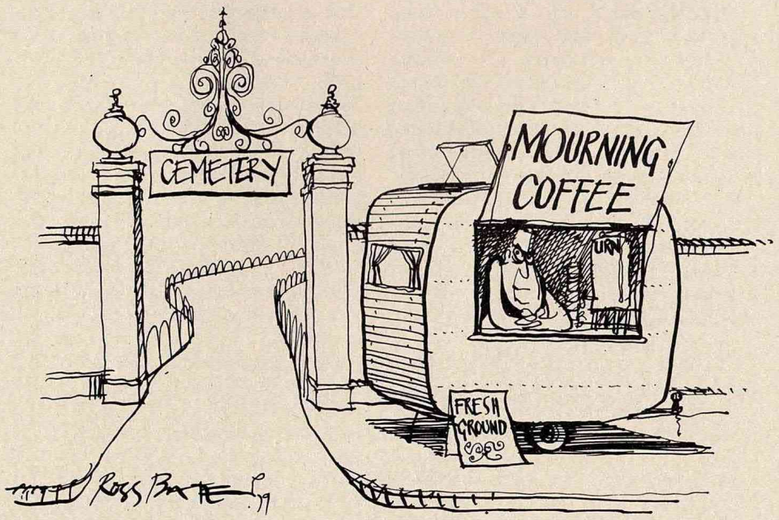
"Do you win when you play the game yourself?" you ask him when he takes a break from dealing. He says he refuses to gamble. Why? Because gamblers are fools. All gamblers. And most of them are pretty despicable people into the bargain.

"Feel sorry for them? No. I never feel sorry for them. I'm sorry for their wives and families, but never for *them*! Why should I be? They're not just there for a night's fun, they're there to break us. Just getting a few dollars in front wouldn't be good enough for them. They want to send us into the streets with no backsides in our pants. *That's* what they want! So I never feel a thing when it's their last 10 dollars they're losing, because I know if it was our last 10 dollars, they'd laugh in our faces as they snapped it up."

That's probably the most important lesson these dapper young men learn at Wrest Point – treat the gambler as your enemy. Never pity him, not even



"Excuse me, sir, I'm conducting a magazine survey on what men like most about women."



during the final bayonet charge. Think of him as he really is – a potential stealer of your livelihood.

•

In the back room of a South Yarra house, two of seven players go through the showdown moments of a hand of manilla, a popular high-stakes variation of straight draw poker.

"Henry's" two "hidden" or "holding" cards – dealt to him face down, and therefore of unknown value to anyone else – are the seven of clubs and the jack of clubs. In the centre of the table, lying face up, are the five "community" cards: the four of hearts, nine of hearts, eight of clubs, 10 of hearts, and 10 of clubs.

As each of these "community" cards was dealt – each altering the actual or potential strength of everyone's hand – the five retired players decided that the escalating stakes indicated power their own hands couldn't match. They threw in their cards, and forfeited whatever money they added to the pot. So now, smoking cigarettes or sipping their drinks, they wait to see whether the wagers will rise dramatically or one of the remaining two will crack.

Henry, having combined his two holding cards with any three of the community cards, holds a run of seven-to-jack. Good. Worth backing. But vulnerable. He'd hoped for a flush of clubs. A moment earlier, testing "Max" – his sole opponent – Henry doubled Max's $160 bet by raising the wager to $320. Max instantaneously doubled again – to $640. Without hesitation. Without a twitch or a blink of an eye. Urgently.

Assessing the possibilities of Max's "hidden" cards gave Henry little encouragement. A jack and queen of anything gave him a higher run. Two hearts gave him a flush. A 10 and either an eight, nine, or four gave him a full house. So did a pair of either fours, eights, or nines. And a pair of 10s gave his foe four-of-a-kind. All winning options. And he looked so confident.

Bluffing? He might be. Max often bluffed. But $320 is substantial money to pay just to be sure you're not being conned. Henry's fingers tap the tabletop indecisively. He's conscious of everyone waiting, but he's also conscious that it's his money at stake, not theirs. He'd lost a couple of hundred dollars earlier in the night and an additional $640 on a not-very-powerful hand, with so many obvious winning combinations possibly against him, suddenly seems ridiculous.

He throws in his two cards, declining the option of paying the extra $320 to see Max's hand. Everyone around the table relaxes as the dealer scoops and begins to count the pile of notes, a pot exceeding $1000. He will take three percent for "the shop" before giving Max the balance. But, as the dealer counts the money, Max does the unforgivable – he flashes his two hidden cards for everyone to see. A jack of hearts and a king of diamonds. Worthless. He's bluffed his way to victory. Henry's been conned.

Two hands later Henry hikes the betting sharply from $100 to $200 when the last community card is dealt him. He's called and immediately, almost being petulant, throws in his two hidden cards. His bluff failed. Everyone's expecting him to bluff now. He's flushed, obviously agitated. He's hungry for blood – anyone's blood.

Ten minutes later, two men grip his arms and try to stop him overturning the table to fight "Bob", who, he claims, signalled "Joe" a message about the betting strength of his hand.

Denials won't help. Nothing but this explosion of rage, this purgation of wounded machismo pride, can save Henry from a spate of maniacal, irresponsible betting . . . a counter-bravado . . . a sequence of silly bets to prove that he's not crushed, not intimidated. The sort of betting that could ruin him.

The men pinning his arms whisper rapidly, soothingly. They understand that the important thing, whether you're winning or losing, is that it be done with dignity, with style. Ego rates above money to manilla players.

•

Living quietly and unpretentiously deep in suburbia, "Mr X", prosperously retired during his 60s after a life of successful professional gambling, estimates that fewer than one percent of gamblers are long-term winners. The other 99 percent have lucky days, even lucky streaks, but in the end they must inevitably lose.

The system beats them, the system that ensures whoever they're betting against – be it the Government, the bookmakers, or "the house" – always holds "the edge". To win consistently, he believes, you've got to evolve and develop a counter-system or method – based on reliable statistics, odds, and an understanding of the laws of probabilities – that reverses everything traditional and shifts that vital "winning edge" to your favor.

That knowledge requires "very, very hard work". It involves years of trial and error, then the acquisition of sufficient capital to weather the inevitable bad week, or bad month. But once you've gained that "edge", you'll win consistently.

"The unscientific gambler," he states categorically, "has no chance at all" of long-term success. None.

In order to reach his position of invulnerability, Mr X took many risks, suffered set-backs, and devoted the bulk of his leisure time through his 40s and 50s to perfecting his method.

"I suppose, in wanting to prove myself, I deliberately looked at fields that seemed impossible. I suppose that's what motivated me toward gambling in the first place. People would have to admit I was successful if I made it in a field where success is almost impossible."

Now he's done that – achieved the impossible. But is he happy? "Maybe that needs a psychiatrist to understand," he concedes. He remains baffled. Still mixed-up. Still "chasing a rainbow". "But the same situation would surely apply to other successful men," he speculates. "If anyone was affluent, but still hadn't found the answers, and couldn't say he was happy with his life, he'd be a chaser – whether he was a gambler or not. So I guess, after all, I still haven't wound up very different from anybody else."

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The man chasing "the chasers" is Inspector E. W. Cartwright of the Licensing, Gaming and Vice Squad.

Cartwright directs a 35-man team of officers from a fifth-floor office at Russell Street Police Headquarters, referring constantly to his bible – the Lotteries Gaming and Betting Act 1966 – as telephone inquiries from his men in the field pepper his day.

Inspector Cartwright knows most of the leading operators in the various forms of illegal gambling. And he relishes hearing that those operators are very aware of him.

He personally likes a lot of the men he hounds. "They're average citizens, decent fellows," he concedes genially, "but as long as they continue making an illegal living, they'll have me on their tails."

He wears a tie-pin with a magnum revolver at its centre and declines, courteously, to reveal the number of raids and prosecutions his 35 men have achieved in recent months. But the heat on illegal gambling, he admits, has increased. "We're performing quite well," he says guardedly.

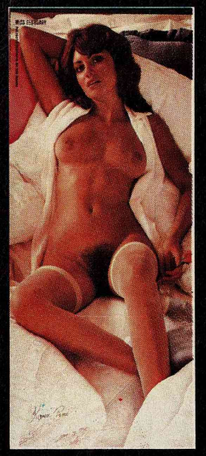
The illegal gamblers themselves believe that the increased pressure from the Gaming Squad is politically motivated. The Government, they're convinced, wants to crush alternative venues for gambling before the proposed legal casino opens in 1982.

But Inspector Cartwright scoffs at this notion. "Doing something illegally adds a dimension of thrill that some people enjoy. And the illegal operators won't give up lucrative enterprises just because the Government enters the field. That's not human nature!"

PLAYMATE ROUNDUP

as we enter our second year, it's timely to take a lingering look at our first 12 playmates, the delectable ladies who hid nothing to share all with our many loyal readers – so sit back and allow these pages to rekindle memories of some of the most beautiful and exciting pictures published in australia

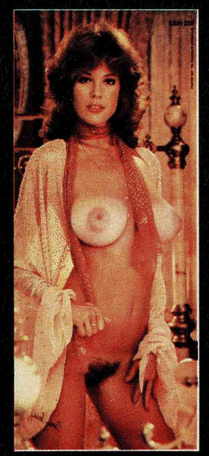
Photograph by Rico Mettbach



KAREN PINI
FEBRUARY

"As a model, I am not a plastic dummy. I am my own person. I have emotions and feelings like anyone else."

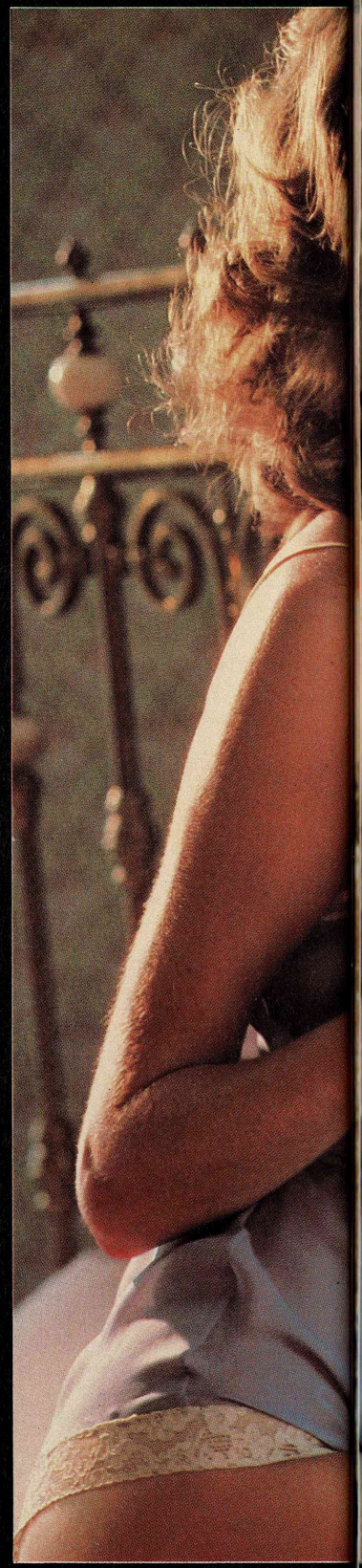
Photography by
Rico Mettbach

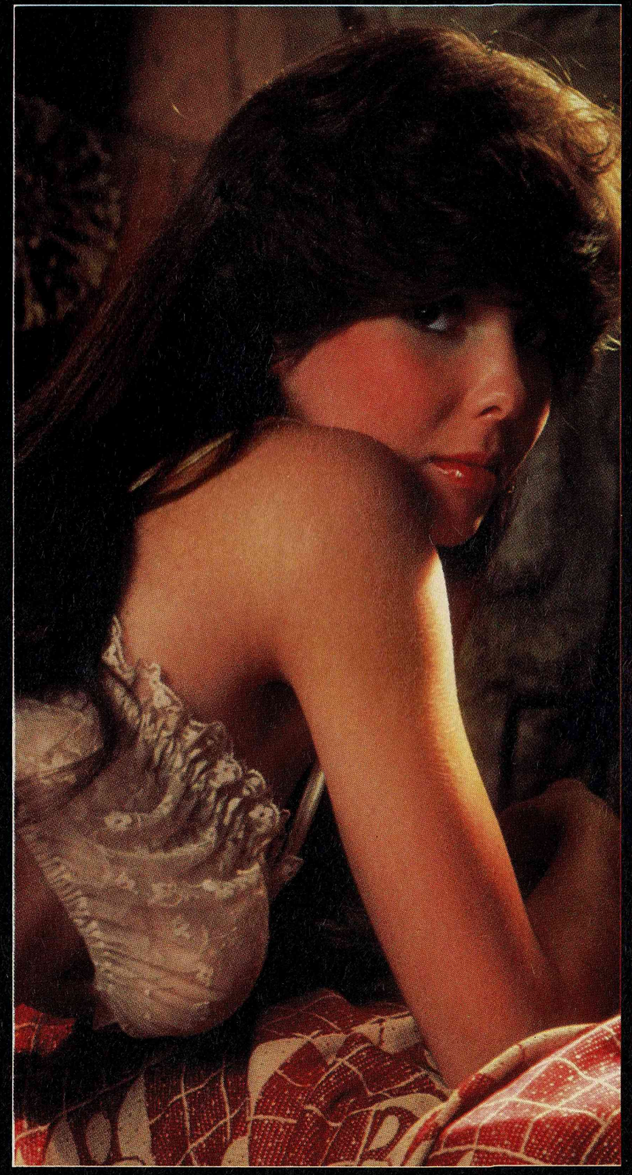


CANDY LOVING
MARCH

"I had long, skinny legs in school. I looked funny. Then I developed breasts. I thought: now I've got these to deal with. But it has worked out very well."

Photography by
Dwight Hooker

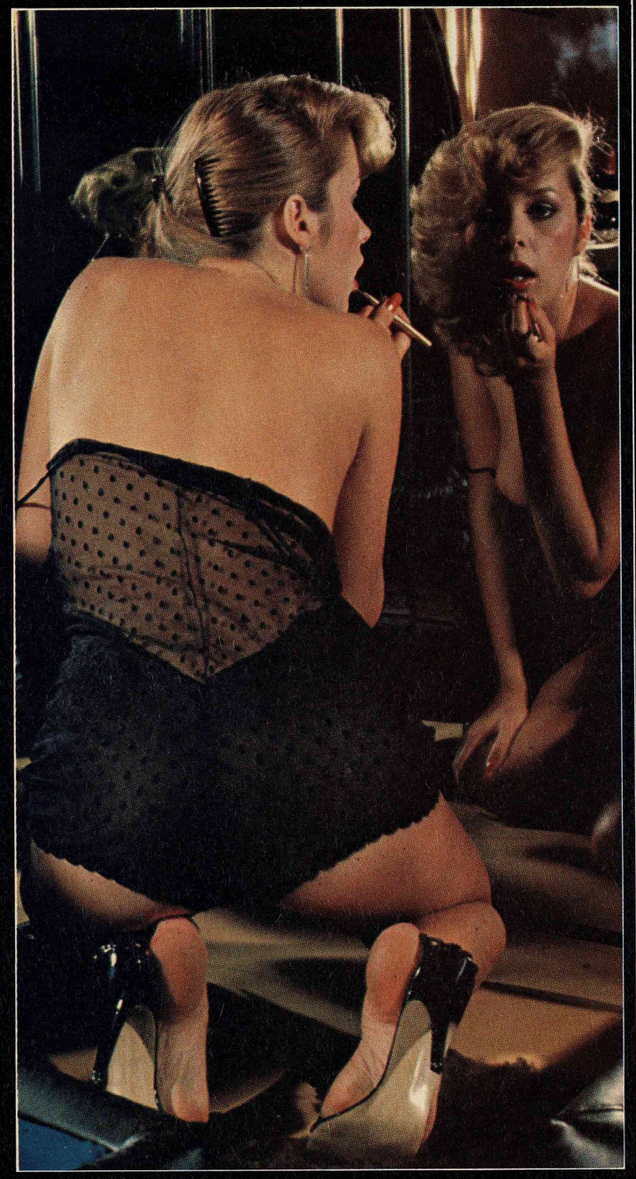




DENISE McCONNELL
APRIL

"I'm loyal, really loyal to my boyfriend. I look around, sure, but I really couldn't cope with infidelity. There would be too much guilt built up inside me."

Photography by Nicholas Desciose
and Pompeo Posar



DEBORAH LEIGH MAY

"Cities are full of poseurs and pushers — and they are really about as sensual as a scratched record."

Photography by Rico Mettbach

KAREEN MICHELE JUNE

"I will not be satisfied or feel that I am whole until I have experienced everything that I can possibly see and do."

Photography by Rico Mettbach

LYNNE LARNER JULY

"I like to wear the sort of clothes that let me feel absolutely free. My favorite material is silk — I just can't resist its soft touch."

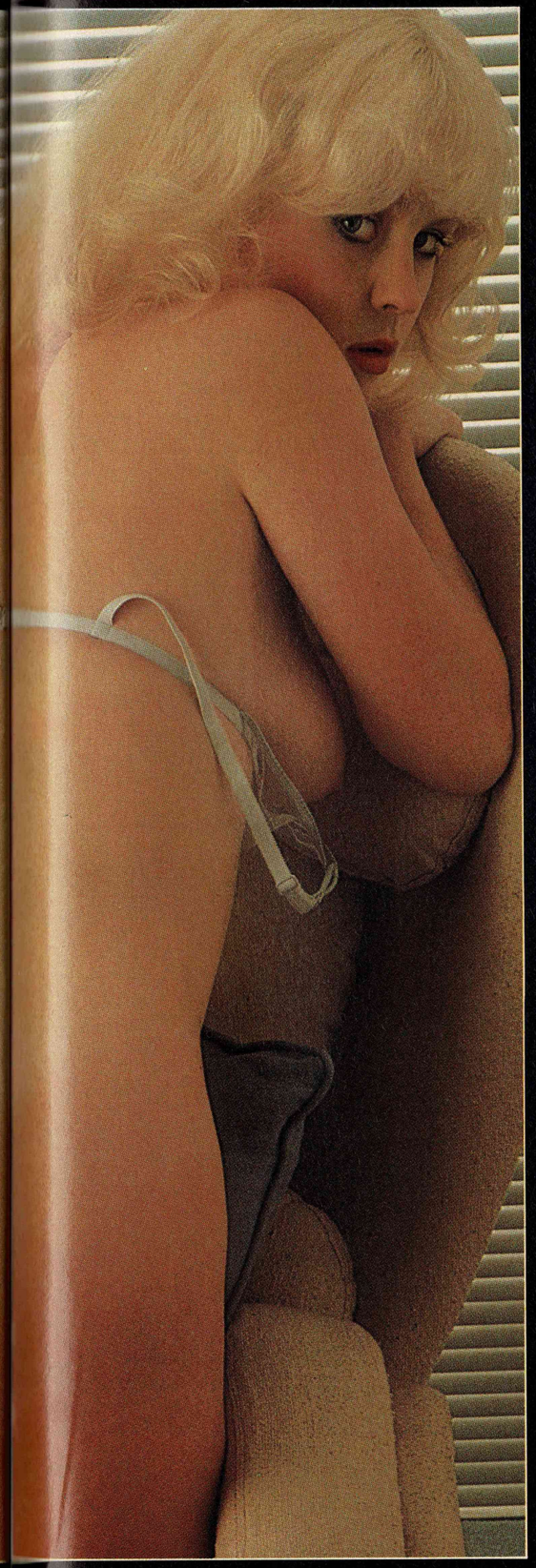
Photography by Colin Stead and Dominique Longheon

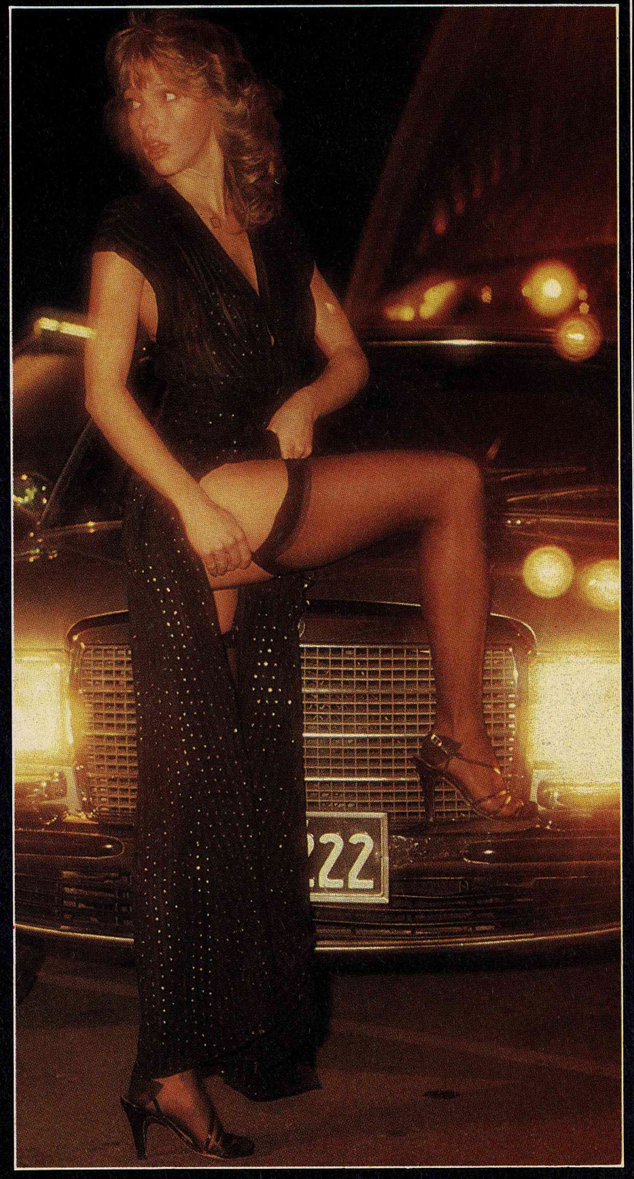
JULIE LAMBERT
AUGUST
"I'm quick-tempered and emotional, but the people who know me best find me a loyal friend and an even more loyal lover."

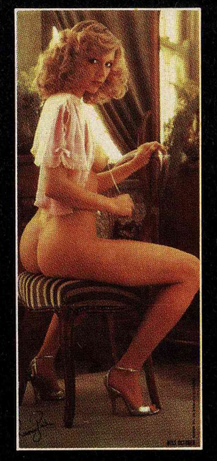
Photography by Rico Mettbach and Denis Scott

KYLIE FOSTER
SEPTEMBER
"I have to be free to lead my own life, but more than anything else in life I want to love someone and to be loved by him in return."

Photography by Denis Scott

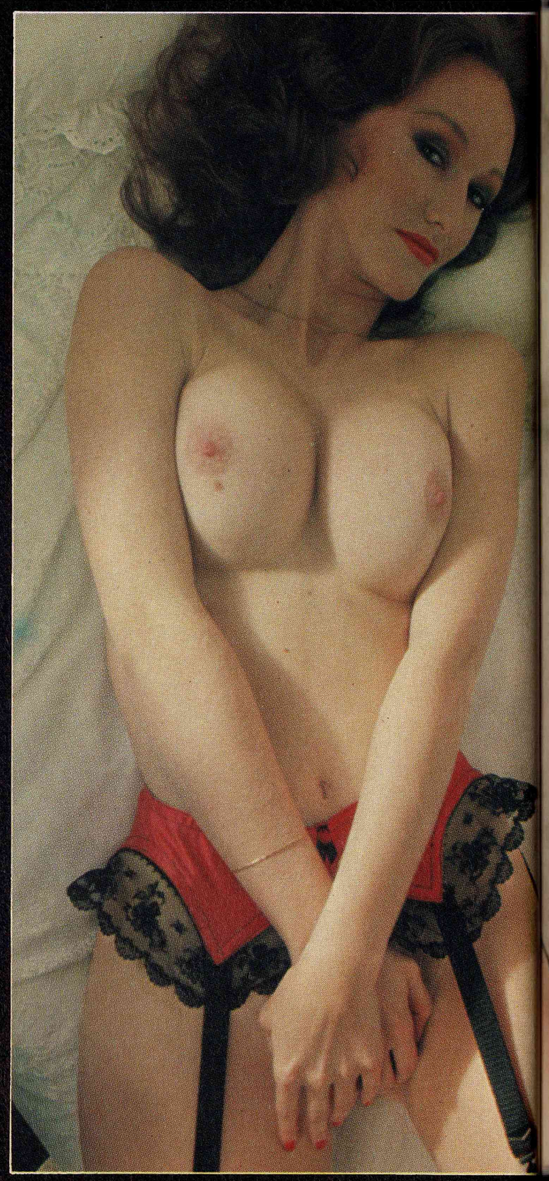






ROSEMARY PAUL
OCTOBER
"If a man turns me on he needn't worry about seducing me. I'll take the initiative. I'll get him into bed before he knows what's happening."

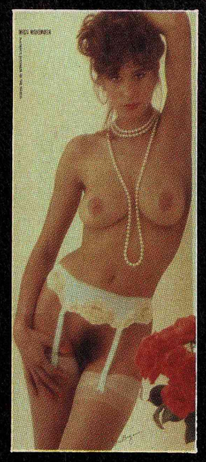
Photography by Denis Scott and Rico Mettbach



SHARON MULLIGAN
NOVEMBER

"You hear a lot of stories about convent girls let loose in the world. To a certain extent they're true, but I'm really a very moral person, not at all modern."

Photography by
Denis Scott



ANGELA McCARTNEY
DECEMBER

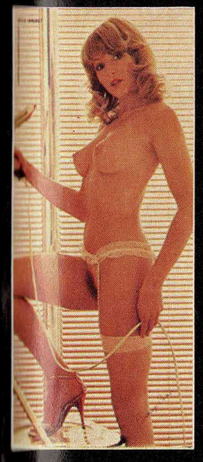
"I like a man who is prepared to talk to me, but he must take care of my physical needs as well. Making love is a fun thing."

Photography by
Denis Scott

BRONWYN PARKER
JANUARY

"I respect people who take care of their bodies. I detest people who abuse their bodies with too many drinks, drugs and food."

Photography by
Rico Mettbach



Conservative

THE QUIET REVOLUTION

"small is beautiful" – that's the rallying cry sounded by new conservatives weary of hearing that big is better

By MAX HARRIS

LET US suppose that it was our noble ideal to assist Indonesia from Third World status to Second World. The last thing we'd do would be to establish a massive steel manufacturing plant on the outskirts of Jakarta. It would be idiotic, because the material benefits would be

Illustration by Giosephine Coppini

more than cancelled out by the human ecological costs and consequences. The urban crowding, the health and education problems, the anarchy produced by such a grotesque mass of humanity would be exacerbated. Who wants to help build another Calcutta?

The problem of cities dying of sheer cancerous growth is not new, either to the developed or the under-developed world. In the former, planners have dealt with the problem by means of programs of decentralisation. Largely, this hasn't worked. People tend to live sterile lives in soulless satellite estates. They lose their sense of community.

As decentralisation failed to answer the problems of a high technology age, the late E. F. Schumacher pioneered and championed a philosophy in praise of small technologies.

And it will be seen, to the surprise of radical trendies who rallied to the simple notions of smallness, that Schumacher is at the spiritual heart of a passionate and crusading neo-conservatism which is spreading furiously throughout Western democratic communities. Suddenly, and unexpectedly, the philosophy of Labor – democratic socialism – has come to be seen as reactionary, backward, sterile and contrary to the entire ideal of society as a facility for the self-realisation of the individual. The new conservatism, with its ideas of small government and its emphasis on the individual rather than the collectivised entity of State, trade union or corporation, is dynamic, forward-looking, an aggressive and progressive political philosophy. Ideals and moral imperatives have returned to politics. People have responded because material security has been rendered meaningless in terms of the modern experience, unless it has also been associated with a feeling of having achieved individual worth.

Schumacher would have been startled to have found his radical philosophy taken up within the context of a new conservatism. His primary concern wasn't with the politics of parliamentary democracies at all, but with the creation of a proper evolutionary harmony between the Third World and modern technology.

When he produced his famous dictum that "small is beautiful", he was thinking how the cash-crop peasants of Asia and Africa could be brought to a basic level of material well-being without destroying their cultural integrity, how to offer them technological development without demanding the appalling price of cultural and often ethnic destruction.

Schumacher propagated an impassioned advocacy of small technologies. Like most formative ideas, his was as simple and it was self-evident. The Indonesians, for example, don't need hydro-electric projects. They need tens and thousands of small village generators. They don't need rapid-transit rail systems. They need bicycles. They can't have a free and highly efficient national health service at this period of development. Clean water alone would have a revolutionary effect on health and life expectancy.

It's a simple theory of gradualism at first sight. And it makes sense. Big technologies destroy vibrant human societies; small technologies contribute to their innate qualities.

I don't think Schumacher expected that his belief in the beauty of smallness would be taken up by advanced Western societies and turned into a political and moral ideal. After all, advanced societies work by virtue of large and sophisticated technologies. There's no turning back to horse and buggy, sailing ships, and simple village social patterns. And indeed there is no reason for developed societies to oppose convulsive technological innovation. In the industrial sense, big can be more beautiful than small. It would be beautiful if safe nuclear power plants eliminated the need for human beings to spend a third of their working lives digging for coal.

But that which is technologically big can *be small and beautiful in terms of the individual. That is the new conservatism.*

What has come close to destroying the sense of personal worth to which most of us aspire has not been technology, nor industrialism, nor, of itself, the repetitive production line. We have not structured modern society to focus on the self-realising potential of the individual. God's eye is on the sparrow. This is probably the most instructive aphorism in biblical literature. But are the eyes of governments on the sparrow? Do trade union power-mongers serve a collection of individuals, or manipulate the entity termed the "rank and file"?

But that which is technologically big *can* be small and beautiful in terms of the individual and his identity. That is the crux of the great crusade begun in the late 1970s. That is the heart of the new conservatism.

•

When we come to hard politics, it's paradoxical that this should have become the crusading cause of conservative parties of one kind and another. Because of the emphasis on the self-realising of the individual, it would seem to be in line with the concept of the Welfare State. It would not seem antipathetic to Labor Party values. Yet it is. Interpreted another way, the ideal aims to reveal the wholly acceptable face of capitalist social democracy. The ideal of Labor, insofar as the ideal survives at all in its traditional form, is to achieve the acceptable face of collectivism.

Communist control of a collectivised State leads to the biggest power entity that man can devise. Big it is, but not beautiful. Perhaps it can bring certain forms of economic justice, as in China, but the price is appalling. Who in the West would wish to abnegate his individualism to become a worker-ant for the all-powerful State?

The Labor Party in Australia certainly isn't seeking such a destiny for the Australian people – so long as the moderate line holds against radicalist insurgency. Labor still pursues a mixed economy, in which government grows bigger but doesn't take over completely. It aims for partial collectivisation in those areas in which collectivisation serves the interests of the individual.

The trouble is that Labor has reached that goal, in many ways has passed the optimum point, and it has nowhere else to go. In Australia and Britain, Labor can make two choices. It can be the pragmatic party, maintaining and managing the status quo, which was the role conservatives played in the old days. But this means the increasing petrifaction of the Labor cause. The vast grass-roots feeling is for less big government, the humanising of both public and private institutions, for reduced collectivisation. This, for Labor, is a contradiction in terms.

The second option is equally invidious. The Labor movement can be taken over and dominated by the fanatic zeal of those power-mongers who still pursue, in the face of overwhelming communal dissent, the huge Corporate State and ever more omnivorous forms of collectivisation.

Our model for this alarming prospect, a Labor Party torn apart by the conflict of the two ideologies, is to be found in contemporary Britain. The ruthless, plausible, smooth, but blindly zealous Tony Benn, backed by the dominance of the trade union Left, is inexorably moving toward control of Labor's destiny. For a time, the moderate parliamentary Labor forces will operate as a convenient front but, by the time the next elections come round in the UK, the voting choice may well be between the new progressive conservatism and the naked forces of full-blooded collectivist socialism. For the people, that would be no choice at all. Labor will cease to be a civilised alternative at the polls.

In two elections, Malcolm Fraser directed the Australian electorate only vaguely toward a set of social ideals. His platform essentially concentrated on the economic desirability of lower public spending and higher private investment as the path to greater growth and national productivity.

He was elected simply because of his economic tactics, which accorded with what people felt, and because people rejected the gathering weight of the Labor Party's collectivisation.

So far in Australia, we have only seen the new philosophy in last year's State elections in South Australia. There, the concept of a completed welfare bureaucracy had reached satiation. In 10 uninterrupted years, Don Dunstan had achieved almost everything in the way of State intervention possible – from women's rights, homosexual liberation, workers' participation, trade union special rights and powers, decriminalisation of petty social offences. The maximum scale of State paternalism had been reached. The only way to go forward was to go overboard, or, to work to Dunstan's moderate mixed-economy beliefs, merely to hold the status quo against the gathering strength of the full-blooded extremists.

David Tonkin saw the chance. Public feeling, especially within the large ethnic population, was in favor of reducing paternalism. The time had come for the individual to protest at being merely a cipher in the community mass, an abstraction to be governed in the general interest from cradle to grave. The result was one of the more startling reversals of the traditional voting pattern in modern Australian political history. The corporate or collectivist notion of the individual had been rejected by the people.

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How has this philosophy emerged as a popular ideal? Ordinary people aren't social philosophers, so how have they learned that small is beautiful?

The feelings against scale and impersonality have developed simply out of everyday experience, therefore it is instructive to raise a few rather commonplace examples.

The ordinary householder is firmly convinced that the excessive use of computers leads to inefficiency and to frustration because it relates the impersonality of the machine to essentially personal situations.

People are threatened in Britain with having gas cut off, even though they have already paid their gas bills. The computer inexorably goes through its deadly motions, even though it can't digest the information to produce a sensible set of procedures. Things were more efficient when people wrote up ledgers with quill pens.

Ordinary people tend to feel that large-scale structures are prone to be humanly inefficient and excessively costly because of scale. No matter what the statisticians might say, people have lived long enough with large-sized consumer institutions to be convinced that the age of the corner grocery was more efficient and less expensive than the supermarket. If you add the costs of travel, petrol, earning time lost and the investment income lost to impulse buying, it would turn out that the lower prices offered through bulk-buying in supermarkets almost certainly cost more than the grocery order you once phoned through to your neighborhood store, and which a boy delivered on a bicycle.

The first step toward the new conservatism, to summarise, involves the idea that, in the basics of daily living, we are best served by a system in which people deal with people.

This is already happening in the consumer field. The shopping mall is replacing the monolithic department store. The boutique flourishes. The giant do-it-yourself vending institutions are disappearing.

Is the same thing happening in the management of the bureaucratic institutions of the State itself? It is one thing to practise economies in government spending, but will reduced manning result in an even more tightly dehumanised set of hierarchical procedures? The elimination of public service waste is a simple economic program, but it doesn't deal with the central ideal of the new conservatism.

The chequered history of the Redfern Mail Exchange exemplifies this predicament. Government thought that scale and mechanisation would lead to greater efficiency, so they devised a kind of environmental Sing Sing. But the nature of postal work is one that involves people commanding the services of people. After a long fiasco, it became obvious that postal procedures operate best through smaller decentralised processes. Not only does a smaller scale system work better, it also changes the relationship of the worker to his work. It seems historically insane that the postal institution rather than the coal-mining or metal-working industries should produce the most bloodyminded, radical and demoralised of working units.

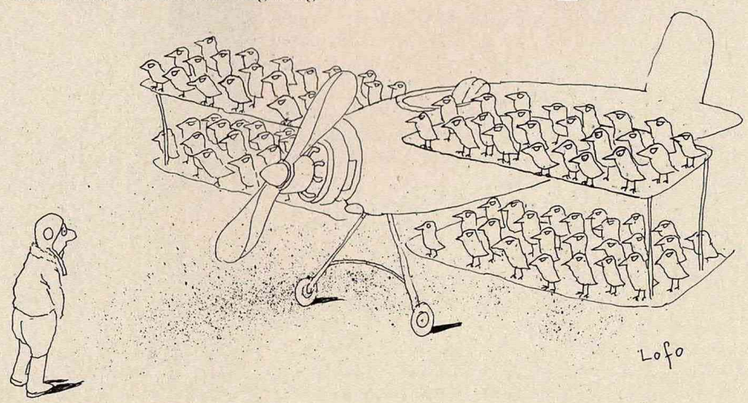
But most governmental authorities can't be changed from big to small.

And here's the central core of what it's all about. "Small is beautiful" is a state of mind. You can't, in many circumstances, alter scale. But you can humanise and personalise it. You can break down abstract hierarchical structures. You can return to the individual responsibility, authority, dignity and a degree of autonomy in the task he performs. You can't do it on a GM-H production line within a week – only as a long-term technological ideal. But you can do it in the workings of the public sector. Governments can humanise government.

It's not airy-fairy nonsense to sell the moral ideal of making society work in a more human and individual way. It's not that each individual dreams of self-realisation in heroic terms. He simply wants to feel like a real person. He doesn't want to feel he is either the captive rank or the slavish file of an autocratic trade union. He doesn't want to be manipulated in his own "best interests" by the politicians of a paternalistic State.

He wants institutions to serve him, not manage him. The idealism of the new conservatism is quite practical. The program will begin to work when implanted collectivist attitudes are bred out of the social system.

It is not a big revolution. That's the beauty of it. It's a simple social change. And it is achievable.



The INNOCENT BILLIONAIRE

all he ever wanted was to be left alone, but everything seemed to go wrong — even his divorce

fiction **By JEROME BARKER**

WHEN IT was over, all five seconds of the meeting on the run on the steps of the court building, and the newshounds of the written and electronic word had reported to the phones and the nation, there was a gathering in the Wig and Pen bar. Terry Keane, tycoon and recluse, was big news, and his manner and his every word on this rare public appearance had to be colored and analysed for that night's public affairs program on television and the feature backgrounders in tomorrow's newspapers. The reporters filled the bar, gathering in knots to compare notes and replay the cassette recordings of Keane's few muttered words.

They all agreed that Keane had uttered the same words twice on his run up the steps, but none could agree on the exactness of the words or their meaning. Sipping his third Bacardi and Coke, the man from the *Sun* saw the significance of the words. He sidled out of the ruck and made for the phone in the foyer. He rang the paper's finance editor.

"Jim," he whispered into the mouthpiece, "Keane made just one comment on his way into court. None of the others have worked it out, but I'm certain Keane said: 'Futures, wool.' "

"This could be bloody important, Bob," said the finance editor. "Are you sure?" "I'm so certain, Jim, that you can get me set for a couple of thousand," said the man from the *Sun*.

The effect of that conversation and the reaction it sparked was wondrous. Wool futures prices soared into the financial stratosphere, and not a broker, a speculator, a sheep farmer or even the billions of sheep around the world escaped the fallout. Such was the power of the Keane word. But, had the man from the *Sun* been familiar with the works of Stephen Potter and the fifth form French dialect of 1959 in Pittwater High, and had he been aware that Keane's

Illustration by Keith Davis

dear departed Aunt Romula Marsh had been known among family and friends as Woollie, he might have understood. The three muttered words which mischievously changed the course of the Australian wool industry and the wool futures market were: "*Fous-toi*, Woollie," or colloquially translated, "Screw you, Woollie".

Leaving the battery of Japanese news cameras and microphones and the cloud of shorthand notebooks behind, Keane was grinning by the time he reached the anteroom of the No 1 Family Law Court. He'd really been quite fond of Aunt Woollie and there had been no malice in the curse he had just laid upon her. In fact, from wherever she was resting in the hereafter, Woollie would be blushing, because the family was convinced Miss Romula Marsh had died with her maidenhead intact. Keane's grin and his musing froze as he entered the No 1 court assembly hall, which was even more crowded than the outside steps.

A ragged column of look-alike faces above dark suits, white shirts and muted ties took shape within the crush and began advancing on Keane. Keane began to retreat, but the master clone in the centre of the shoe was too fast. Fox-trotting into the escape route, the figure in the sombre suit and tie transferred the bulging briefcase into his left hand, stretched out his right, and the lower half of his face smiled. "Good morning, Mr Keane. My name is Bell. My learned colleagues have generously asked me to lead for you during these proceedings. May I say, I feel honored to represent such a . . ."

"Liberty," said Keane, ignoring the barrister's silken hand. "I beg your pardon?" asked Bell QC.

"Liberty. Used to go to school with a fellow named Bell. Pittwater High. We used to call him Liberty."

"Oh, I see. Of course. Liberty Bell. Very original. But to get back to my brief. We don't have much time, Mr Keane. I deem it an honor to safeguard the interests of a man as eminent and as successful as yourself. After careful consideration, my colleagues and I have decided . . ."

"Hold on, Liberty, old mate. Let's get a few things straight. First off, I do not reckon I am either eminent or successful. And secondly, I can not remember having asked you or anyone else to represent me," said Keane and tried to step around Bell QC. But, in a manoeuvre honed and perfected on the playing fields of The King's School and Sydney University, Bell glided back into Keane's path.

"A mere detail, Mr Keane. I realise that a man as busy as yourself cannot be expected to look after everything personally. The solicitors of your many and varied companies, however, have your interests at heart. They have all briefed barristers who, in turn, have consulted me. Together, we will make certain that your wife's apparently extravagant claims are watered down."

"Mister Bell," said Keane, with a menacing hiss in the s, "I don't think I have made any secret of the fact that Jenny and the kid can have whatever they want. They're welcome to everything if they want it."

"Oh, yes, Mr Keane. Tactically a master stroke. Lulls the opposition. It will be like knocking over lead soldiers when we loose our big guns."

"Big guns?"

"Yes, Mr Keane. We have been doing our homework. We know that your wife deserted you before your true genius began to flower and that she has brought up your child in, shall we say, an unsavory environment. We have the ammunition to bring her down. We can hit her where it hurts."

"If you don't step aside, Liberty, I'm likely to hit you where it hurts. Now, piss off and take all your little pilot fish with you." Keane dropped his shoulder in the classic Lidcombe charge. The dark serge line parted and Keane found himself entering the court at a gallop. His momentum was checked only when he collided with and felled a woman and her twitching companion.

Filing into the court room in Keane's wake, Bell and his procession were confronted with the sight of their reluctant client sandwiched in the missionary position between two tanned, bare legs. One of the feet on the end of the brown legs was sandalled, the other was naked. The man with the twitch lay in a heap against the lower reaches of the bench, his arms and legs jerking as they sought purchase.

"Aaagh," shouted Keane. "This is meant to be a connubial court. Who is this wanton woman?"

"This woman," said Bell, trying to prise Keane off while his colleagues went to the aid of the stricken man in the dark shadow of the bench, "is your wife."

"For God's sake, Terry, please get out from between my legs," said Jenny Keane. "I've come here to praise your money, not your body."

It wasn't always so, thought Keane, as he got to his knees and began helping Jenny to her feet. There was a time when he and Jenny had sung songs only in praise of one another's bodies. Abandon had been her middle name. Hell, he'd been adventurous, but there had been times when he had found it tough trying to keep General Jackson's mind on the job. Like the time she had the hots at the nurses' ball, danced him into the corner and the General between her legs while the matron beamed out over her subjects from behind the daffodils on the centre table. She'd had him on a see-saw in St Leonards Park while the Volvos and Mercedes ferried the Middle Harbor executives and lawyers home to their gins and tonic, and she'd had her way in buttock-deep water in a shallow cave at Obelisk Bay. But her climactic glory had been to jack him off on the settee in her parent's lounge one Queen's Birthday afternoon while her free hand had pretended to be busy with the *Herald's* jumbo holiday weekend crossword spread across his throbbing lap. He'd come as his father-in-law tut-tutted the Gay Gordons' third try on the televised rugby match-of-the-day and his mother-in-law dropped a stitch in one of Dennis-to-be's bootees.

Things had changed after Dennis had begun wearing that bootee — not sexually, but emotionally. Jenny hadn't exactly nagged, but she'd made it clear that, until she was in a position to rekindle her Nightingale lamp, Keane had to find the wherewithal to buy the Heinz baby varieties.

He hadn't, so she had moved out and in with old reliable himself, Owen Diel, who had since supported her and the kid but who hadn't, Keane suspected, been pleasuring her as often or as splendidly as Jenny deserved.

Back on his feet, Keane began to giggle as, preceded by a cloying wave of Brut, Diel entered centre ring, his Prussian jaw jutting, and peremptorially took Jenny's arm. Keane could see him taking the same possessive, prudish, elbow grip as he led Jenny from their Balmain lounge to bedroom attic, stopping off at the bathroom to clean his smokeless teeth with Macleans, to gargle with the Listerine, and then to stand by while Jenny repeated the ritual of love by numbers. One: we will enter the bed, you from the right, me from the left; two: we will kiss; three: we will touch; four: we will sigh; five: you will hoist your gingham nightie above your breasts, I will remove my pyjama bottoms; six: I will place my left hand on your right breast and my right hand between your legs; seven: we are ready and I will mount; eight: you will move your hips in time to my thrusting; nine: I will ejaculate and the earth will move for you; ten: I will set the alarm while you retire to the bathroom for postural drainage.

Keane could see it all — the 10 stages of Diel's delight. Jenny's voice broke the moistening dream.

"Terry." Then louder. "Terry! Come back and say hello to Owen."

"Hello, Owen. Please take your hand off my wife's arm."

Diel, looking for all the world like a child caught playing with matches,

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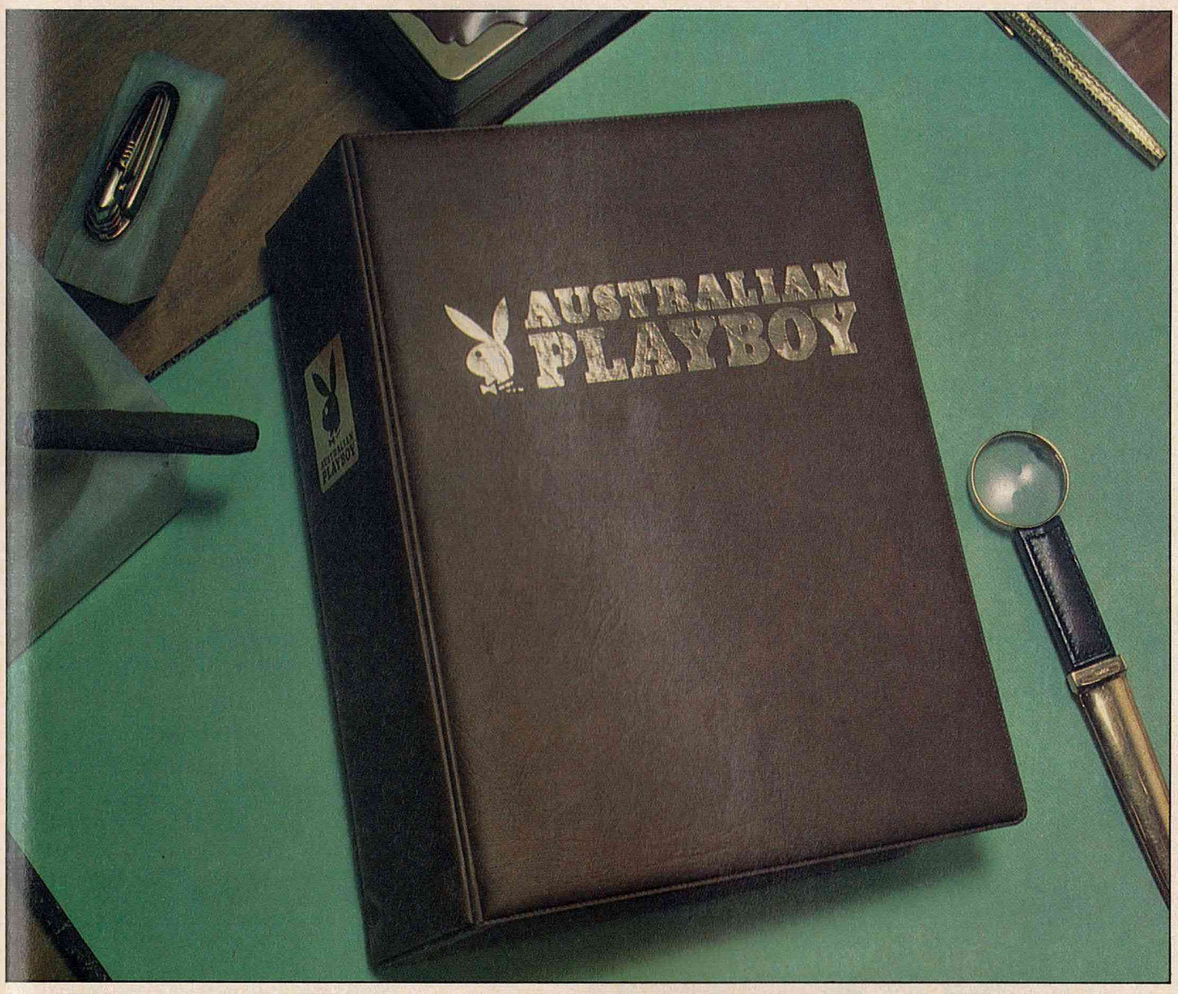

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dropped his hand from Jenny's arm, and then began to bluster. "Now look here, Keane," he said and, unable to think of anything else to say, returned his hand to Jenny's elbow.

"Toot, toot," said Keane.

"What?"

"Toot, toot. I'm a beach buggy and you are a panzer. Out of my way," said Keane. Jenny's lawyer, on his feet again, opened his mouth as though to recite the traffic code for Wanda Beach, but seeing Bell QC approaching, he began to twitch again, and his voice petered out on an "ahem".

"Shut up," said Diel. "Don't you call me a pansy, Keane."

"Check your valves, Owen. P.A.N. Z.E.R. – as in blitzkrieg."

Bell's intervention saved Diel from trying a counter-attack. "Come along, Mr Keane," he said, "no fraternising with the enemy. It is just on 10. We had better take our places." Having defused a replay of the battle of El Alamein, Bell returned to the captain's seat at the bar table, leaving Keane to wonder where he was supposed to take his place. John Spain, the power broker and manipulator in the Keane empire, materialised. "This way, Terry. We sit behind Gerald Bell," said Spain, leading Keane to two vacant seats directly behind the respondent's legal front line.

"Where the hell have you been, John? For the first time in my life when I really need you to hold my hand, you wait until the balloon goes up to arrive. Who is this Bell? Who are all these other vultures?

"How many times did I tell you that I wanted this whole divorce thing handled quietly. No fuss, no drama. We pay the lady what she wants and we go home. Jesus, John, I have given you a free hand in everything else. This is the only time I have ever asked you to do anything that I want and you throw me to this lot. I didn't know so many lawyers could fit into one court. Why weren't you here earlier to run block for me?"

"Now you know how I feel when I need your signature and you are off with a bunch of kids," said Spain.

"When do you need me? You've had power to act for me for years."

"There are many times when I need Terence Keane to sign his name. More times than you could ever imagine."

"But why do we need this battalion of barristers?"

"Simmer down, Terry. There is a lot at stake. More than you could ever know. Sit down, keep quiet and you might learn a lot about yourself."

Keane's jeans scarcely had time to settle on the polished white pine of the court pew before all the lawyers and litigants were scambling noisily to their feet as the door at the rear of the court opened to an unseen hand. Keane followed the others and lifted his backside. A woman, 40ish and severely attractive in a college grey dress, appeared in the open doorway, turned left on the carpeted dias and moved to the high-backed chair behind the bench. Fixing her eyes somewhere behind Keane, she leaned slightly forward and, as if they were silently numbering from the left, the line of lawyers dipped their heads. Like true gentlemen, the lawyers waited until the woman had sat in the high-backed chair before they resumed their seats and bent over their books and documents at the bar table. Keane alone was left standing and, feeling foolish, he sat down.

The lady in grey rustled papers Keane could not see from where he sat below the woman's vast desk, then leaned forward to whisper to another younger woman sitting at a smaller table beneath and in front of the most imposing piece of furniture in the room. The younger woman stood and the two of them continued their whispering. After a few minutes, the young woman moved back to her chair and desk and the other looked peevishly along the row of lawyers.

"Would one of you gentlemen please explain what is going on in this court?" asked Ms College Grey. "How about you, Mr Bell?"

"As Your Honor pleases," said Bell, rising again to his feet, adopting a Duke of Edinburgh stance, and placing his left hand, thumb exposed, in his jacket pocket. "I realise the presence of so many of my learned friends in court may seem irregular in the Family Law Court, Your Honor, but this is a very unusual case with, I submit, far-reaching implications. Indeed, I submit that whatever decisions are ultimately reached by Your Honor could have a critical effect on the lives of thousands of people not only in Australia but overseas as well."

"I don't think I like the tone of your remarks," said the lady listed in the Family Law Court hierarchy as Mrs Justice Stretton. "They have an almost coercive ring to them, Mr Bell. From my reading of the papers before me, this appears a straight-forward petition for divorce and property settlement – if ever any settlement can be straightforward.

"I admit that I have no extrasensory perception, Mr Bell, but from my reading of the documents, a young woman called Jennifer Keane is seeking a divorce from Terence Michael Keane. And if the affidavits are truly sworn, and Mrs Keane and her husband have been living separately and apart for four years, then it seems that the ground of irretrievable breakdown has been more than adequately satisfied. And I am certain, Mr Bell, that you are aware of the court's responsibilities in deciding on the division of property and assets. As far as I am concerned, Mr Bell and gentlemen, this court is

interested only in the issues as they involve the petitioner, the respondent and the issue of this apparently unfortunate marriage which, I understand, has produced one son. The court is not interested in these other people to whom you refer, Mr Bell."

Mrs Justice Stretton's remarks created a distinct air of unease among all but Mr Bell of the assembled members of the legal fraternity. Bell rose confidently, smiled the condescending smile natural to silks born to explain the complexities of the law to lesser jurists, and resumed his lecture.

"With respect, Your Honor, there is much more at stake here than meets the eye," he began, but Mrs Justice Stretton was obviously in no mood for such platitudes.

"I thought I made myself quite clear, Mr Bell. This is a Family Law Court with clearly and quite narrowly defined responsibilities. I assume you are here to represent the respondent and that Mr, er, Stead is it, is here as counsel for the petitioner, Mrs Keane."

Hearing his name mentioned, the man sitting alone on his side of the court in front of Jenny and Diel, and who had been staring fixedly at the dog-eared manila folder before him, reddened and began to get to his feet. As he did so, his left arm began flapping uncontrollably, upsetting a decanter of water and a glass. The wretched man began trying to mop up the spilt water with his brief and then, realising what he was doing, he dug into his trouser pocket and his hand re-emerged waving a crinkled blue handkerchief which he rolled into a ball and dabbed on to the sodden folder.

His mouth moved in time with his hand and handkerchief. "Ah, ah, yes, er ya-ya-ya Your Honor." Nothing more came out of his mouth and he remained in a half-standing position, staring miserably at the judge.

"Yes, very well, Mr Stead. Please sit down for the moment until we try and sort out what all your friends are doing in this court," said the judge. Bell took that as an invitation to return to the attack. "Yes, Your Honor, I do represent Mr Keane," he said. "No you don't," muttered Keane in an aside that rang round the court. "Shut up," hissed Spain as Bell turned to glare at Keane who began grinning broadly and winked at Jenny.

"Did you make any remark Mr Keane?" asked the judge. "Yes," said Keane. "He was asking me a question, Your Honor," said Bell, whose lips had grown perceptibly thinner. "It didn't sound like a question to me, Mr Bell," said Mrs Justice Stretton.

"As Your Honor pleases, but as I was saying, I do represent Mr Keane. Now may I introduce my learned friends who seek the court's indulgence to maintain a watching brief in these proceedings, but who may also seek leave to make submissions on behalf of their clients?" Bell paused chivalrously in case the judge wanted to interrupt. The judge nodded.

Bell sailed on, introducing each of his learned friends. The lawyers acknowledged their names by half rising from their seats. The litany went on . . . "Mr Colin Tonks, TMK Holdings; Mr Basil Dalby, Prosperous Mining; Mr Graham Kain, St Clair Oil and Petroleum, Galleon Gold and Glitter Gemstones; Mr Stephen Dutton, Australian and Oceania Developments; Mr Jeffrey Gordon, the Commonwealth Government; Mr Alfred V. Dossal of the Government of the United States; and Mr Mustafa Khan of the Consortium of Arabian Investment Companies." Bell paused – this time for dramatic effect. He stared imperiously at the court crest and the room was silent. Mortified that his name should be linked in this court along with those of so many eminent jurists, Mr Stead shrank even deeper into his seat. Mrs Justice Stretton looked a shade uncomfortable and her left hand with the one plain gold wedding ring went for an instant to her head and smoothed the already smooth hair. Even Keane was impressed. Bell sensed that he had ruffled the judge and decided to leave the pressure on the bench.

The judge felt Bell was playing tactics and she resented him. She waited for him to go on, but he said nothing. He simply stood there, winding a piece of pink tape slowly round a finger. Finally she realised she had to break the hush.

"Well, ah, Mr Bell, you seem to be here in some force. I still don't pretend to understand why so many barristers representing so many private companies, organisations and governments should be keenly interested in these divorce proceedings. Perhaps you'd be kind enough to explain."

"As Your Honor wishes," said Bell, taking up his schoolmaster's stance, hands on the lapels of his $600, hand-tailored suit. "As I have already mentioned, this is not an ordinary, run-of-the-mill marriage dissolution. My client is a singular man – a man who, despite his unpredictable personal and business behavior, stands largely alone as the head of a conglomerate of huge and successful business enterprises. So, whatever transpires in this court could have an immeasurable impact not only on the fortunes of the companies Mr Keane owns, but also on our government and our nation's international relations."

"I see," said Mrs Justice Stretton, beginning to feel distinctly uncertain.

"Precisely, ma'am," said Bell, feeding the judge's dwindling confidence. "Mr Keane, you see, is certainly the richest and most powerful industrialist in Australia, maybe in the world."

"Come now, Mr Bell, surely you are overstating the case. Of course I have

"Now, this is going to hurt me more than it will hurt you."

heard of Mr Keane, but is his influence greater than men such as Sir Richard Anstick, Sir Tristan Disolde or even Lambert Allcock?" "No doubt of it ma'am. Less public, even shadowy in the sense that he discourages publicity, Mr Keane might be, but it is difficult to keep pace with the snowballing profitability of his many enterprises. I am instructed that my client's personal profit increases by something like $20 million every . . ." "Year," prompted the judge. "No, ma'am, day." "Good heavens! That's more than $7 billion a year." "Yes, Your Honor."

"Mr Bell, I think that it might be advisable for you and your learned colleagues, and Mr Stead, to meet me in my chambers." "Very advisable, ma'am. Might I recommend that you adjourn the court now. I'm sure my colleagues would be happy to confer with Your Honor." Her Honor glanced along the bar table. All of Mr Bell's learned friends nodded sagely. "And you, Mr Stead? Do you agree?" asked the judge turning to Jenny's lawyer.

"Ah, yes, whatever pleases Your Honor," Mr Stead blurted.

"Very well, this court will take a short recess," ordered Mrs Justice Stretton, picking up the documents before her and walking so briskly she beat the court orderly to the door at the rear of the court. She opened the door for herself and disappeared. Then the judge's associate left her seat before the bench to approach Mr Bell. "Are you ready to meet the judge now, Mr Bell?" she asked.

"Quite ready," he said.

"Well please follow me, gentlemen," said the young woman, and Mr Bell and his learned friends formed a column behind her. Mr Stead tacked untidily on the end of the queue.

Emptied of the judge, her associate, the lawyers and the court staff, the room resembled a cavern. Keane stood up, stretched and turned to Spain who was still slumped in the seat, deep in thought. "I don't like the way things are shaping, John," said Keane. "You have no need to worry, Terry. Bell's got the old girl worried," Spain replied. "That's what I mean. He's turning it into a kangaroo court. He's steamrolling everyone including that poor sod Stead. I wonder where the hell Jenny found him." Spain smiled and Keane knew that the manipulator had got to Jenny's solicitor. "Jesus, John. Don't you ever stop pulling strings." "Only when I'm in the cot, Terry. I like the birds to do the pleasuring. Relax. Come outside and have a cigarette."

Keane swore and looked over at Jenny and her boyfriend. Jenny looked bewildered. If she expected any comfort from Diel she wasn't getting any; Keane could see the dollar signs flashing in Diel's eyes.

He walked over and stood looking down at his wife.

"I don't know who your solicitor is, Jen, but I reckon he's sold you down the river," he said. Jenny lifted her eyes. She looked lost. "Come on," Keane said, "leave Owen to his cash register and we'll go out and get some fresh air. Bell will be inside winding up that judge for hours." Jenny nudged Diel and told him she was going to have a cigarette. Diel glanced at her and nodded. He still had a faraway look in his eyes.

There was no sign of Spain outside the court. Jenny fell into an armchair and rummaged in her handbag. Keane took a packet of Philip Morris out of his jacket pocket and offered her one. Jenny took the cigarette and held it in her hand.

"Are you still smoking these?" she asked, then put the cigarette in her mouth and lent forward to the match.

"What did you say about my solicitor?" "I think John Spain's bought him off. That's why you've ended up with that dummy Stead." "It doesn't really matter. I only want the divorce. None of the other stuff is very important. Owen has been promoted to assistant secretary of his company. He's earning enough."

"But do you think Owen will be satisfied with that? Seems to me he heard enough in there this morning to start planning bigger things. Not that Bell and his boys are going to let him get to first base," said Keane.

"I don't think you understand, Terry. Owen has agreed all along with Mum that I should get the divorce so we can get married. He wants us to have children of our own. Nothing is very simple when you are involved, is it Terry? Was that right what Mr Bell said about all that money?"

"How the hell would I know? Spain runs everything – including me. I lost interest years ago. I keep out of the way. When I left everything to John I thought it would only be a matter of time before he arranged it so he would get everything. He controls it all, but for some reason he keeps everything in my name. Reckons I am his good luck charm or some bloody thing."

"But all that money ... are you serious? You've got nothing to do with it?" She was incredulous.

"Absolutely nothing. Not since the first year when Aunt Woollie died and left me those bloody shares. I only see John when he comes round to the flat or chases me into the bush to get me to sign some paper or another."

"But I was still living with you when you got those shares. I thought you said they were worthless?" "They

"You seem familiar. Haven't we slept together or something, some place?"

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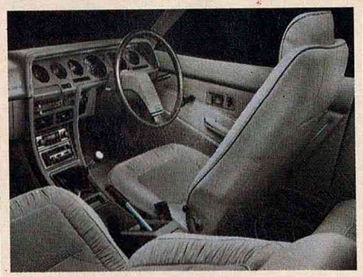

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were then. But they found gold or silver or something and it all got out of control rather quickly. It's bloody stupid. You know, when John told me you had filed for the divorce I told him to see you got whatever you wanted, but it's like pissing into the wind. Now they think you've come to court on the make and they've got the knives out."

Jenny was beginning to get angry. "I do only want the divorce, Terry."

"You know that, and I know that, Jenny, but the Spains and the Bells, and probably that judge by now, don't like leaving anything to chance."

Back inside the court, Bell and Spain appeared through a door marked "private". Bell was smoking a cigar the size of a deluxe dildo. Waving the cigar in the Keanes' direction, he said something and they both laughed.

"It seems the celebrations have already begun," said Jenny, opening her handbag and taking out a folded piece of paper. She handed it to Keane. "Dennis asked me to give you this." Keane unfolded the paper. It was a child's painting, full of bright colors and indistinct shapes. He missed his son. "Tell him it is very good. It is a very good likeness of me." "Considering it was done from a very young memory, I suppose it is," said Jenny sharply. "Why don't you try to see more of him?"

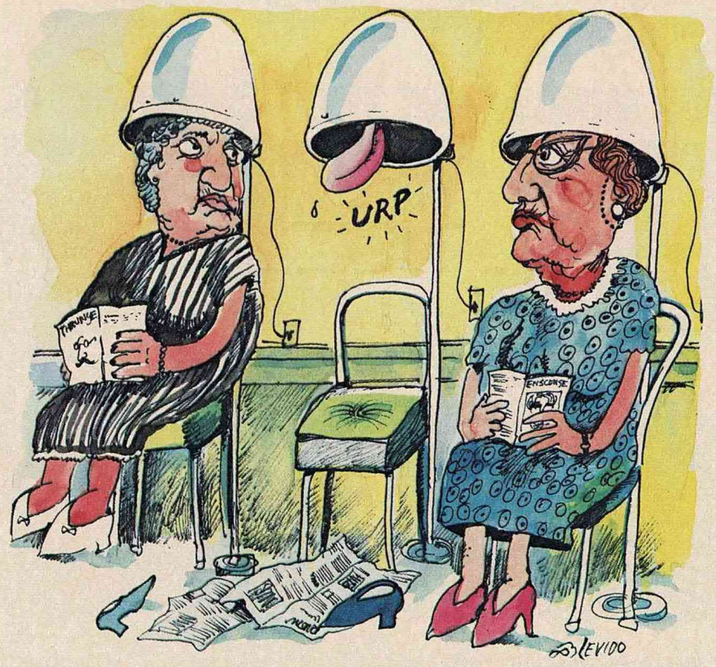
"It's too complicated, especially when your mother is around. She doesn't think I am a very good influence on any child, let alone her grandson. You can't have forgotten she wanted to call the Vice Squad when she sprang me at the child minding centre." "That's not fair, Terry. She just didn't think a grown man should have been sitting cross-legged among a group of pre-schoolers prattling on about the cauliflowers of Capitol Hill."

"Collywobblers." "What?" "The collywobblers of Capitol Hill, a sort of allegory in nursery rhyme on the electrocution of Gough Whitlam." "That's probably what upset Mum. She never did like Whitlam. Are you still playing the pie-eyed piper?"

"On a limited circuit. There are too many hassles from people like your mother to busk. I do regular spots at centres run by young ladies with receptive minds." "And bodies, I'll bet."

Bell's advance in a blue fog of Cuban smoke cut short any further examination of Keane's dalliance with kindergarten teachers or anyone else. The lawyer took a possessive grip on Keane's elbow and steered him back toward the court.

"We've had very fruitful discussions in chambers. We didn't expect any trouble from Stead and we didn't get any. Mrs Justice Stretton is now fully familiar with all the issues involved. The court will be resuming again in a few minutes and, when it does, Stead has been primed to make a formal application for a decree nisi and it will be granted pro forma. The judge will then set a date some months ahead for the resolution of a modest property claim. In the meantime, the judge would like you to take the stand for a few minutes. I think we have aroused the old girl's curiosity about you. It won't do any trouble to humor her. Might count rather as a valuable insurance policy."



Keane wanted to know what he was expected to tell the judge. "Oh, just enough to keep her happy and impressed," said Bell. "The sort of thing you people are always telling the press chappies. Gild the lily."

"You don't know much about me, do you Ding Dong," snapped Keane. "Enough, dear boy. Enough to know what a national treasure you are. Now sit down and relax. We're expecting a star performance."

Keane took his seat beside Spain, who looked decidedly tense. "I don't want you to do it," he told Keane. "And I've told Bell, but it seems he has promised that old bitch. Don't you blow it, Terry. We've all worked too bloody hard and spent far too much bloody money to fix things for you to light a fuse now."

Keane hadn't seen Spain as worried since the day they'd been cornered in the school locker room by Christine Horder's brother and his mates after they had persuaded Christine to turn it on for the second 15 at a Saturday night rage. He knew that Spain did not like things to get out of control and, maybe for the first time in the 25 years they had known one another, Keane had a fresh pack in his hands and it was the dealer's choice. Keane felt euphoric as he sat back to wait for the courtroom game to begin.

He didn't have long to wait. Mrs Justice Stretton bustled into court. They all stood. They all sat. The judge addressed Stead who resumed his familiar half-standing, half-sitting position while Her Honor sped through the formalities that made Jenny a free woman. There was another brief piece of legal by-play between the bench and the bar table while a date was set for the hearing of a new application by Jenny for a property settlement and permanent custody of Dennis Keane before the judge settled back and looked expectantly at Bell.

"If Your Honor pleases," said Bell, rising to her expectations, "there is one thing I feel I should mention before you adjourn these proceedings. I fully appreciate that matters have been raised in court and in chambers that set this case and my client apart. If it would assist the court, Mr Keane is quite prepared to take the stand to clear up any questions which might linger in Your Honor's mind."

"I appreciate your concern, Mr Bell. Such a procedure would be most unusual, but if you can assure me that we will not be creating any precedent, I don't suppose it can do any harm."

"I am confident I can give Your Honor that assurance. But to make doubly certain that the proprieties are observed, may I suggest that Your Honor leads her own questions of Mr Keane." "That would be most proper, Mr Bell. And I will order the reporter not to take any record. I will keep whatever notes I feel are necessary myself." "Very good, ma'am."

Bell remained standing as Keane got to his feet and walked toward the stand. He casually rested his hands on the railings of the stand and awaited his introduction. "I take it, Your Honor, that, as Mr Keane's testimony will not be entered on the court record, there will be no need for my client to take the oath?" "No, Mr Bell."

"Very well. He's your witness, ma'am," said Bell.

Mrs Justice Stretton swivelled in her chair until she was looking directly at Keane. This was a gesture she preserved for people for whom she felt equality and, occasionally, deference. In what she liked to think of as her *conversazione* voice, she began . . . "To be perfectly frank, Mr Keane, until Mr Bell and his colleagues explained the extent of your business interests, I found it difficult to believe that a man such as yourself existed. You obviously have a genius. Should we call it the Midas touch?" "No, more like Tutankhamen's curse, Your Worship."

"Oh, Mr Keane, you may honor me, but not worship me. If we have to be formal, plain ma'am will do." "Okay, ma'am." "Yes, but what do you mean by curse?"

"Well, ma'am, whatever will hopefully end here today began when my aunt, Miss Romula Marsh – we used to call her Aunt Woollie – died about five years back. She left me some shares in a company called Discovery. They weren't worth anything until, a few months after she died, the prospector who had floated the company, and about whom everyone had forgotten, found gold. Then the big boys moved in on the prospect and their geologists found something else."

"I remember, Mr Keane. The news of the gold and uranium discovered made quite a splash."

"Anyway," Keane continued, "I don't know what possessed Aunt Woollie to buy them in the first place – maybe she liked the name because she always was a bit romantic – but she left me 50,000. When the shares reached $200, I rang a broker and told him to sell."

"What perception, Mr Keane. As I recall, Discovery peaked at $205 and then tumbled when the unions banned uranium mining." "I didn't quite read things that way, ma'am. I was running scared. I was $10 million scared and I was afraid Discovery was going to keep going up." "I'm sorry, Mr Keane, but I don't think I understand."

"I only sold them so I could spend the money on some losers. By that time, Jenny had left me and I didn't want the money. It might have been different if Jenny had still been with me, but I don't think so. Anyway she wasn't. So I rang this investment consultant I'd met at a party and asked him to recommend some companies that were overpriced or were about to collapse. He gave me this list and I spread the $10 million around them. I don't remember the details. Some of the companies he suggested might have gone backwards, but a lot of them didn't.

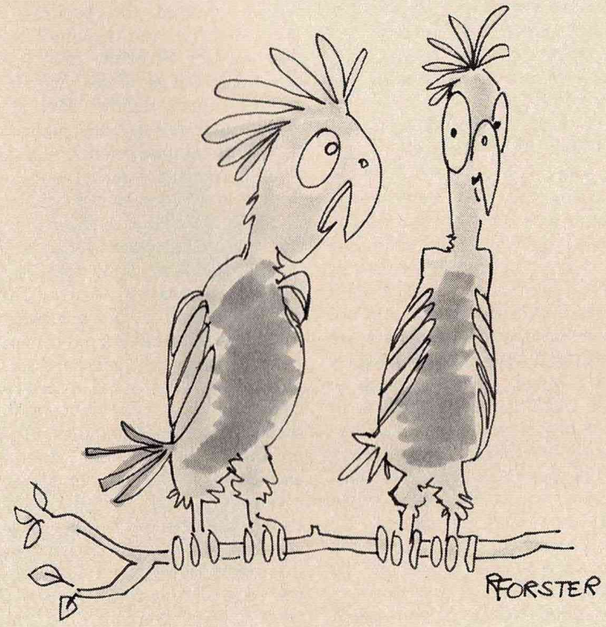
"I remember one was St Clair Oil. Six cents they were. I told the broker to buy millions of them. A couple of weeks later they hit a gusher off Dampier that you could see from the Sydney Harbor Bridge. And Glitter Gemstones. They've managed to find more diamonds than sand in the Simpson. That was when I figured I was a menace to myself and called in Spanish John to take over." "Spanish John?"

"Yes, John Spain, my old mate from Avalon Primary and Pittwater High. That's him sitting down there behind Mr Bell." Mrs Justice Stretton's eyes followed Keane's pointing finger into the body of the court. She looked from Spain to Mr Bell, felt she should remind him that the Australian Family Law Courts were off limits to everyone save warring husbands and wives and their legal representatives, but then thought better of it. She was as enthralled as Mr Bell and Spain and the lawyers were embarrassed.

Noticing that Bell was beginning to rise and bluster, the judge cut him off. "Did you invite Mr Spain to join your enterprises as a partner or as a chief executive?" "As whatever he wanted to be. I told him it was all his to do with as he wanted. Papers were drawn up. I signed them. I suppose I was hoping that eventually he would ease me out. My name is still up front. I still have to sign documents. Spanish John countersigns them. That was all part of our original agreement."

"You sound as though you are a prisoner of your fortune, Mr Keane." "I suppose I am, ma'am. I've often thought of signing it all over to a charity, a university or even the bloody Government. Spanish John has never thought that was such a good idea. I'm his talisman. He always knows where to find me when he needs my signature. He's always got his bloodhounds on me. He calls them my protectors."

Keane was delighted with the effect his performance was having. Not that he was overplaying the role of the innocent billionaire. Most of it was true. It was just a matter of emphasis. In fact, he didn't give a damn. Apart from the fact that Jenny was lying in another man's bed, the money hadn't



For God's sake, do you have to repeat everything I say?"

Australian Playboy February 1980

really changed his life. The money had introduced a few inconveniences to his life like the press and Spain's bodyguards, but he could live with those. One countered the other. Except on the rare public occasions like his entry into the court, the reporters were kept at bay by the guards who, in turn, liked to pretend they were invisible.

But now, looking around the court, Keane realised there was power in the way in which he chose to react to his money. Mr Bell and his brother barristers, the American and the Arab, wore faces mirroring their despair that any man could have so little respect for money. Spain's expression was a fascinating blend of rage and contempt. Even Mr Stead had overcome his urge to change his underpants and was still. Despite Diel whispering sweet money talk in her left ear, Jenny was serene and staring wistfully up at the witness stand.

Mrs Justice Stretton, having overcome her judicial guilt that her court was being used as a confessional, lusted for more. "Do you now live as a total recluse, Mr Keane?" "Mostly, ma'am. I wish I could spend more time with the children, but it is difficult . . ."

"What children would they be? I thought you had only one child." "Not my children, ma'am. The kindergarten children. I like to spend time with them, play my guitar, sing them some songs and tell them a few stories." "With all your vast wealth, which has brought you such unhappiness, that is all you want? To entertain children?"

"Almost, ma'am. I understand that, unless we discover some new form of energy, unless gold and diamonds and property suddenly lose their value, I will have to accept my wealth and my responsibilities to all those who depend upon it. It would be easier, though, if one thing was changed."

"And what would that be?" asked the judge, leaning over the bench. Keane asked if he might have a glass of water. The judge agreed, commanding the orderly hovering beside the door at the back of the courtroom to take a glass to the stand. But Keane did not wait for the orderly. He stepped down from the stand and headed directly toward Mr Stead. It was enough to break the spell for Mr Stead, who cowered from the water decanter that had already brought him so much misery that day. Keane poured himself a glass and stood looking down at Jenny. He winked. She smiled.

"Shall I ask them to let us go back to where we were this morning?" he asked. Jenny nodded.

Keane walked back to the stand. "As you were asking, ma'am, the one thing I would like changed in my life is for you to cancel the decree you granted my wife an hour or so ago." Mr Bell leapt to his feet and bellowed protest, and Mr Stead cringed further into his chair. The rest of the lawyers went into a huddle. Spain cursed and strode out of the court. Jenny winced as Mrs Justice Stretton slammed her gavel on the bench.

"Mr Bell, may I remind you that the first duty of this court is the protection of the family. Divorce is the last resort, when the peace of mind and personal safety of one of the partners is in jeopardy, or if a child is endangered. Now sit down and stop blustering."

"But, Your Honor, I must object . . ." "Sit down, Mr Bell. Now, Mr Stead, can you assure me that Mrs Keane wishes me to upset my previous decision?"

"C-c-c-c-could I I I seek a short adjournment t-t-t-t-to . . ." "Never mind, Mr Stead. Mrs Keane, is that what you want?" "Yes, Your Honor." "Very well, so be it," said Mrs Justice Stretton. "Be buggered!" shouted Diel, unclenching his teeth, and three hours of pent-up passions dribbled down his chin in Macleans-scented foam. "Be quiet," said Mr Stead without a hint of a stammer but with a surprising degree of menace. But Diel was supercharged. His blue eyes were glazed and his blonde moustache seemed to rear out from beneath his flaring nostrils. Jenny put out a restraining hand, but he brushed it off and lunged at Mr Stead. Keane began to move protectively toward Jenny.

"You damned little pipsqueak. It's all your bloody fault," screamed Diel as he vaulted the backrest which separated him and the small barrister. Mrs Justice Stretton gave a squeak and raised her gavel in a pitiful defence of her court's dignity. Her associate fled in a flurry of black petticoats in search of reinforcements, and Mr Bell and his colleagues gathered in a clutch. Keane and Jenny met in mid-court.

Only Mr Stead remained calm. As Diel's hands reached for his throat, Mr Stead raised his right arm in a slow semi-circle, swayed slightly to the left and took hold of his attacker's coat and, dropping his shoulder, sent Diel cartwheeling in the general direction of the bench. Diel made a noise like a castrated crow and, halfway through his second . ackward somersault, crashed feet first into the side of the associate's desk. He made a feeble attempt to right himself and then thought better of it and lay prone, staring sightlessly at the nest of fluorescent tubes above him. A Bible on the edge of the desk fell and landed with a faint plop on Diel's heaving chest, exposing the word of Isaiah.

"My God," breathed Keane, and Jenny snuggled into his denim jacket as Mrs Justice Stretton peered distastefully at the crumpled Diel and then at Mr Stead with a mixture of awe and horror. Mr Stead met the judge's eye and, as the color began rising from beneath his collar, his tic returned.

"I, I, I am s-s-s-s-sorry. I w-w-w-would have w-w-w-warned him, b-b-b-but there w-w-w-wasn't t-t-t-time . . . b-b-b-black b-b-b-belt." It was a major speech from Mr Stead, and it deflated him. He collapsed, trembling, back into his seat.

Two uniformed Commonwealth police ran into the court and pulled up beneath the bench. They looked at the judge, not sure what they were supposed to do. The arrival of the law revived the judge's composure. "Officers, take that man away," she said, gesturing toward Diel, who had begun to whimper. "Arrange for a doctor to examine him. He's had an unfortunate fall."

The police bent over Diel, trying to decide whether they should send for a stretcher, but the judge made up their minds. "Hurry up," she said. One of the policemen took Diel's legs, the other his shoulders and they carried him out of the court. The judge glared at Mr Bell, who smiled apologetically and shrugged his shoulders.

"This court is adjourned, and I'll trouble you gentlemen to forget what happened here. This entire affair reflects no credit on anyone. Mr and Mrs Keane, I'd be obliged if you would step into my chambers in a few minutes. The usher will show you the way," said Mrs Justice Stretton, and retired while Mr Bell and his learned friends bowed deeply and poor Mr Stead simply blinked.

Half an hour and a sherry later, Keane and Jenny walked out of the door marked private. Jenny had promised the judge that neither she nor Keane would breathe a word of their bizarre day in court. "After all," she told the judge, "it's as though nothing has happened. We came into the court as husband and wife and we are leaving as husband and wife." Jenny also reassured the judge about her old boyfriend. "Threaten to charge him with contempt or whatever and he'll swear to anything. He'll be too afraid of losing his job to risk a scandal."

Out into the sunlight, arm-in-arm, they were happy to see that the press had either grown tired of waiting or had been led off by Spain's bully boys. "Shall we send poor old Owen some flowers?" Keane asked. "I don't think so. They make him sneeze," said Jenny.

"What do we do about the money?" asked Keane. "Nothing, not a damn thing," said Jenny.

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A SYSTEMATIC TAKEOVER

amateur hi-fi enthusiasts are being wooed into the big time with a host of sophisticated systems

BY DENNIS LINGANE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY COLIN STEAD

A SCRUFFY, bearded individual sidled up to me at a recent buffs-cum-trade hi-fi show and whispered: "I've spent 200 hours on my Ariston turntable and used five kilos of lead and several kilos of plasticine to get it right. Now I have it working brilliantly. In fact, I was comparing it with a Linn Sondeck recently when an earthquake struck. The whole wall began to cave in and I ran to save my turntable (to hell with his personal safety and the Linn, presumably) but the earthquake passed and the wall receded. My Ariston didn't mis-track once during the whole experience." Apocryphal? I won't argue. But the story illustrates the dedication of the true hi-fi buff toward his system. However, according to Les Black, chairman of the Hi-Fi Industries Association of Australia, this type of dedicated enthusiast makes up only one percent of the

total Australian hi-fi/audio market, which is now worth about $90 million a year to manufacturers and retailers.

Like the car enthusiast who spends all his time tuning a car and never driving it, the hi-fi buff tends to spend all *his* time tuning his system to technical perfection, but never listens to the music – and that is, after all, what the damn stuff is about.

So a person who owns a fast old bomb and drives it all the time is more in tune with cars than the spit-tune-and-polish enthusiast who never takes his from the garage for fear that it will get wet or dirty.

And the person owning a Prelude system, or even a crummy three-in-one, who listens to records regularly is more in tune with hi-fi. It is this person on whom the industry will be concentrating in 1980, says Mr Black.

No matter how many kilos of lead and plasticine the buff pours into tuning his system, he can never compete with the technical expertise of the manufacturers who pour millions of dollars into research.

The new laser turntables and digital records will put paid to the snob value of pairing SME arms with Shure cartridges, and Supex cartridges with Grace arms. The mix-and-match cult of hi-fi components is also on the way out. The launching of some very sophisticated systems by Japanese manufacturers in 1980 will signal the end of an era. Technics, Kenwood, Sony, JVC and Pioneer are only some of the companies that are about to release the most sophisticated systems yet seen in Australia.

Not only will the electronics of these systems be as good as, or better than, the esoteric gear around, says Mr Black, they will also offer armchair infra-red remote control systems to capture the uptempo market.

The Technics Space infra-red control system is due for release in March. The turntable, tuner, cassette deck, and amplifier will all be controlled from a remote infra-red handset. All the components are plugged into a Technics computerised command unit. With the handset, you can tell the command centre to select either the tuner, cassette deck or the turntable. There are 14 pre-tuned AM/FM stations, and all can instantly be selected by the hand control. The cassette deck can be run in all modes including record, pause and play. The turntable can be started, stopped, and the tone arm cued – all by remote control.

The marketing manager of Technics, Peter Lee, says that he is still negotiating a price for the system, probably around $2000. Both Sony and Kenwood have similar systems which will be released soon.

Pioneer will not release an infra-red remote control system, but will be promoting a high quality A-class non-switching amplifier that comes as part of their "systems for the affluent". This Pioneer A-class is being matched by an A-class system from Technics.

Why the sudden influx of expensive systems? The syndrome started seven years ago when Pioneer launched complete but inexpensive systems like the Prelude and Rondo to draw the inexperienced buyers away from the radiogram market and into hi-fi.

But, because these systems were aimed at the novice market, it meant that systems as such were looked down on by hi-fi buffs. To attain any sort of standing in the electronics society, you had to mix and match your equipment.

Pioneer, and then Technics (market leaders in Australia), launched a big campaign to upgrade the image of systems. They used expensive rack-mounted components. In America, this trend is now referred to as the "Syscom" syndrome. The systems are made up from components and most have rack handles which give them a professional look.

While Pioneer and Technics may have started the rack cult, it was Akai that capitalised on it. Akai saw the potential of the Syscom market and launched a series of Pro systems last year that cost around $1000 but looked worth a lot more. Akai cleaned up, grabbing around 25 percent of the systems sales in Australia.

Now we are about to see the launch of another round of sophisticated systems. Why? Isn't the market already confused enough?

According to Les Black, the buying public is becoming more and more educated to sound.

Between the first-time buyers ($500 to $900 systems buyers) and the one percent of buffs, there is a large, quality-conscious group of buyers who are educated to good sound but who do not want to be bothered with putting together a system from the vast range of components available. And, when you realise there are 300 different brands on the market, it is easy to become confused.

Many of the buyers at whom the industry will be aiming in 1980 will be those who bought a cheap system three or four years ago.

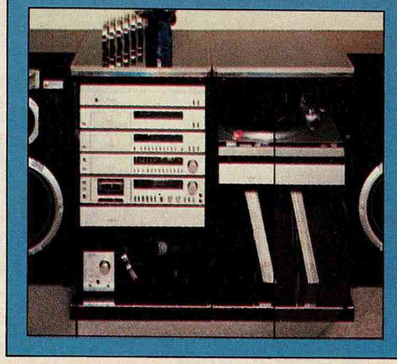
"Not being buffs, they want to buy systems," says Mr Black, who is also managing director of Pioneer Electronics. "They have gone through the cheapie stage and now want something better. Buffs tend to choose by emotion. They choose esoteric brands because they want to be thought of as better than the other sound buyers. They won't choose brands like Pioneer, Sansui, Technics and Kenwood because they are afraid of losing prestige.

"Imagine how the buff would feel if he had guests who knew nothing about hi-fi. He would say 'How do you like my new hi-fi system?' and the guests would look at it and say 'Oh, Pioneer. We've got a Pioneer system'. But the system they bought probably cost $500 and the enthusiast has probably paid around $2000.

"He couldn't live with that, so he buys esoteric equipment, kidding himself it's better than the known brands when, in fact, the top-end equipment sold by known brands is now as good as, and often better than, the esoteric stuff bought by the buff."

Black says that the system market is now around 55 percent of the audio market. Buyers opting for known brands are getting better protection. Pioneer, for example, has extended its warranty period for all electronics to three years for both parts and labor.

Yamaha carries a five-year warranty on all its equipment. Most other manufacturers offer at least two years. This sort of warranty back-up, and the huge Japanese conglomerates which act as buffers, offer the buyer a sense of security in what is becoming a consumer protection-oriented society.



This year, says Black, the emphasis of the system sales will turn toward receivers and tuners with the advent of commercial FM radio.

Black also expects attempts at miniaturisation by companies such as Technics, Toshiba, Aiwa and Hitachi to continue through 1980. These companies offer high quality miniature systems that are aimed at flat and unit dwellers. But Black doubts that the mini-systems will be a commercial success. "I think the average Australian will want to have a sound system that is big and looks expensive," he said.

Although this has been the tendency in the past, from what I saw in Japan a year ago there is a definite shift to the slim-line European look.

Sharp's new Optonica slim-line range is a dead ringer for the Bang & Olufsen gear that has previously been the ideal of doctors and lawyers. In the past, Optonica has been great on features but poor on performance. The company has made a big effort to correct this, according to Geoff Muir, the national sales manager for Sharp Hi-Fi. Many specialist stores are now stocking Optonica equipment, the equivalent of being received into an exclusive club.

The Optonica range is superb, with micro-processors, infra-red remote control, and slim-line turntables with real glass lids. The top of the range is the 9100 series. The pre-amplifier, power amplifier, tuner, turntable, cassette deck and cabinet will sell for about $4500. And that excludes speakers But this is an extremely sophisticated system.

The turntable allows you to select any track on the record, and to play the tracks in any order. An infra-red sensor attached to the end of the tone arm senses the gaps between the tracks. The tone arm itself is controlled through a micro-processor.

The 9100's cassette deck, too, has an automatic program search system (APSS) through which you can seek out any track you want. The cassette deck skips unwanted tracks. In fact, it is so sophisticated that you can program the cassette deck to play a tape in any track order.

If ever there was a cassette deck that looked like the control panel of a Jumbo, it's the Optonica 9100. It has 41 nipples, six rotating knobs, and a timer switch. The newcomer will take a while to sort out the complexity of this deck. But the remote control is simple.

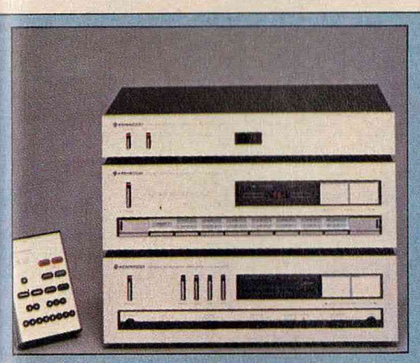
Even the tuner has an automatic program search system. It will scan the dial and automatically seek the next station. You can also pre-tune nine stations, found automatically by the touch of a button.

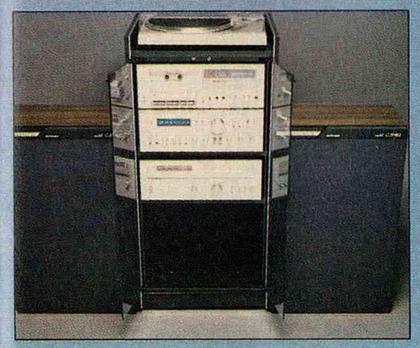
If one were to dare voice a criticism of the Optonica 9100, it would be that the tuner and pre-amplifier do not come with a remote control unit, and that the turntable and cassette deck have separate hand controls.

Technics, JVC, Kenwood and Sony, on the other hand, have planned their remote control systems with single comprehensive handsets.

Technics also plans to launch its "Space" remote control system in the next few months. It will have one hand-control set that will operate all components within the system.

While Optonica sets out to blow your mind with millions of flashing dials and knobs, Technics has tried to make its system a lot more simple. The "occasionally-used" controls are hidden, with only the main controls visible. These secret compartments have been given the parochial name of the "Hideaway Kangaroo Pocket".





TOP LEFT: The superb Optonica electronic tape processor 9100. TOP CENTRE: Kenwood's complex new system comes with a single comprehensive handset (ABOVE). BELOW LEFT: Technic's new system. CENTRE: Pioneer, with A-class amp.

Technics' new system has been composed of five components: a quartz-synthesiser FM/AM tuner and a built-in pre-amplifier with a multi-function timer; 45-watts-per-channel power amplifier; direct-drive cassette deck; a quartz-lock direct drive turntable; and infra-red command control centre that connects all other units.

From your listening position, you can control every component in the system by pressing the appropriate buttons on the compact handset. Using the command handset, you first choose the source (cassette tape, turntable, or AM/FM tuner). If you select the tuner, you next decide which of 16 channels on the radio you prefer. The tuner will automatically find the station through its micro-processor.

The tuner also has a three-way timing unit. This 24-hour clock is accurate to plus or minus 10 seconds per month. The timer will turn any of the pre-set AM or FM stations on or off at the time you select. In fact, it can be programmed to turn on and off twice a day. The timer can also turn the cassette deck and/or turntable on and off automatically so you can be awakened either by radio or the 1812 Overture, if you position the record or tape before you go to bed.

A set of batteries is located in the system, and will hold the memory you

have carefully programmed for up to two months if the power is shut off. You can check the system's memory at the flick of a switch.

When the tuner is turned on, the digital clock switches to display the frequency of the station you are listening to. Should you want to know the time, you simply push a button, and the digital display switches to the clock mode for five seconds.

Technics is one of the leading cassette deck manufacturers, and this unit is one of their better models. It incorporates the new SX heads for metal tape recording, fluorescent meters with peak hold indication, and electronic touch control switching.

With the remote handset, you can operate every function on the cassette deck, including fast-wind, rewind, play, record and mute.

The turntable has "opto-electronic" detection of record size and lead-in groove, so the built-in micro-processor can precisely control the tone arm when the remote control handset is being used.

The opto-electronic system employs infra-red LEDs (Light Emitting Diodes) that are invisible to the human eye. You can arrange continuous repeat of the record.

When the automatic sensor detects the end of the record, the tone arm will lift and go straight back to the beginning of the record. Most other automatic-repeat players take the tone arm back to the arm rest before going through another play cycle. The Technics system is quicker.

I see no point in detailing the anti-howling design features, the high torque of the integral rotor-platter direct-drive motor with quartz-phased control electronics. Suffice to say that Technics is renowned for its turntables, and this is as good as any they make. The amplifier is a high-quality unit which produces a powerful 45-watts-per-channel which can be switched to 90-watts mono if you want to buy two units.

The whole system is operated through the command unit which is basically a receiver and transmitter. It receives the commands from the small handset and then relays them through to each component.

A four-bit microcomputer converts the commands into electrical signals.

When it is not being used, the control handset slips neatly into a compartment built in the front of the command centre.

JVC, Sony and Kenwood have similar systems in the pipeline. Kenwood, like Technics, makes use of European slim-line looks.

Both Philips and Sanyo are also releasing new systems. In both cases, they are following the European trend in so far as the style is black and slim. Neither will have remote control.

Sony's power amplifier has power LED meters and microphone mixing. Power is higher than the Technics, with 60 watts per channel. Operation of the tuner is all electronic. You don't twirl the dial as you would with a manual system, but simply turn the tuning knob slightly either to the right or left and the unit automatically scans the dial.

The signal strength is indicated by an impressive-looking five-LED meter; five AM and five FM stations can also be pre-set for automatic tuning.

The Sony timer can switch itself on and off four times a day (twice as many as Technics) and has an option of a 12- or 24-hour clock. Besides displaying the time, the unit can also display the next on-and-off function programmed. It can also switch on house lights.

Otherwise, the Sony is quite like the Technics in its other functions. You can set it to record any radio program aired while you're not at home; the turntable can be cued, started and stopped automatically; and automatic track selection is a standard feature.

The cassette deck is listed as an optional extra in the Sony system, and has an automatic program-search system similar to Sharp — something the Technics cassette deck doesn't have. The price and release date for the Sony have not been announced.

While all of these manufacturers pursue the upper-systems market with flashing lights and remote control systems, only Technics and Pioneer have produced non-switching A-class amplifiers. These amplifiers are aimed at the educated-ear market where priority is sound-for-dollar rather than expensive gimmickry.

The Pioneer non-switching A-class amplifiers were launched last year at Sydney's Consumer Electronics Show but were not available in numbers until the end of the year.

Briefly, most amplifiers for a hi-fi system are what the industry calls B-class. Two output transistors take it in turns to put the music signal out to the speakers. This switching system (which happens thousands of times per second) keeps the amplifier cool and therefore able to handle a very high power output.

The B-class amplifier is therefore very efficient; however, the switching introduces distortion into the audio chain. The alternative is an A-class amplifier. This uses only one output transistor, which is in operation continuously. This transistor gets very hot and is therefore limited to very low power output.

A number of attempts have been made to produce hybrid amplifiers. Quad was first with what it calls its Current Dumping system. Technics followed with a similar system, called "A+". In this process, the low power is handled by the A-class stage of the amplifier. When the output of the amplifier rises, it automatically switches to a B-class system. The theory is that distortion is not audible in the loud passages where the B-class amplifier system operates. And the quiet music passages are clean in the Current Dumping system.

Other attempts have been made by Hitachi and other manufacturers to produce hybrid amplifiers, but the pure A-class high power amplifier continued to elude technologists. Now, Pioneer and Technics have produced a variation of the A-class amplifier.

This amplifier still uses two output transistors which take it in turn to do the work, but neither actually turns off. All that happens is that one transistor rests, still carrying a low current, while the other does the work. A bias current feeds the music signal to each output transistor in turn.

Pioneer amplifiers are proving very popular with buffs because they offer a cleaner sound at a reasonable price. Pioneer has two A-class amplifiers: the SA-8800 with 80 watts per channel, and the SA-9800 with 100 watts per channel. Both have less than 0.005 percent THD (total harmonic distortion), fluorescent display power meters, and easy-to-read mode selection. Cost: $600 and $800 respectively.

The Technics A-class amplifier will offer 40-watts-per-channel when it is released in a few weeks. Peter Lee, the marketing manager, says it will be remarkably cheap.

But one thing is for sure: 1980 is going to be the year that the sophisticated hi-fi system will come into its own. Whether it will knock off the esoteric gear is another question — but it is almost certain to give it a bad shake-up if only because people are becoming more brand-conscious.

Test laboratories can't pick the difference between these three tapes.

$4·53* TDK AD C90 $3·50* OPUS C90 $4·80* HITACHI UD C90

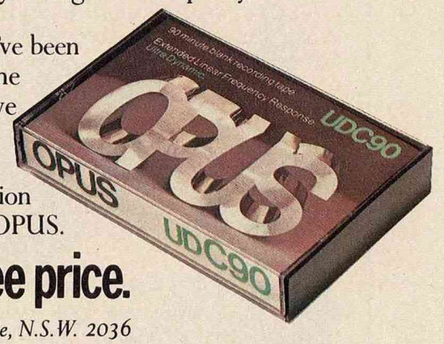
Can you? According to laboratory tests these three tapes are pretty much identical. If anything the OPUS tape is slightly better. Yet the OPUS tape is considerably cheaper than the other two.

How is it possible?

It's because OPUS tapes are manufactured here in Australia and therefore are not subject to a 35 percent import duty.

Enabling you to get better quality at a lower price.

So if you've been figuring that the more expensive the tape the better it must be, the exception to the rule is OPUS.



Import quality at a duty free price.

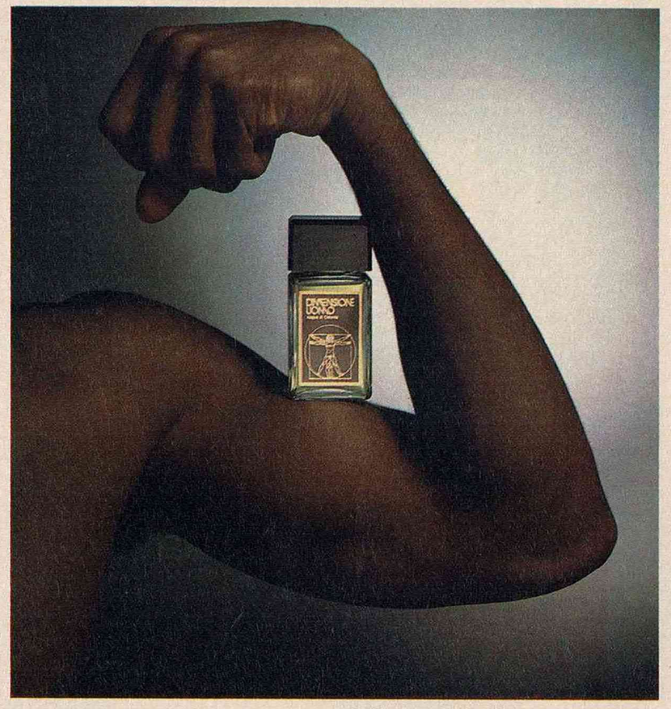
Greencorp Magnetics Pty. Ltd., 80 Perry Street, Matraville, N.S.W. 2036

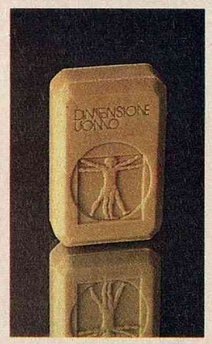
*Recommended Retail Price, November, 1979.

SSB.GM/57

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

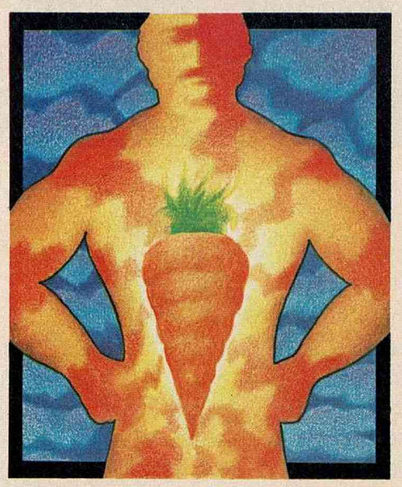
people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement





GET ON THE RIGHT SCENT

Leonardo da Vinci had the right ideas about perfecting the human form – like most Renaissance artists, he worshipped the body beautiful. A new range of Italian men's toiletries, Dimensione Uomo, has enlivened the tradition. Blended from fine woods and fresh herbs, a 15-product line-up is available nationally from men's boutiques and perfumeries.



BROWN FROM WITHIN

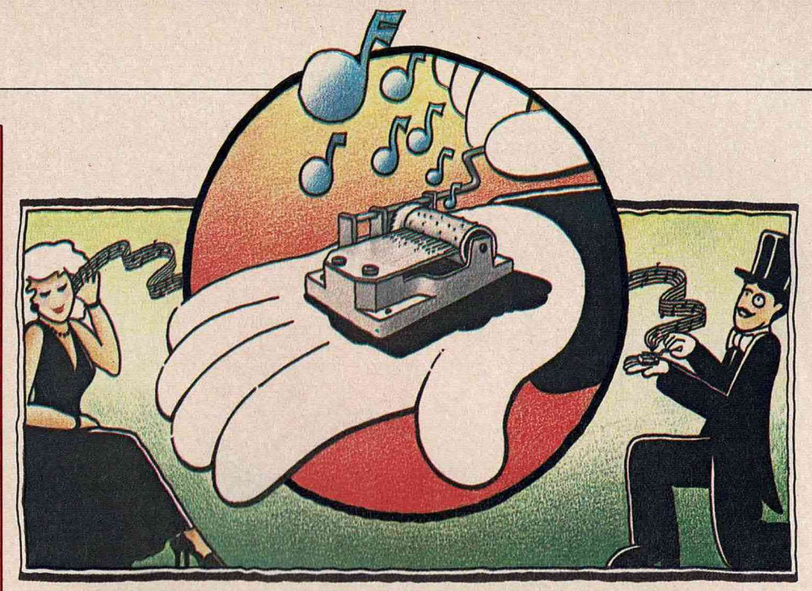
Orobronze carrot-formula pills give you a tan with the help of a few hours of sun.

FISH-EYE TO EYE

Wish you'd taken snaps of the many glimmering sea-creatures up on the Barrier Reef? Minolta has just the thing – its floatable,waterproof camera retails nationally for about $129, has oversized controls and 110 cartridge loading.

REG DOES HIS BLOKK

For the "last" time, Reg Livermore is staging another one-man show. *Son of Betty* mingles old characters with new material.

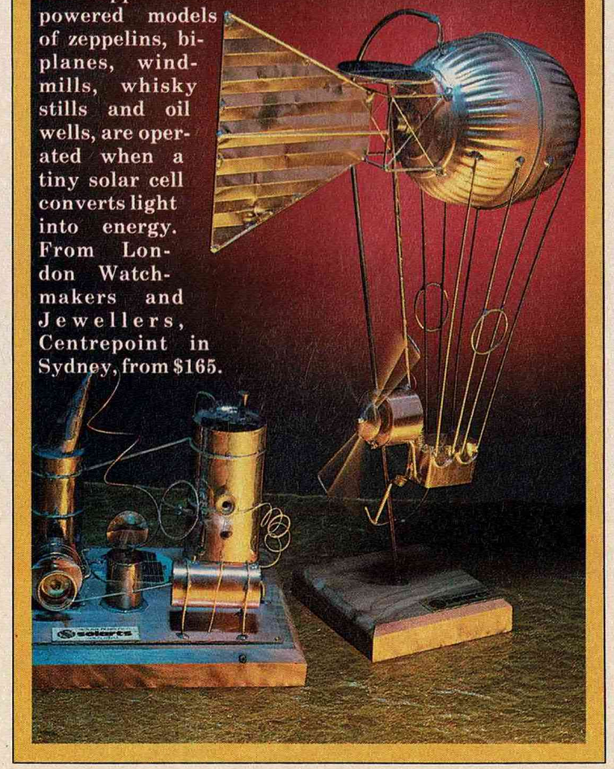


AND FOR $2 MORE, A MONKEY THAT WHISTLES WALTZING MATILDA

Tired of singing Happy Birthday? Why not send her a musical miniature Hurdy Gurdy instead? It fits in the palm of your hand and will grind out the refrain of Happy Birthday . . . or, for other occasions, it is also available playing Brahms' Lullaby, *Swan Lake,* or the title themes from *Dr Zhivago* or *The Entertainer.* Hit-men will like the model that plays *The Godfather* track. About $5.50, from Martinvale in the Strand Arcade, Sydney.

FLY SOLAR

Nothing new under the sun? Not true. Solarts, solid brass and copper solar-powered models of zeppelins, biplanes, windmills, whisky stills and oil wells, are operated when a tiny solar cell converts light into energy. From London Watchmakers and Jewellers, Centrepoint in Sydney, from $165.



WHEN CAFFEINE ISN'T ENOUGH . . .

An Art Deco china teapot to help keep you up. From Frobisher Galley in Melbourne, $65.

GROW YOUR OWN PLANE

The Grasshopper, a high-performance minimum aircraft with excellent gliding/thermalling capacity, arrives in kit form and costs $4000. Department of Transport rules restrict you to a height of 300ft – as no licence is required, that's high enough.

Pack it. Wrap it. Seal it. Tie it.

TN1063

Or bag it.

The best ideas are always simple. Like TNT Courier Overnight Satchels. For $8.75 you can send anything that fits inside, to almost anywhere in Australia door to door. Overnight. Just call before 6 p.m. and we'll get it there, usually by 10 a.m. the next morning.

Don't be fooled by appearances. The bag is tough, waterproof and tear resistant.

Get TNT Courier Overnight Satchels from TNT Courier offices around Australia. Or from most newsagents.

TNT Courier Overnight Satchels.* Anything, anywhere, overnight.

A Speedy Communications product. *Anything which fits inside the satchel may be sent almost anywhere in Australia, overnight.

TNT COURIER

Benson and Hedges Extra Mild was my golden gate to San Francisco

The script called for me to leap from the Powell Street cable-car on a corner near Chinatown, and break up a fight between three Chinatown heavies.

I got the wrong corner and the wrong heavies.

My own stunt guys ran across to settle the problem, but before anyone got pan-fried, I offered them some gold — my Benson and Hedges Extra Mild — which turned them sweet before things got sour.

George Lazenby and friend in front of the San Francisco Oakland Bay Bridge.

"Take One and take that!"

George Lazenby, an Australian International, enjoys Benson and Hedges Extra Mild.

Nob Hill Cable Car.

Fisherman's Wharf.

BENSON and HEDGES

Extra Mild

Excellence... in an extra mild cigarette

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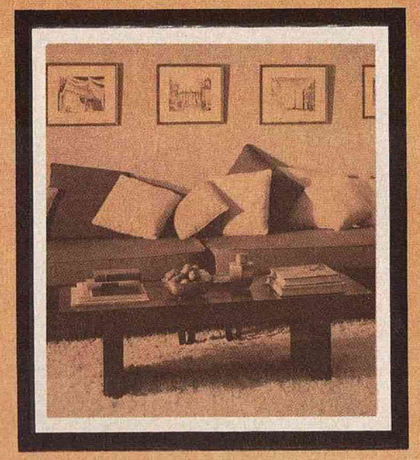

THE FURNISHING TOUCH

IF YOU have just bought yourself a unit or are renting a place, one of the first things on your mind is "setting it up" and making it suit your lifestyle. Every bachelor knows the subtle difference between a place to live and a "pad". But that extra homeliness and atmosphere can often cost a lot of money – perhaps more money than you have after financing bond payments and rent, or mortgage payments if you are buying the unit.

However, there are a number of little touches that you can add without going to the wall financially, and short-cuts and tricks of the trade which will transform your crash-pad into something that will turn the heads of your friends. These simple steps don't require any technical skills beyond a general handyman ability. And, more important, they don't cost a lot of money.

The first item on most shopping lists for a bachelor (even before furniture) is usually a good stereo. Unfortunately, there are not many short-cuts in sound equipment, except to shop around or, if you happen to be an enthusiast, build your own speakers.

Having installed a good sound system, you can turn your average flat or house into an impressive pad. One of the most important areas to look at is lighting. Your average overhead 60W bulbs do nothing for atmosphere. Don't change the bulb; buy a dimmer for around $5 from a hardware store. It can be installed in minutes to replace an ordinary light switch, providing subdued lighting at the turn of a knob.

Mood can also be enhanced by replacing overhead lights with studio lights in one corner of the room. For added atmosphere, angle your lamps upwards to use bounce lighting. Colored bulbs also add atmosphere, but give black lamps a miss. They act well on white shirts, but make your place look like a groping parlor.

Feature walls can add a new dimension without breaking your budget. Mirror tiles are a favorite. For around $70 you can install a two-metre by three-metre mirror tile feature wall which will make a room seem twice as large and give romantic reflections to those candlelight dinners. Timber is also a popular feature wall, but for a different effect try a carpet. It does wonders to a wall in a lounge or bedroom.

Wallpaper is also effective and not expensive if you shop around at large stores. A well-selected pattern can be good value for covering up a cracked or stained wall. For $40 or $50 you should be able to make an old room seem like new.

Furniture is a major expense, but a few short-cuts exist. One way to get into good quality furniture at a budget price is to buy whitewood pieces and stain or paint them yourself. Whitewood furniture is often sold through warehouses at very competitive prices. Second-hand furniture is not to be scoffed at. In most cities, a wide choice is available through the Saturday classified advertisements.

Bean bags are worth considering, as they offer comfortable seating at a reasonable price. Most good bags cost $25 to $30, which is considerably less than even second-hand lounge chairs.

A number of other small touches can greatly add atmosphere to your living-room and impart a look of quality. Plants are good for filling in bare corners of a room. But don't buy expensive palms from trendy nurseries. A green-fingered friend will tell you which ones will grow from cuttings. You can then buy a few cheap pots and get cuttings of plants you admire.

If you are looking for something to hang on the walls, consider abstract art. You will probably find it is cheaper to decorate with, and, whereas most of your friends can recognise traditional masters such as Drysdale and Dobell, few will be able to tell an abstract masterpiece from something your sister did. If possible, get friendly with someone in a local art class, and pick up some discarded class assignments for nix. It is unlikely your friends will ever know.

CANDLES ADD ATMOSPHERE

Another way to decorate is to have posters made from your own slides. Most photographic studios can make giant posters from slides for around $10 each. A little expensive, but still considerably cheaper than buying prints from an art shop.

Rugs – sheepskin and cow hide – are a good way to cover a floor if you can't afford shag pile carpet.

A novel touch for the bathroom is a see-through shower curtain which can be made at home from a length of clear plastic. Or, if you want a dressier version, many stores sell curtains with bright patterns and "windows". They cost only a few dollars.

If you are really looking to add atmosphere while cutting costs, don't forget candles. They won't make an enormous difference to your light bill, but will help to improve your fortunes in other directions.

With a little thought you can find many short-cuts to making your place liveable without going into debt. With a bit of luck, you may find a friend who is a budding interior decorator.

What better way to start up a friendship and save money at the same time?

– JIM MACNAMARA

Pacific Bar Refrigerators

H715ABC COPPERTONE

make great things happen ~ cooler

PACIFIC by gorenje Leaders in Bar Refrigerators

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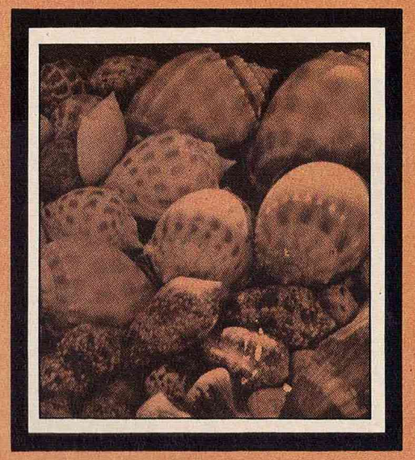


SEA SHELLS— A BEACHSIDE GOLDMINE

NEXT TIME you take a stroll along a beach or hop across a rocky outcrop on the shore, don't keep your eye fixed on the lady swimmer in front or waste time checking out the latest in swimwear. Right at your feet there could be a fortune. Hidden in those glistening sands could be a minute shell worth hundreds, even thousands, of dollars.

For Australia, with its vast coastline, has some of the most impressive shells in the world. Already, almost 10,000 have been described.

Collecting and identifying shells is to many not just a hobby, but a whole way of life with ample rewards both mental and financial. Since antiquity, shells have been used as decorative motifs in architecture and ornament and even in merchandising. Now, more than ever, they are being bought by collectors ready to spend up to $6000 for a prized item such as the rarest cone shell.

Cones, found in great numbers along the east coast of Australia and in Western Australia, have long been collectors' favorites. Most of them inhabit deep water, hiding in fissures and holes along coral reefs. Toward the end of the 18th century, one of the least common of the genus, the *conus gloria-maris,* the glory of the sea, sparked international interest when it was first identified. Still considered the showpiece of any collection, only about 25 are known to be held throughout the world. However, it is eclipsed in rarity by the handsome *conus clytospira,* of which there are only nine known specimens.

COWRIES ARE POPULAR

Another, and possibly even more popular, genus is the family *cypraeidae,* or cowrie. They are the shells which adorn thousands of suburban mantelpieces as souvenirs of that trip to Fiji or the Philippines. Most people find it hard to resist the shell's polished enamel surface and intricate color patterns. The best known and most popular is the *cypraea tigris,* which has a mottled coloring ranging from chestnut through to richer, darker hues. The tiger cowrie is one of the most popular of molluscs and is often found around the Australian shoreline. According to Bob Brown, the curator of the renowned shell museum in Yeppoon, on the Central Queensland coast, there are nearly 500 types of cowrie, and many collectors concentrate on this species alone.

Brown has spent a lifetime collecting shells and says it is one of the most rewarding pastimes he could imagine. "It's like gambling," he says. "You never know what you'll come up with. You never know, when out collecting, if you might come up with the only one of its type in the world."

Shells from all around the world are sent to Brown's museum for identification. If he can't identify the particular variety, Brown refers a shell to experts in Sydney, New Zealand or the US.

Brown says most collectors work for complete sets of any one variety, and recently he was visited by an Italian businessman who had spent $500,000 on a cowrie collection alone. Brown's museum is stocked with shells from many countries, and he says it is one of the great ironies of being a shell collector in Australia that most of his local specimens come from Taiwan and Japan.

TAIWANESE COLLECTORS

Recently, Taiwanese fishermen in particular have become interested in Australian shells and Brown says that they haul up all sorts of marine life off Australia's coast. Instead of sorting it out, they take it with them when they return to base. In Taiwan, collectors go through the catch, and any interesting specimens are offered for sale. Brown says it is surprising how many discoveries are made in Australian waters but are catalogued with Japanese or Chinese names because they are identified in Japan or Taiwan. Australian fishermen seem to have little interest in the lucrative sideline and toss many of the shells back in the water.

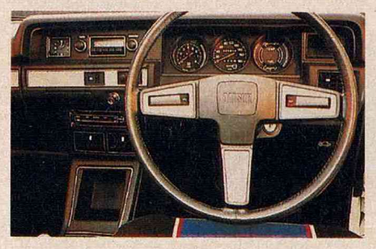
Values for shells are hard to assess as they are usually based on prices fetched at auction in France and the US. "What price could you put on the only one of its kind?" Brown asks. But shells in the $500 to $600 bracket are not unusual. Two types in this range which can be found on Australian beaches are *volute thatcheri McCoy* and *queenslandica.* A novice collector can refer to one of the many colorful and well-illustrated catalogues or consult a museum for assistance in identification.

While shells abound on beaches, it is unlikely that you will find the rarest specimens there, but it is not impossible. The best spots are on reefs or rocky headlands but, after 100 years of gleaning, Brown says many of the most accessible places, such as Long Reef near Sydney, are worked out.

New shells are being identified all the time, and it is possible for an amateur collector to have one named after him. Therefore it is important, if you make a discovery, to take a note of the location, even if it has no name. Besides all the money and fame, what better conversation piece could there be than a treasure taken from the sea which bears your name and is framed over your fireplace? – JOHN COCKERILL

New 1980 Datsun 200B SX

THE SPORTY FOUR WITH MORE



Sports appeal:
Ease into the cloth seats with the broad sports stripes. Look around, it's all there. Tachometer. Slick four-on-the-floor gearshift. Black dash. Distinctive soft feel steering wheel. Quartz clock. Radio. Laminated windscreen. Power assisted dual circuit brakes with front discs. Quartz halogen high beam headlights. Variable ratio steering.

Sports equipment:
It starts with wide alloy wheels. Chunky steel belted radials. Taut sports modified 'phase-matched' seating/suspension. The 2 litre overhead cam engine makes the four with more SX a sure winner. Up front there's the race bred air dam and extended body coloured bumper. The 200B SX has built-in sports appeal.

Cruisin' power:
The superb 2 litre fuel efficient engine gives full-blooded performance. It has power to spare for towing a boat, accelerating on the open highway or negotiating city traffic.
The new 1980 Datsun 200B continues to deliver outstanding fuel economy. Once again proving, "Datsun Saves".

Cruisin' comfort:
SX is a four that's fun to drive even with a load of five. It's spacious. All with the added comfort of wall to wall carpet. Heated rear window. Three speed heater/demister and reclining front bucket seats.

Open up the door on the sporty four with more at your Datsun Dealer, now.

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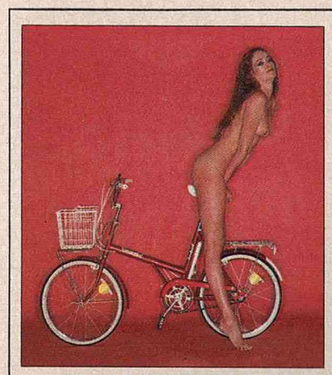
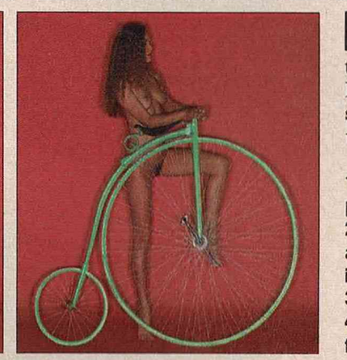




IF YOU think exercise is painful, you may be doing it wrongly. You'll get fitter bike riding than in a thousand sweaty squash games. Decide whether you want a bike for fun or sport, or as a cheap means of going to work or the shops. There's a bike that will fill any bill.

1. The Unisex Shopper 20 is one of the most popular on the market. It sells for about $249.
2. A Penny Farthing perhaps? Replicas are available from The Antique Emporium in Windsor, NSW, for a price of $850.
3. Lightweight Raleigh Euro Rapide, $380.
4. Sporty Raleigh Scorpio 10-speed is ideal for the first-time cyclist. It costs about $195.

Photography by Colin Stead

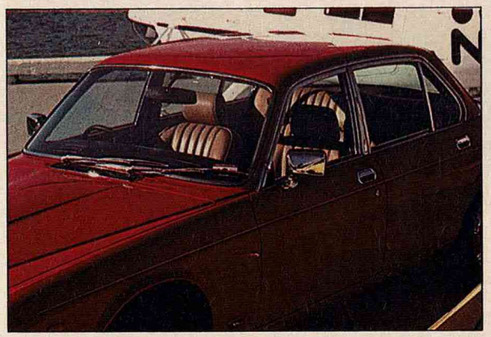
MIGHTY CATS

a love affair reborn with xj jags

YOU DON'T drive Jaguars; you have love affairs with them. Somehow, the Coventry cats invite a relationship between man and beast that borders on the unnatural. For me, the first fires were stoked when, aged 15, I tested an XK 140 fixed head coupe for a national motoring magazine. No questions, please. The embers roared to life again some years later, when I bought an E-type. There followed a period of totally requited bliss, broken only by the reluctance of my wife to accept this mechanical *ménage à trois.*

Returning recently to inspect the latest model Jaguars – the XJ-S and the Series Three XJ 4.2 saloon – was like revisiting an old flame: the maturity and elegance make the product even more alluring. The XJ-S combines effortlessly the difficult-to-reconcile elements of performance and luxury. Its ride is silky, suggesting soft, lazy suspension – an impression swiftly dispelled when you corner the beast fast. Speed (it will reach 240km/h) is dismissed as a contemptible irrelevance. Power – from a 5.3 litre V12 – is eerily quiet and smooth. Thirsty, too – about 23 litres/100km. At $39,950, it's unlikely that more than a lucky few will be able to enjoy the privilege. The $38,500 Series Three XJ 4.2 saloon offers a better deal on fuel (about 14 litres/100km) and performance few will quibble about. Beneath the facelift – new roofline, trim and grille – is three decades of breeding. The six-cylinder XK engine, now with electronic fuel injection, was born in the late '40s. The first XJ 6 appeared in 1968, which means there's been plenty of time to sort out the bugs. Both ride and road-ability are superb, showing once again that, with a touch of Jaguar magic, it's possible to go very fast (210 km/h) in comfort and safety.

— TONY REES



Photography by Denis Scott

Win the Australian Playboy Perisher Valley Gold Ski Pass

Your future on the ski fields will literally be as good as gold if you win the Australian PLAYBOY *Perisher Valley Gold Ski Pass competition. The pass is two ounces of pure gold (see above), which entitles the user to five seasons' unlimited use of the ski lifts in Perisher Valley and Smiggin Holes, starting this season, and is also a good investment (only 10 have been struck). Turn to Page 176 for entry conditions.*

LEFT: The six runners-up in the Australian PLAYBOY *Perisher Valley Gold Ski Pass Competition will each win a pair of these Carrera International Playboy ski goggles, which are fog-free even in extreme conditions.*

ENTRY FORM

Completed entries in the AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY PERISHER VALLEY GOLD SKI PASS COMPETITION to be forwarded to: Australian PLAYBOY Perisher Valley Gold Ski Pass Competition, Box 5252, GPO, Sydney, NSW 2001, to arrive no later than the last mail delivered on February 29, 1980.

Question: Which is the nearest established ski resort to Jindabyne, New South Wales?

Answer.....

Question: Who represented Australian PLAYBOY in the 1979 Freestyle Ski Grand Prix at Perisher Valley?

Answer.....

Question: Who was the first Australian PLAYBOY Playmate of the Month?

Answer.....

Question: What was the official launch date of Australian PLAYBOY magazine?

Answer.....

In not more than 25 words, describe why you would like to win the Australian PLAYBOY Perisher Valley Gold Ski Pass

.....

.....

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

STATE..... POSTCODE..... PHONE.....

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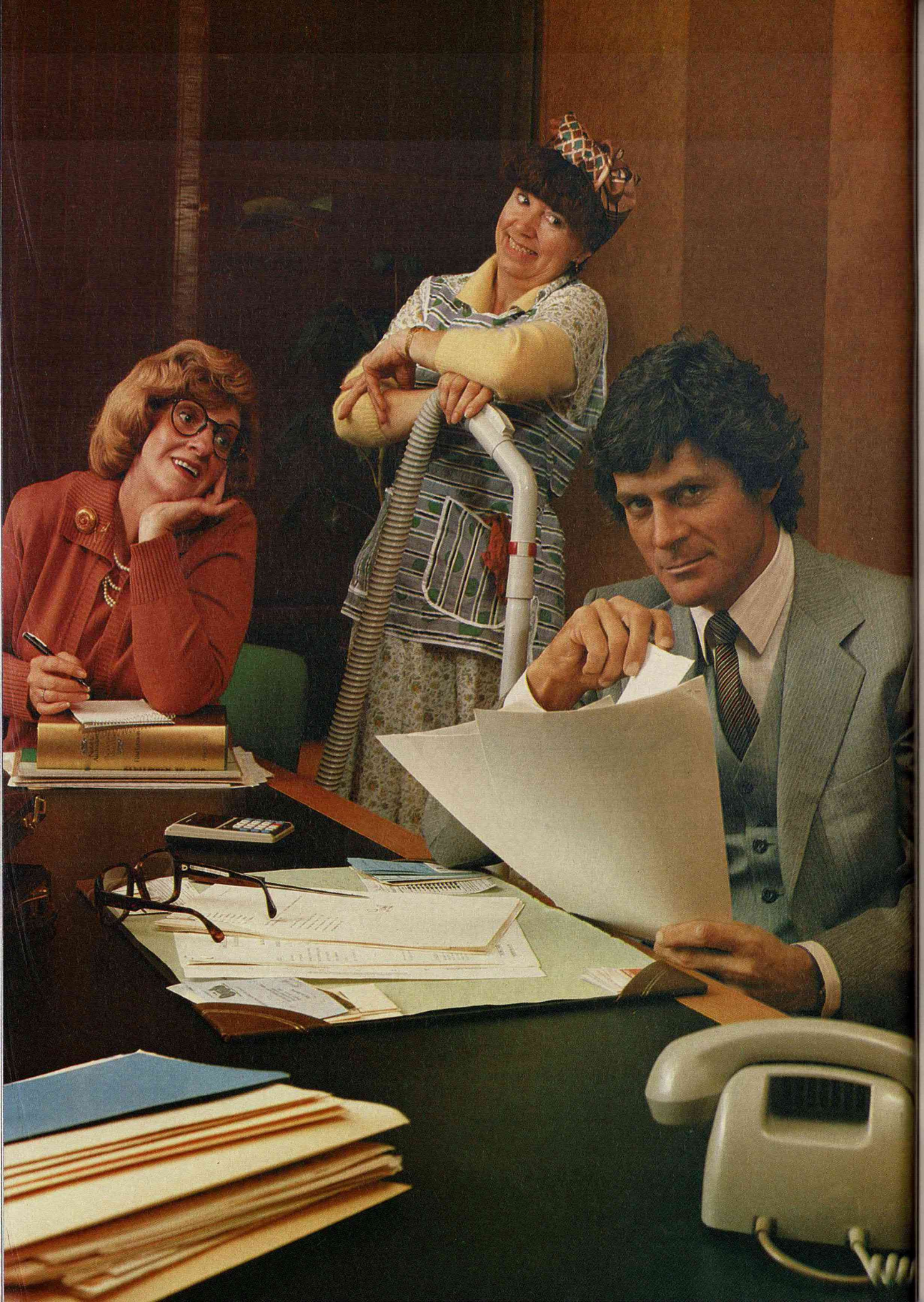

What sort of man reads The Bulletin?

He's the sort of man, it seems, that attracts women as much if not more than any other kind.

A fact which is hardly surprising when you consider him in the following light.

He's the sort of man who is vitally interested in politics and the powers that shape its destiny. (Show us the woman not interested in power.)

He's the sort of man who is deeply concerned about the world of finance. (Show us the woman not interested in money.)

He's the sort of man who can articulate on almost any aspect of life, from food to fashion. (Show us the woman not interested in the body and what shape it's in.)

In short, he's the sort of man who is attractive as much for his brain as his brawn.

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THE BULLETIN
Australia's weekly news magazine.

MN&C/BLN/1738

SHOWBIZ

don't cry for me, australia – at long last, evita will strut the local boards

WHEN IT comes to excelling in showbiz hype, it's a toss-up between entrepreneurs Robert Stigwood and Michael Edgley, and both will descend on Adelaide on April 30 for the premiere of the hit musical, *Evita.* Edgley has spent a million bucks on the set alone, and he's going to make damned sure we all know the thing is under way. He intends to fly in journos from all over the country for opening night, and he has lined up almost every major Aussie film and television star to be on hand looking famous.

Naturally, Stigwood – Bobby to his friends – has no intention of being upstaged by this behavior. He's decided to hit town with *Evita's* composers, Andrew Lloyd-Webber and Tim Rice, and a pack of celebrities freshly flown in from Los Angeles and London. All this will provide lots of famous people to be seen climbing out of shiny black limousines while waving at the thousands of eager fans surrounding the foyer who, presumably, will be hired from Rent-a-Crowd.

The show itself, described by New York critics as a one-song wonder, will play Adelaide and Perth for six weeks each, before starting its six-month run in Melbourne. It will premiere in Sydney early next year.

•

Speaking of flamboyance and hype, Sydney publicist Tom Greer has been let loose on *Arcade,* Channel 10's new soap-opera. Greer was responsible for selling *Number 96* and *The Box* to the public, and his methods are, to say the very least, outrageous. It was he who brought the Hollywood-style whistle-stop train promotion to Australia, and the raging and debauchery on those trips are legendary.

The Greer method is simple. You hire a complete train, shove 20 or 30 actors on board with some noisier representatives of the popular press, and add a lot of booze. The result is complete madness. Mike Dorsey, a star of *Arcade* and long-time member of the *Number 96* cast, takes up the story: "Jesus, I've never seen anything like it, and if Greer is thinking about doing it again, I'm leaving town.

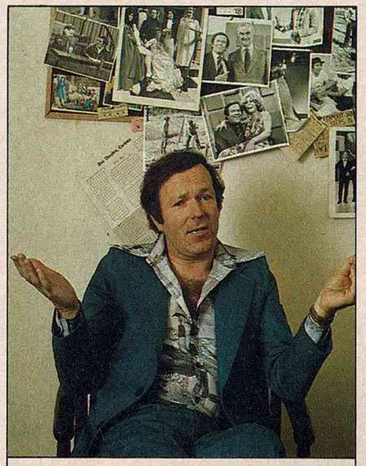
"I lost two complete days on one of those trips. They tell me I enjoyed myself, but I'm damned if I know what I did, or who I did it to."

The question is, of course, will Mr Greer subject *Arcade's* 21 regular cast members to the same treatment?

"All I'm saying is that, with such a big cast, I'm going to require a 747 at least, and a lot of champagne," was the coy reply. International air traffic controllers have been warned.

•

PLAYBOY readers who have been forced to remain at home on a weekday with a terminal hangover will no doubt have noticed a chap called Mike Walsh performing on the tube. Those strong enough to stare at a bright light for extended periods may have come to the conclusion that, charming though he may be, he's little more than a chubby lightweight with a penchant for talking to people's mothers. Don't be fooled. Mr Walsh's syrupy visage hides one of the most astute showbiz minds in the



Daytime television's Mike Walsh shrugs off the critics' criticism.

country, and one of the richest. Aside from his daily chat show, which he packages for the Nine Network on a $4 million contract, he owns Melbourne's top-rating radio station, 3MP, and he's made a motza out of theatre tours and his cinema at romantic Richmond, near Sydney. At the moment, he's dividing his time pretty evenly between running his farm, producing a children's movie (the name's a secret) and organising an all-Oz musical, starring some of the top names in the country. And, like him or not, he has been a successful national television star for more than 10 years. Not bad for a bloke whose radio call-sign used to be: "Needle-nidle-noo."

•

After enjoying five years horrifying innocent celebrities and spreading a rather deranged image of Australian manhood around the world, Norman Gunston is set for yet another year's lunacy on the tube. The question is: is Norman still as funny? Garry McDonald, the Sydney actor who bears an unnerving resemblance to Norman, certainly thinks so. For some reason, McDonald is always invited to the press screenings of Norman's shows, and he never fails to fall about almost weeping with mirth. How long does he think Norman will last?

"Well, I reckon that he could go on for ever. I mean, he is an established character, he knows a lot of celebrities, he has a totally Australian brand of humor and he knows the value of a regular income."

McDonald obviously has a lot of sympathy for Norman, but judging by the performance he put on outside a major international hotel recently, it's easily understandable.

He was seen staggering out to a beaten-up sedan with three bags under each arm, and a set of keys in his mouth. He tried to reach for the keys, dropped the bags, picked up the bags, dropped the keys, dropped the bags again, picked up the keys, and tripped over the bags. Several passers-by were seen giving the unfortunate actor a brisk round of applause.

•

One of the greatest tragedies in Australian entertainment is the fact that no one can entice Harry Butler back on to the tube, and believe me, they've tried. At least two commercial networks have offered him contracts worth a mint (nobody is saying how much, but $200,000 a year would be a reasonable guess) and the ABC is still trying to talk him into making a third *In The Wild* series, but Harry just doesn't want to know. And that's a great pity. If you've never seen him cheerfully wrestling an enraged boa-constrictor, or trying to prise a baby crocodile's jaws off his wrist, you've missed some of the great moments in Australian television.

However, Harry remains singularly unimpressed by the medium. "It's all bullshit, mate," he advised a Sydney reporter who asked if he enjoyed being a celebrity. These days Harry remains perfectly content in his home State of WA, working part-time for Wapet, a big oil consortium (he monitors the environment on its Barrow Island fields), and conducting wildlife tours for groups of schoolchildren. Mind you, he's far from broke. He made quite a bit out of the two books which followed *In The Wild,* and Wapet gladly pays heaps to have the environmentalist on its staff.

– ANDREW SAW

MUSIC

the rats surface to show us that rock is more than simply boy-meets-girl

IN VIEW of the time it took for the Boomtown Rats to boom in Australia, *The Fine Art of Surfacing* (Ensign) is an aptly-named album. Their product is both innovative, clever and well-performed rock in the early '70s tradition of Bowie and ilk. It is a proven formula here, which makes it hard to fathom why the Rats have not been properly promoted in Australia in the past.

For a six-man Irish band, the Rats include no Paddy O'Rourkes or Sean O'Donoghues. In fact, their names (Crowe, Geldof, Briquette, Roberts, Fingers and Cott) suggest these are Orange Rats.

It is the remarkable Bob Geldof who will soon establish himself as the Marc Bolan of his time. Geldof's is the voice, the looks and the song-writing power behind the Rats, and it is obviously his creative cheese on which these Rats feed. Their I Don't Like Mondays single gave the public a clue that, at last, there was a band afoot on the singles charts who had more to say than just boy-meets-girl bubble and squeek. There is something rather devastating about the comment which hints that the Mondays syndrome might be the pain of the treadmill existence. Geldof's lyrics construct image and his delivery is perfect.

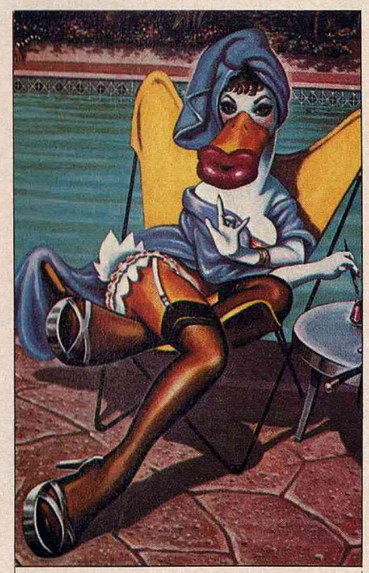
The single is one of at least four or five tracks which rate as the finest on the set, with Chill Wind Factor, Sleep, Keep It Up and Diamond Smiles just about matching it for originality. And, just to prove there's more than pop to the Rats' rock act, they finish with the brilliant When The Night Comes, something that the Bob Segers, Bruce Springsteens and company might be proud to call their own.

Rats fans assure us the band is capable of better, which promises much. If *Surfacing* does have a major flaw, it just might be in the overcrowded nature of some songs. But, in view of the shortage of opposition in their field, the Rats could be excused such a minor failing.

•

It's the pick of the crop, and it's called *Down On The Farm* (Warner Bros). Unfortunately for all Lowell George fans, it's the last harvest from the inspired man and friend of many. George's recent death might bring a delayed rush on Little Feat material, but any additional sales will not compensate for the sense of loss. Friend of many a talented muso in need of a little inspiration, Lowell George kept so low a profile that perhaps only his passing will highlight the real value of his contribution. Anyway, he's left us with a good one. George produced the album, and his songwriting forms one of its mightiest props. The rest of the writing job is handled by Feat members and friends, with Paul and Gabriel Barrere penning the title track.

Like The Band and Grateful Dead, Feat have tapped that core which defies trend, enabling their records to maintain an impressive place of priority in the most select collections. Just listen to Fred Thackett and George's



Little Feat's new album, *Down On The Farm,* is the pick of the crop but, sadly, it's the last for the band's late great Lowell George.

Be One Now, or the slippery guitar solo on Kokomo, and you'll understand.

The cut which probably bears the most relevance in the light of Lowell's departure is Front Page News. Lowell George, friend and support to all, aptly wrote just a short time before his death: "Memories are friends that you had/It's so clear if you need to see/I can count on you/You can count/ You can count on me."

•

Like the Electric Light Orchestra, Styx' product is super-slick, fine grade pop, but on *Cornerstone* (A & M), the Chicago band do it so well that the listener has a tendency to drop the guard and just stamp along with it. For sure, we've heard it all before in one form or another, but Styx deliver it with so much confidence and a rare dash of musical ability that it hardly rates as anything too undesirable. If you doubt the success of the formula, it's important to note that *Cornerstone* is the band's ninth album and, despite some lean times early in the piece, their recent fortunes have been bright. Their music is characterised by strong harmonies, pounding percussion and soaring keyboards (a poor man's Yes, one reviewer once said). The label has plucked Dennis De Young's softy, Babe, from this set for single release, and it stands in direct contrast to their last major single success, the power-pop thumper, You're Fooling Yourself. The band have found the space for a good rock bash on *Cornerstone* with Borrowed Time.

It's the silver touch of Tommy Shaw on acoustic guitar which labels many of the cuts with that individual Styx sound. With horns and strings to bolster the front five's efforts, the total sound on *Cornerstone* registers at least as strongly as their last two performances on *The Grand Illusion* and *Pieces of Eight.*

•

How Ross Wilson has managed to keep such a low public profile and retain a position of incredible respect within the industry will always be a mystery to me. Ross The Boss, lead singer, songwriter, producer and general inspiration, just refuses to lie down. It is largely from his vitality and the four additional members of Mondo Rock that *Primal Park* (Oz) draws its rating as a classy Australian album. Ross panders only to his love for rock and roll on the live cuts on the album, Down, Down, Down, Down, Question Time, The Rebel and Live Wire – The Mondo Shakedown. The Rebel well might be the Wilson rock and roll story. The way in which he works his vocals over the lyrics has that ring of truth about it, and the Peter Laffy guitar lash is a real rupture bash.

If Melbourne has been the headquarters of Oz rock for many years, Ross has been commander of the base for almost as long. His influence has thrown up a style which is distinctively Melbourne, and has influenced principals such as Skyhooks, Jo Jo Zep and a host of emerging bands.

The album loses nothing by having such a large portion devoted to live cuts. Once inside the studio, we see

another side of the man's talent. As far as craft is concerned, the title cut and Searching For My Baby aptly exposed Ross Wilson's worth.

•

Richard Lush rates a mention on *Primal Park,* but it is as trump on Marc Hunter's *Fiji Bitter* (CBS) that one of Australia's best producer-engineers really gets to earn his brass. Lush thinks he had something like a mere $20,000 to produce *Fiji Bitter,* and according to the amount of labor pains, it was a wonder he delivered at all. His first recruitment of musicians turned up a team which was simply wrong for the job. Nobody's mentioning who the rejects were, but the successful combination included such high-flyers as guitarist Harvey James, Cheetah (on backing vocals), Todd Hunter, Mark Kennedy, Rick Formosa, Col Loughnan and others. By Australian standards, that's a bloody strong team, and Lush had his work cut out pushing their whole effort through on schedule and within budget. For Marc's first solo effort since bailing out of Dragon, it's a powerful enough package to disappoint those tipping a tumble for the singer. Excluding the much-played Don't Take Me and Island Nights, the brew boasts eight strong tracks. *Fiji Bitter* was worth another round, and there've been nice words about Casablanca and When You Walk Into The Room. Hunter has yet to recapture the early snap of the old Dragon days, but the contribution of the under-rated Cheetah babes more than compensates. The songs have been written by anybody and everybody and just about add up to real value. – NEIL JAMESON

•

Herb Alpert staggered the sombrero set by putting down his trumpet to sing This Guy's in Love With You. *Rise* (A & M) doesn't depart quite as much from his form, but it does have its share of surprises. The horn is firmly back in use, but this time to convey some soft disco mood for up-market MOR dancers whose tiring legs cannot stand the pace. If you are not in the mood for swaying to it, drop it on the turntable for the boss's next cocktail party. It'll provide some inoffensive background vibes that sure beat muzak.

•

West Coast warbler Nicolette Larsen has a little more bite to her act on *In The Nick of Time* (Warner Bros). She's not a girl to favor any particular writing team, opting to use anyone from Leiber and Stoller to Lowell George. She even has her own fiddle with the pen. The rhythm canter of Dancin' Jones and Just In The Nick of Time means you can dance to this one. In fact, the whole thing has got a genuine soul feel on some cuts, and a glimpse at the credit lines proves that half of Little Feat helped out on arrangements and backing. She's game to tackle just about anything, including Bobby Troup's Daddy, penned in 1941. By some calculations, Nicolette is a lightweight, and her material certainly lacks direction. But, as long as she finds the right talent to support her pretty voice, she will easily get away with it.

•

It's a little surprising to note that Vangelis' publicity blurb concedes that the Greek instrumentalist was once a member of Aphrodite's Child with Demis Roussos. It's hard to imagine that any mention of the fat falsetto phenomenon would gain any points for a man whose music is definitely not commercial. In fact, there is some incredibly beautiful music on *Vangelis* (Polydor), a Chinese-influenced work by a creative keyboard artist. Like some of the monumental tasks performed by Mike Oldfield, it is superbly entertaining so long as you don't give yourself a headache thinking about the spiritual connotations which could be read into it all.

•

There's bound to be something Freudian about the title of Barbra Streisand's *Wet* (CBS). From a mixture of composers, she's splashed down with nine songs all dealing with such soggy subjects as Rain, Tears, Crying, Rain, Niagara and (of course) More Rain. It's not true that you get a free disposable umbrella with each copy. Some will say that No More Tears (Enough Is Enough), on which she sings duet with Donna Summer, is the highlight of the collection. At least she resisted a cover of Singing In The Rain, which might have been the only thing to save her from a bucketing. – A. D. AIRD

•

Keyboard wizard Bob James is one of the leaders of the jazz fusion cross-over music so actively promoted by CBS Records. His latest contribution is *Lucky Seven.* As usual, he has almost a Who's Who of New York studio men to help perform his always stimulating compositions and arrangements: musicians like the Brecker brothers, guitarists Eric Gale, Hiram Bullock, Richie Resnicoff and Steve Khan, drummers Steve Gadd, Idris Muhammad and Ralph MacDonald, brass men like Jon Faddis, Wayne Andre and Jimmy Buffington, reed players Dave Sanborn and George Marge, and a 10-piece string section that included violinist Harry Lookofsky who, even 20 years ago, made recordings under his own name and deserves more exposure today. My favorite track is the sinuous Blue Lick that features the leader's electric piano. Look Alike is a sort of oriental disco funk, with Neil Jason's bass sharing honors with some smooth saxes on which Sanborn takes the solo spots. Big Stone City has that rich depth that only trumpets, trombones and french horns can give and over which Mike Brecker's tenor floats.

The apparently mandatory vocal chorus rears its head on Friends, but I can forgive this digression when it is followed by such a mellow track as Fly Away, the album's closer. Not earth-shaking, but pleasant, relaxing music.

•

Ira Sullivan is a remarkably versatile and talented musician. Like singer and organist extraordinaire, the late Joe Mooney, Sullivan likes to live away from the mainstream of jazz, in Florida. Consequently, he is not as well known as he should be.

Recently, however, he ventured north and made a few welcome recordings, the latest of which is *Peace* on Galaxy. On this record he is heard on trumpet, flugelhorn, flute, alto flute, soprano and tenor saxophone. He is masterly on each!

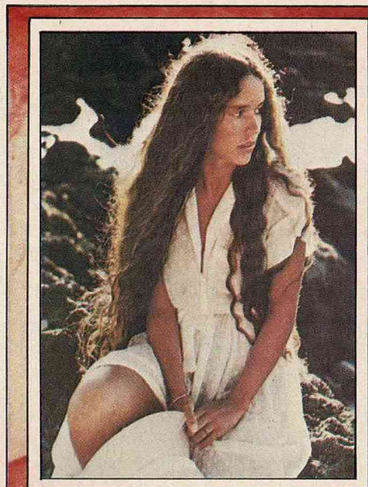
His accompanying group helps. The equally astonishing guitarist Joe Diorio, another Floridan whose work is far too little known in Australia, shines on the beautiful Send In The Clowns on which Ira plays soprano saxophone and trumpet. A lovely version. Bassist John Heard, drummer Billy Higgins and percussionist Kenneth Nash make up the quintet.

The Latin flavored Vento Bravo has Ira on flute and saxophone, while Horace Silver's Peace receives an easy-walking treatment that spots the leader's flugelhorn and more of that distinctive Diorio guitar. Let's hope this is a forerunner of more from a quite sensational jazzman.

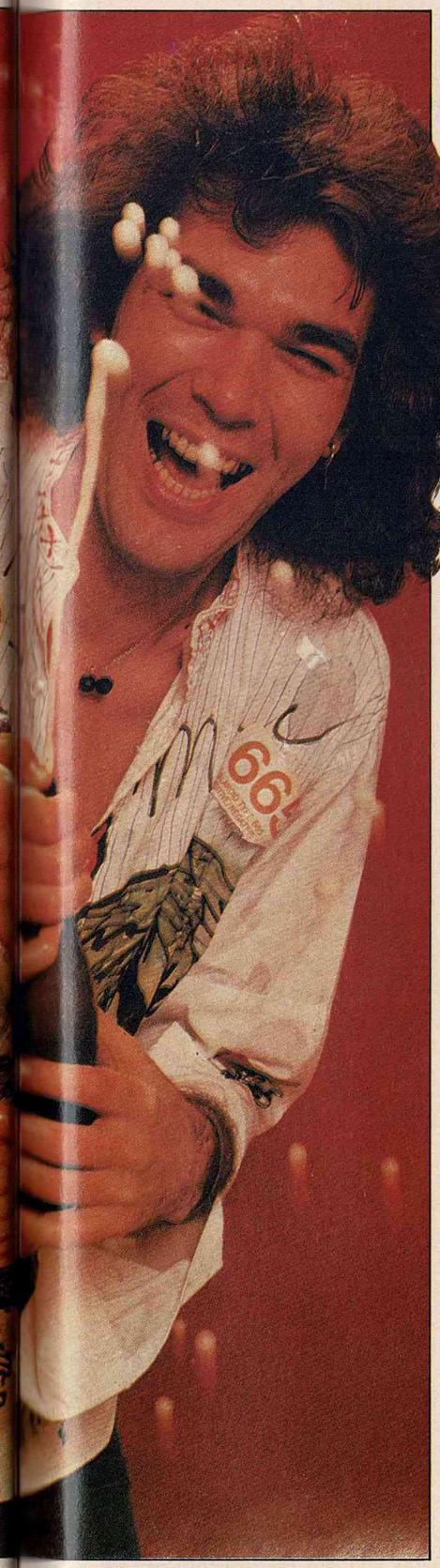
•

Another marvellous LP from Galaxy is called *Our Delights.* It is a two-piano set by Hank Jones and Tommy Flanagan, two of the finest keyboard giants in the history of jazz. Hank comes from that oh-so-distinguished family that includes drummer Elvin Jones and trumpeter, composer, arranger and band leader Thad.

Flanagan was Ella Fitzgerald's accompanist for a long time. On this new LP, he and Jones romp through well known standards including the Tadd Dameron title tune, plus Lady Bird from the same composer, Duke Jordan's Jordu and Charlie Parker's Confirmation. But my pick is the Sir Charles Thompson-Illinois Jacquet opus Robbin's Nest that has managed to inspire a legion of jazz men over the past two decades. – KYM BONYTHON



Lightweight she might be, but Nicolette Larsen (above) can certainly use her pretty voice. Marc Hunter (right) proves he's back with his debut solo album.



NEWSBREAKS

WHAT IS the worst record ever made? According to listeners of Melbourne radio station 3RRR, it's *Paralysed,* an obscure piece recorded by **The Legendary Stardust Cowboy.** Said single is available only through independent label **Missing Link** in Melbourne.

Shock Horror New Punk Drag Venue: Set like a weeping ulcer in Sydney's downtown Darlinghurst, the **Café Debris** has widened a few motorists' eyes with its hand-painted slogans, "Service With A Snarl" and "Trash With Panache". The café features such troupes as **Sideshow** (last seen in recent **Marc Hunter** filmclips) . . . **AC/DC** are rumored to be touring here shortly, and late January/early February is the projected release date for albums from **Wings, Bob Seger** and **The Rolling Stones.** The Stones' sessions were recorded in Paris. Mixing was held up, mainly due to the stage-addicted **Keith Richards,** who was AWOL with **Ronnie Wood** in **The New Barbarians** . . . **Little River Band** should be back in the studios (Armstrong's, Melbourne) around about now, and have been tossing over the idea of producing this LP themselves . . . The producer of LRB's last studio album, **John Boylan,** recently sat in with **The Angels** guitarist **John Brewster** on an American remix of selected tracks from *Face To Face* and *No Exit* which will become The Angels' first American release on **Epic** Records.

Have Rimshot, Will Travel: Trouble-shooting drummer **Ray Arnott** has been kept on his toes lately. His first solo album, **Rude Dudes,** was released late last year. Soon afterward, he filled in for **Johnny Dick,** last seen rorting in LA in **The Allstars,** who backed **Stevie Wright** in what was widely-accepted as the highlight act in Sydney radio station 2SM's Concert of the Decade. A few days later, a tour bus carrying several members of **Cold Chisel** ran off the road on its way from Sydney to Queensland. The worst injuries were sustained by drummer **Steve Prestwich,** whose back and ribs were bruised and jarred. Mere hours after the accident, a bushy-tailed Arnott was looking forward to being a Chisel-for-the-weekend as he headed north. – JENNY HUNTER-BROWN

BOOKS

australian society bared in a searing story of one girl's search for freedom

DAVID IRELAND'S powerful new novel, *A Woman of the Future* (Penguin Books), takes a blistering look at society and comes to the conclusion that happiness has to be somewhere else. The Australian author has set his novel in the future, but the scenario seems uncomfortably close to the present. He sees an Australian society where the social stigma of unemployment has been removed, as the bulk of citizens are either out of work or in meaningless occupations. They are called Frees, lorded over by The Servants who, through their superior intellect, have taken the few good jobs available.

The Frees see their failure and helplessness and the success of others, and subconsciously express themselves in the only way they can: through various aberrations.

Ireland paints a landscape of misshapen, empty lives for his heroine to move through. Alethea Hunt is born of the serving class. Her father is an actor who plays a dead man on stage and occasionally worries: "Who am I? Am I my best part? Am I someone I have never discovered?" But mostly he is caught up in his unreal idealism just as mother, a canned laughter adjuster before they married (her job was to keep the laughter during a performance at a consistent level), loses herself in writing down everything she thinks.

Alethea discovers the hypocrisy of her society at an early age, when Mr Scully, the church doorkeeper, is bundled off to a convalescent home, and she asks what will happen to him.

Her father explains that convalescence means "to get better".

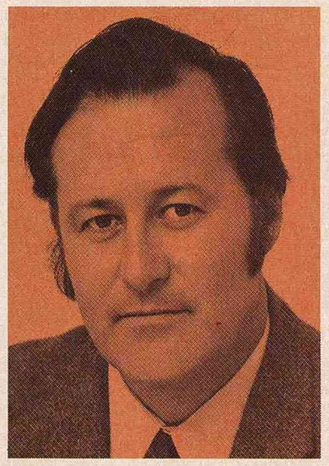
"Oh good. When will he get back?"

"He'll never be back, darling," my father said kindly, looking at me as if I was sick.

In all the rooms at her school are posters posing the question: why do fish swim in the sea? But the answer remains a mystery.

Her academic brilliance offers no solution to the question: what am I? And her promise of greatness, predicted to her by her mother, is hindered by the fact she cannot define the word.

As she grows older, Alethea discovers sex, but is disappointed. (She even investigates, and finally mounts, her father as he lies in a drunken stupor.) At school she gives herself willingly to the boys, but rarely feels anything. And her contempt is enormous. *"To think that opening your legs is in any way giving them access to you.*



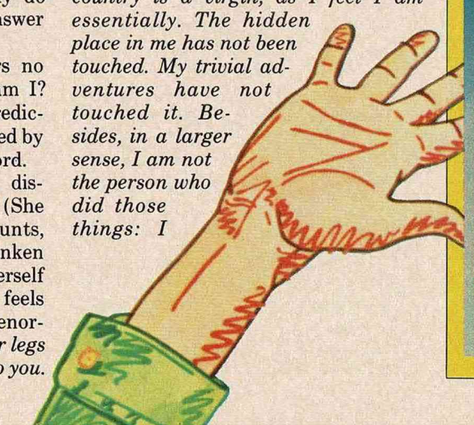
David Ireland: Stripping away all the illusions that we live under.

As if this hole, dull, unfeeling, so expandable, was a health and wealth-giving prize to them, and an advantage given up and lost by us. Had be damned!" Although had and had again, the frenzied promiscuity doesn't touch her, and she wonders why she is incapable of love.

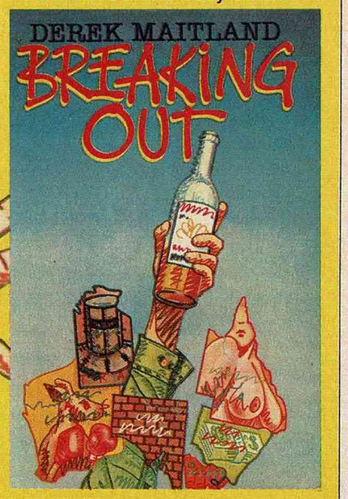
She sinks deeper into the mire, but is stirred on by fleeting glimpses of beauty, and her dreams. *("All I know is that as a human I am some sort of ugly duckling; what the swan-equivalent will be I do not know.")*

But what she does know is that happiness lies somewhere inside herself. And Australia, with its vast and empty heart, offers a fitting allegory for her internal journey. *("We have felt it and been afraid and turned to trivial things and retired to the outer rim as if ready to depart.")*

But, stripped of all her illusions, Alethea feels herself changing. *"The country is a virgin, as I feel I am essentially. The hidden place in me has not been touched. My trivial adventures have not touched it. Besides, in a larger sense, I am not the person who did those things: I am different. I am perhaps Australia."* A brilliant and devastating story, which takes you to the point where the intellect must be left behind . . . and a new guide found. – ROSS FARQUHAR



Derek Maitland's fourth novel . . . a black comedy which builds up to a bizarre and bloody climax.



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When a publisher saddles a new book with a tag ranking its hilarity and rage with *Catch 22* and *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest,* it is tantamount to expecting the Melbourne Cup favorite to lump 76kg over the gruelling 3200 metres. Incredibly, Derek Maitland damned nearly brings off his publisher's mission impossible with *Breaking Out* (Allen Lane).

As the title suggests, Maitland's fourth novel centres on a complex plan by unwilling guests of the Government to break out of prison – something men have been striving to do since jails became a popular dumping ground for society's misfits 300 years ago. But there the similarity between reality and the events which explode upon the reader in *Breaking Out* rests.

Behind the walls of Parramatta Jail, Maitland assembles the zaniest characters, and the line that divides the punishers from the punished is scarcely more than imaginary. There is Kevin Murphy, whose artistic genius does not flow over into his talent as a bank robber or his escape plans. There are Harry Pearce, whose emotional axe play earned him a life sentence, Henry Trembler, who has a voracious and boundless sexual appetite, and a bewildered youth who cannot quite understand why his refusal to betray the seductress who stole his virginity should have landed him in the pokey. And there are the parson-turned-governor whose dream is to convert Parramatta into a model prison, and his right-hand man, Bull Sanderson, in continuous overdrive keeping tabs on his master and his penal guinea pigs.

Orchestrating the entire cast is Maitland's Yossarian, Noel Chisholm, who has been stoking his passion for wives, philosophy and brawling with ethyl alcohol for the past 30 years.

Generically, *Breaking Out* has to be described as a black comedy which builds up to a bizarre and bloody climax, but, in side-swiping at racism, bigotry and pomposity, Maitland's call for tolerance in an intolerant society rings loud and clear. Maitland is not all that complimentary about the Australian way of life or the tradition on which it is based. Presumably, that is one of the reasons he now chooses to live in Hong Kong. But, no matter where he lives, he has an unerring eye for Australian detail and, hopefully, he still has a good many more arrows left in his quiver. – RUSSELL DEILEY

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For a people surrounded by water, Australians have been strangely reluctant to investigate the culinary delights that oceans provide. We may indulge in beer and prawns, or test the aphrodisiac quality of the local oysters but, for the most part, we ignore the huge variety of edible shellfish.

Perhaps it all seems too strange – limpets and whelks sound more like skin diseases than main courses. And how on earth do you prepare them?

Is it true you have to bludgeon abalone for hours to overcome its vulcanised texture? How do you open oysters without opening your hand at the same time? *The Great Australian Shellfish Cookbook* by Grant Blackman (Cassell Australia) should go a long way toward solving some of these mysteries of the deep.

Blackman, a seafood-loving journalist, spent more than a year travelling around the country talking to all sorts of people involved in the fishing industry, from trawler operators to fish shop owners. He has organised his findings into a handy compendium on Australia's edible non-vertebrate sea creatures. The book is full of good practical information and recipes that really work. It explains what the creatures look like, what preparations are necessary, and how to cook them in almost 200 different ways. It even tells you how to gather the little devils.

In fact, Blackman is quite enthusiastic about the joys of gathering your shellfish, and goes into considerable detail about this. I'm not quite certain how ecstatic most of us would be about spending an enchanted evening catching crabs for supper. – DIANE DEAL

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Americans don't in general incline to the spare, taut novel. Whether it comes from voluble New York Jews, from New Englanders such as Updike and Cheever, consumed with the demands of the Protestant work ethic, from Californians who think big is automatically best, or from writers of the Deep South, endlessly unravelling their neuroses, the American novel generally has to be carried away in a truck. John Barth's *Letters* (Putnam), at 772 pages, is massive and daunting.

Barth's sliver of America is Maryland. This is an area which Yankees regard as the south, and southerners see as the north. It was founded by a Catholic peer, and they don't come more snobby than that. It produced Wallis Simpson and Grace Kelly. Maryland – and Barth – are concerned with old families and old wealth, the former entwined and incestuous, the latter disappearing.

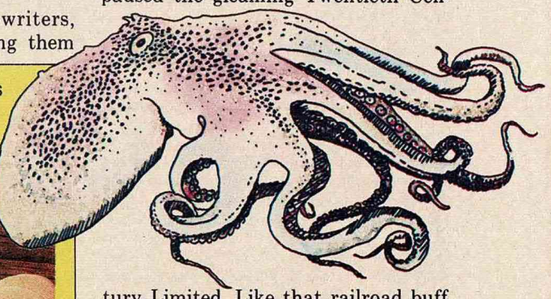
Barth's novel – he talks about a "Marylandiad" somewhere in the book – is as rigidly structured as an American Palladian building. "Coiled like a chambered nautilus" is another phrase from the book. It is in the form of letters, and there are references to Richardson's Clarissa. When the 18th century English novelist chose the epistolary form, he had trouble overcoming the restraints on narrative it imposed. Barth has the same trouble, but letters enable the American passion for baring one's innermost soul to be fully indulged.

There are seven letter-writers, "dreamers and drolls". Among them are: Lady Amherst, an Englishwoman running a Maryland college, sometimes referred to as Redneck Tech; her lover, an avant-garde novelist; the long-time inmate of a Canadian lunatic asylum; a computer, or novelist, who accuses Barth of plagiarism; someone writing in 1812 to his unborn child; and the author, Barth himself. The ripest character is Germaine Amherst, reliving a crowded past, which may have included sexual encounters with H. G. Wells, James Joyce and Thomas Mann, and writing to Barth describing her bemused and sometimes very irritated response to the avant-garde novelist's month-by-month attempts to impregnate her, his tiny swimmers struggling desperately to bestir her tired old ova.

In spite of the vigor of his approach, Barth has the modern novelist's melancholy about his calling. One of the letter-writers, a small-town lawyer, writes to the author: "In the 1920s and '30s, even into the '40s, there was still a heroism in your vocation such as I think there will never be again in this country; a considerable number of us had rather been Hemingway than Gary Cooper or Charles Lindbergh."

The author writes back: "To be a novelist in 1969 is, I agree, a bit like being in the passenger-railway business in the age of the jumbo jet: our dilapidated rolling stock creaks over the weed-grown right-of-ways, carrying four winos, six Vietnam draftees, three black welfare families, two nuns, and one incorrigible railroad buff, ever less conveniently, between the crumbling Art Deco cathedrals where once paused the gleaming Twentieth Century Limited. Like that railroad buff, we deplore the shallow 'attractions' of the media that have supplanted us, even while we endeavor, necessarily and to our cost, to accommodate to that ruinous competition, by reducing even further our own amenities: fewer funs, fewer stops, fewer passengers, higher fares. Yet we grind on, tears and cinders in our eyes, hoping against hope that history will turn our way again." Morbid indeed.

Letters is relentlessly intelligent and informed, often brilliantly funny, sane and eloquent. It is far too good to become a best-seller, and too hard to



Octopus in saffron: It's cooked slowly to ensure tentacles are tender.

SKI PASS COMPETITION

ENTRY CONDITIONS: To have a chance of winning the Australian PLAYBOY Perisher Valley Gold Ski Pass, you must answer all questions on the Entry Form and say (in not more than 25 words) why you would like to win the Australian PLAYBOY Perisher Valley Gold Ski Pass. In States where it contravenes the law to require a coupon, you can make a copy of it.

A prize of a pair of Carrera International Playboy Ski Goggles will be awarded to each of the six runners-up.

Send your completed entry to The Australian PLAYBOY Perisher Valley Gold Ski Pass Competition, Box 5252, GPO, Sydney, NSW, 2001. All entries must be received by the last mail delivered on February 29, 1980. There is no limit to the number of entries you may submit.

This competition is restricted to residents of Australia who are 18 years of age or over.

Should more than one contestant answer all four questions correctly, the winner will be the competitor who, in the judges' opinion, gives the best reason for wanting to win the Australian PLAYBOY Perisher Valley Gold Ski Pass.

The Australian PLAYBOY Perisher Valley Gold Ski Pass is to be used by one person only per season, and the owner must nominate who the pass-holder will be prior to the commencement of the official ski season (within the five (5) years' duration of the pass).

If the owner of the pass chooses to transfer his ski rights for any one season, he must notify in writing his nomination to the management of the Kosciusko Alpine Resorts, C/- The Administration Office, Perisher Valley Ski Centre.

If the winner of the Australian PLAYBOY Perisher Valley Gold Ski Pass sells the pass to obtain the value of the 2oz gold, all rights associated with this pass within the ski fields are then forfeited.

Results will be published in the May, 1980 issue of Australian PLAYBOY. The winner and six runners-up will be notified by mail.

Employees of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd, Murray Leisure Group, The Australian Bullion Co, Aptyl (Australia) Pty Ltd and their respective advertising agencies, and relatives of those employees, are not eligible to enter. Entries which do not fully comply with these conditions, including entries which are received after closing time, will be disqualified.

All entries and copyright therein, whether disqualified or not, shall become the property of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd.

The contest will be judged by appointees of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd, who will take care to see that every eligible entry is properly considered. The omission to consider any entry and/or error by employees of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd shall not invalidate the contest or give rise to any rights in any competitor to take proceedings against the company or any employee of that company at law or in equity on any account whatsoever. The judges' decisions will be final and binding on all competitors. All competitors taking part agree, as a condition of entry, to accept such results as final and binding. No correspondence will be entered into nor any interview granted.

It is a basic condition of the sending in and acceptance of every entry that it is intended and agreed that the conduct of the competition and everything done in connection therewith and all arrangements resulting therefrom (whether mentioned in the conditions or to be implied) and that every entry and agreement made by or under it shall not be attended by or give rise to any legal relationship, rights, duties or consequences whatsoever or be legally enforceable or the subject of litigation, but all such arrangements, agreements, and transactions are to be binding in honor only.

become a cult book, but its friends and admirers will wonder at it and they will love it greatly. – PATRICIA ROLFE

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Today's intercontinental travellers who whinge about jet lag, leg and gut cramps and indifferent films on seemingly endless flights should take comfort from Charles Owen's somewhat inappropriately titled book, *The Grand Days of Travel* (Windward/Webb & Bower), which highlights methods of globetrotting in the years between the two world wars.

It may be exhausting to fly for 24 hours in an "aluminium supermarket" from London to Brisbane with two touch-downs between, but imagine being back in the '30s when there were 35 stops *en route*, not to mention the discomfort of a 9C temperature rise in four minutes as unpressurised aircraft landed in northern Australia. Having to share beds on Lombok Island may have provided light relief, though Owen does not record whether airlines separated the sexes. In any event, after flying ex-London for 10 days, most passengers might have welcomed the "Dutch wives" – long feather bolsters – provided to keep strange bed-fellows well apart.

World travel, however, wasn't always so vexing for "the rich, rare and energetic" who could afford the sometime luxuries of planes, boats, trains and cars. These were opulent times, too, when a quarter of the Queen Mary's passenger list often comprised personal maids and other servants, when airships had separate libraries, reading and dining-rooms, when luxury trains offered a hairdressing saloon, a ladies' retiring room and a cocktail bar, and when the splendid touring cars had liveried chauffeurs sitting stiffly behind the wheels.

Full of stylish illustrations, Owen's book records the magnificent modes of transport of this bygone era, and gives a fascinating insight into the adventurous travels of the privileged few in the halcyon days before package tours, convenience and speed became the great equalisers. – CAMILLA BEACH

BOOKENDS

After resisting the advances of a succession of literary suitors, Bob Hawke has finally agreed on his official biographer. His choice? Blanche d'Alpuget, the Canberra writer who made such a splendid fist of the life and times of the former president of the Conciliation and Arbitration Commission, Sir Richard Kirby. His selection was predictable. As the advocate who argued many an ACTU case before Sir Richard, Hawke was a valuable background source for d'Alpuget when she was researching the Kirby biography, and the member-elect for Wills thought so highly of the finished work that he launched the book.

d'Alpuget and Hawke have already begun the first taping sessions for the biography, which the author hopes will be in the bookstands sometime toward the end of next year. Her voyage into the mind and substance of Hawke will take her through Australia, England, Russia, Switzerland and Israel. Coincidental with her research for the biography, d'Alpuget has also agreed to provide between 30 and 60 hours of her taped conversations with Hawke for the oral history section of the National Library. The Hawke biography will appear under the Schwartz imprint.

In the meantime, d'Alpuget is awaiting the birth of her first novel, *Monkeys in the Dark,* due to be released in March by Aurora. *Monkeys* is set in Indonesia in 1966. d'Alpuget has also just completed her second novel, *The Turtle Beach,* which, in the author's words, is a "story of love and death" among Vietnamese boat people.

Paul Zindel, the Pulitzer Prize-winning American author with a penchant for writing cultish novels with strange-sounding titles, is coming to Australia in March as a special guest at the writers' workshop to be run in association with the Adelaide Festival of Arts. Zindel's works include: *The Pig Man; I Never Loved Your Mind; My Darling, My Hamburger; The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds;* and *The Undertaker's Gone Bananas.* His latest, *A Star for the Late-comer,* will be released by Bodley Head while he's in Australia.

Following the success of Richard Butler's book of the television series *Against the Wind,* Australian publishers have long been lobbying for the literary rights to the Nine Network's smash hit family saga, *The Sullivans.* The prize has gone to Unicorn. Butler will again be the word merchant. Apparently working on the basis of sticking to a good thing, Unicorn is also planning to bring out paperbacks based on the television series of *Cop Shop, Skyways* and *Prisoner,* and a John Hetherington treatment of the Tony Ginnane film, *Harlequin.*

Angus and Robertson are cock-a-hoop over outbidding fellow Australian publishers at the last Frankfurt book fair for the Australian rights to Californian housewife Judith Krantz's second novel, *Princess Daisy.* When the horsetrading at Frankfurt ended, Mrs Krantz was richer by a cool $5 million, paid by various publishers for the international rights. The big US printing house Bantam alone paid $3.2 million for the American rights.

MOVIES

francis coppola's apocalyptic film cost him $40 million, four years and 27 kilos

I HAVE long had a theory that the biggest themes and the greatest books make the worst films. There are, of course, honorable exceptions. However, according to this theory, any serious film made from *War and Peace,* for example, or the *Bible,* is bound to be unsatisfactory. Great ideas, profound thoughts and epic sweeps are best left to literature. Cinema thrives on slender makings – it cannot articulate large ideas with the precision of language, nor can it aspire to the transcendent emotional and spiritual peaks of music. And because films are essentially team efforts, their effects in many cases fortuitous, they cannot truly actualise the personal vision of a single creative artist.

It seemed almost inevitable by this test that *Apocalypse Now,* Francis Coppola's spectacular film of the Vietnam war, would be a grand failure. Not necessarily a bad film, or a commercial flop, or a waste of time – far from it – but a failure in the highest sense of falling short of its creator's high ideals. And so, in some quarters, it has already been judged. The film took four years and cost almost $40 million. There were enormous technical and logistical difficulties. It was an attempt to come to grips with one of the great tragedies of the 20th century – more than that, with the nature of evil itself. *Apocalypse Now* is not just another film, nor was Vietnam just another war. In the classic sense of the word, as a conflict between two opposing and fairly evenly matched sides, Vietnam was not a war at all. It was more like a national nervous breakdown, a huge collective neurosis. America went to war, not just with another nation, but with a host of phobias and obsessions manufactured in the dark places of its psyche. There was simply no way that any film could capture, in only two and a half hours of spectacle and thunder, the singular madness and unutterable sorrow of that long and futile struggle.

There are, moreover, immense and obvious flaws in Coppola's film. It positively drips with symbols and allusions, many of them corny. Coppola is far too ambitious and self-important a filmmaker to play the whole thing straight. (And, in fairness, how could Vietnam ever be played straight – with its frenzy, its confusion, its moral chaos?) The best war films have usually worked within a limited narrative and emotional range. A classic like Kubrick's *Paths of Glory* – about three men court-martialled for cowardice in World War One – scarcely moved beyond the trial scene in a vast mirrored chateau, but made its points with unflinching starkness and accuracy. Its one big battle scene was filmed through binoculars, the troops reduced to tiny ant-like figures crawling over a distant hillside. The least successful war films, apart from pure propaganda efforts, were those – like Mike Nichols' *Catch 22* – that smothered their subjects with obscure and pretentious symbolism. *Apocalypse Now* is, frankly, such a work.

One of the major protagonists in *Apocalypse Now,* the HUEY helicopter, brings packages from home to keep USO troops in Vietnam happily entertained.

Coppola has said that the film was "intended as a film opera. Although it is set during the Vietnam War, it could have taken place at any time, in any jungle where the civilised encounter the primitive. I have attempted to make a theatrical film-myth dealing with the theme of moral ambiguity. Much of the journey of making the film was the mirror image of the story we were making – no one involved was left unchanged."

However, one gets the impression that the director and his cast were overawed by the size of their enterprise, overwhelmed by the depth and complexity of its moral issues, appalled by the violence and madness of the war, but somehow unsure of their purpose, ultimately incapable of condensing the sprawling, teeming reality of Vietnam into any sort of coherent artistic statement. The fact that Coppola had virtually unlimited funds available has only made his task that much more difficult.

And yet, and yet – the film lingers in my mind like nothing else I have seen for many, many years. I suspect that it may be a great work of art, but that is a judgment that must await the test of time. Certainly no other director, and in fairness to America, no other nation, could have made this film. To conceive and execute *Apocalypse Now* was a feat of tremendous physical endurance and moral courage. Coppola's task was to determine an appropriate visual metaphor for the horror of it all, and with a stroke of brilliance, he has drawn on Joseph Conrad's story *Heart of Darkness,* the tale of a riverboat journey into the African jungle in search of a mad European explorer. He has also used other important source material such as T. S. Eliot's *The Wasteland* and Sir James Fraser's *The Golden Bough.* The narrative is by Michael Herr, author of the book *Dispatches,* perhaps one of the most definitive statements ever about the Vietnam conflict. Herr's choice of words transposes American street language into the jargon of the soldier. But Coppola goes even further than this. To have made the film a mere adventure story (like *Patton*) would have made trivial the subject. To have been content with documentary realism (like *The Longest Day)* would have skirted the truth. Even the surrealism of *Catch 22* or the nightmare comedy of *Dr Strangelove* would have evaded one essential dimension of the truth about Vietnam: that, in a terrible, masochistic way, America actually enjoyed it. How else to account for its seemingly helpless addiction to the hopeless cause from which it could easily have withdrawn? An ugly side of America, not confined to the military, loved Vietnam for its cost, its extravagance, its daredevil adventurism, even the perverted optimism of its aims. A film that did not reflect this side of the war could not be true. Coppola's film parallels it by making the war some kind of obscene, surrealistic carnival; as Lance responds

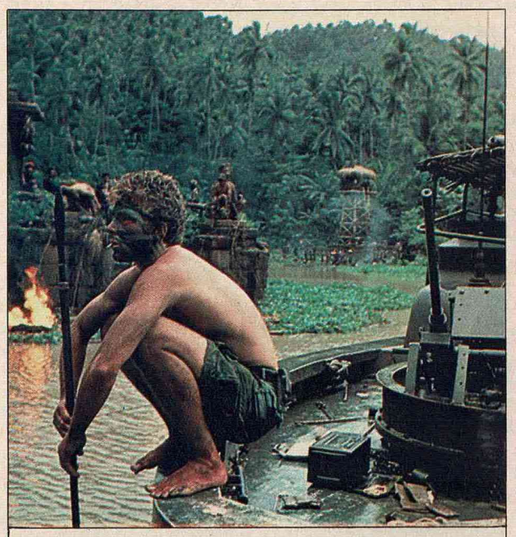
to a friend's letter, "Hell, it's even better than Disneyland."

The film is untitled. No credits are shown. Not even the name of the film or the studio trademark. People enter the cinema and are given a booklet listing cast and credits. One is quite grateful for this – if the credits had appeared on the screen, the movie might have run about half an hour longer. But this is more than a gimmick. We are being prepared for Coppola's timeless, symbolic treatment of the war: no names, no packdrill. The first few minutes are a montage of unidentified jungle skylines and odd merging shapes and sounds. Finally, the tracking camera rests on the face of Captain Willard (Martin Sheen), a hard-bitten young officer recovering from an R-and-R hangover in Saigon. A couple of military cops haul him off for an interview with an Intelligence heavy, who assigns him a mysterious mission: a trip up the Mekong River by patrol boat to search for the psychotic Colonel Kurtz, a renegade American officer inhabiting a mysterious temple somewhere in the Cambodian jungle. Kurtz has surrounded himself with a loyal band of troops and Montagnard tribesmen, whom he rules with brutal discipline, carrying on his own private war.

The man is a maniac whose atrocities have become an embarrassment to the American high command. Willard's assignment, expressed with characteristic military delicacy, is to "terminate his command with extreme prejudice".

The first two-thirds of the film contain some of the finest action sequences ever filmed, with battle scenes of shuddering realism and horrific power. For once in a big-budget picture, we can see where the money went; not all of it was consumed by Brando's pay cheque. These scenes, especially the air cavalry attack on the Vietnamese village, are marvels of logistic efficiency, with the movements of men, aircraft and camera crews as smoothly co-ordinated as a real military mission. (If the Americans arranged their military manoeuvres as well as they do movies, it may be argued that they might have won the war.) The whole film abounds in brilliant sets, or rather brilliant set-pieces, often rounded off with slow fades. The helicopter-borne Playmates descending on an improvised amphitheatre decorated with illuminated penis-like rockets, the napalm raids, the Vietcong attack on the Do Lung Bridge and the Kurtz temple compound all work, yet the success of these scenes heightens the film's disjointed structure and, by implication, the war's incoherence. There is little to unite them beyond the mournful, gaping presence of Willard. Vittorio Storaro's camerawork is so good, so absorbed in its rich patterns of light and colored smoke and raging fire that it almost distracts us from what we are meant to see. In its own terrible way, a one-kilometre stretch of jungle erupting into white flame is a pretty sight. But it worries me that we don't see the men for the trees.

Perhaps that was the tragedy of Vietnam. It was the first war where we couldn't see the enemy: the VC were a name, a presence, an idea. And in this film we rarely see an enemy face. We never see the Vietnamese as people. Coppola has a telling moment when the Intelligence man briefs Willard over lunch and languidly comments on the quality of the local prawns. Here is a man (nicely played, incidentally, by G. D. Spradlin) for whom the war exists only on paper, on maps, in monitored tapes and satellite photos. We wonder if he's ever been a soldier.



Sam Bottoms is featured in the role of Lance, a blond champion surfer from Southern California who is cast adrift by the horror of the war.

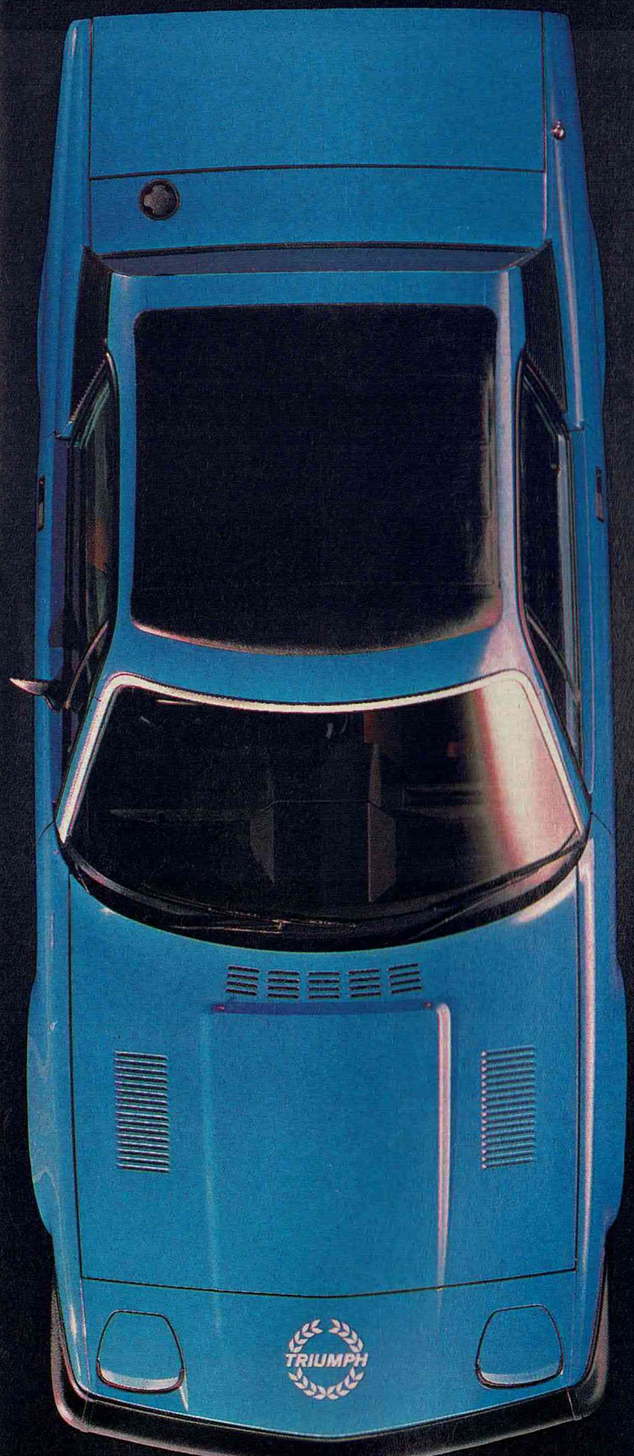
The really splendid and unforgettable creation is Lt Colonel Kilgore, played with enormous gusto by Robert Duvall. Kilgore (the pun is typical of the film's insistent symbolism) is the embodiment of everything that was good and horrifying in the American larrikin-warrior: he is brave, hearty, cynical, corrupt, deadly and appallingly likable – a mixture of General Westmoreland, Lieutenant Calley and Errol Flynn. The film is worth seeing for Duvall's performance alone, as he makes the gung-ho Kilgore the kind of vividly unforgettable character that both audiences and critics have come to expect from him.

There is very little to be said about Brando, so the less said the better. He speaks even fewer lines than he did in *Superman*. In the few scenes graced with his costly presence, he appears mainly in silhouette, light falling starkly on the edge of his shaven skull. The superhuman quality of Brando's character is not a result of his acting or appearance, but rather his reputation. For once, the image built up for the man may be justified in artistic terms. He *is* a larger-than-life figure, yet the rationale for Colonel Kurtz as a character in the movie is obscure. True enough, the search for Kurtz provides a thread of narrative interest, an element of mystery that helps carry the film along. But why should Kurtz be represented as the personification of evil? Why do we need a *symbol* of evil and madness when the reality is there to be seen? Why should the film imply that only one renegade nut-case officer is crazy, and not the whole bloody business?

That may be unfair. This was a crazy war, and in many ways it's a crazy film. The insanity and desperation of America's effort are shown with overwhelming power. Full marks to Coppola for the triumphant collaboration of both image and sound in simulating the actual feel and sound of battle. The first distant, booming thuds of a B52 strike, a harbinger of the wrath to come, are among the most terrifying sounds I have heard. Here is a film in which the technology of the cinema is exploited to its utmost limit to recreate the technology of war. My one regret is that the story doesn't quite match up to the film's surface brilliance.

Phillip Adams has compared *Apocalypse Now* with *2001* as an attempt to film the unfilmable. I have always regarded *2001* as a masterpiece, but certainly its parallels with *Apocalypse Now* are striking: an episodic structure, superb sets, a concern with ultimate questions, even the use of classical music in key scenes (Kubrick's spacecraft moved to the sounds of Strauss, Coppola's helicopter gunships swoop down to the strains of Wagner). In both films, the last words on the soundtrack are an attempt to encapsulate the film's message: a videotaped NASA official says of the monolith that Kubrick used as a recurring symbol of intelligence: "Its origins and purpose remain a mystery";

TURNS CORNERS LIKE IT TURNS HEADS.



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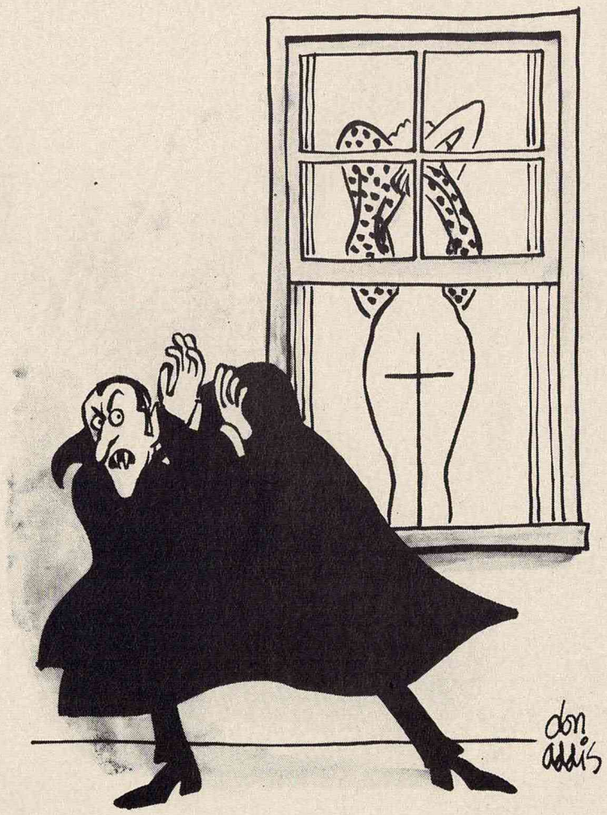
in *Apocalypse Now,* we are left with Colonel Kurtz's final exclamation of despair: "The horror, the horror!" Of course, the point hardly needs making in so many words. It's a bit like a comedian laughing at his own jokes. The Marx Brothers didn't end their pictures with someone shrieking "The humor, the humor!" We knew their pictures were supposed to be funny. Perhaps Coppola would have made an even more powerful film if the message had been a little understated. But how can you understate human tragedy of supreme proportions? Coppola's film was not just an attempt to film the unfilmable, but an attempt to confront the unthinkable. And he has done so in a way that, hopefully, may ultimately strengthen our sanity and our faith in the human spirit.

●

Time After Time, directed by Nicholas Meyer, is a film of considerable interest and charm from the man who wrote the screenplay for *The Seven Percent Solution,* and once again it is a fictional elaboration of the lives of real people. This time we have the unlikely team of H. G. Wells and Jack the Ripper. Meyer preserves an unusually competent balance between the elements of horror, mystery, science-fiction, romantic comedy and period drama; it is a measure of his skill that these weird ingredients never seem to clash or grate on one another. Our involvement in the characters is maintained to the end, despite a story that is frankly preposterous. Part of my immense enjoyment of the piece derived from knowing nothing whatsoever about it in advance. I shall therefore say as little as possible about the plot, except, very briefly: Jack the Ripper is stalking the foggy streets of Victorian London, and the film opens with a very nasty murder, a sort of curbside hysterectomy, one gathers. Next we find ourselves at an elegant dinner party . . . but that's enough to whet your interest.

You may have read plot summaries elsewhere, but if not, I advise you to keep ignoring them. The film is full of delightful surprises. Its plot is ingenious in the old-fashioned sense that seeming impossibilities are all logically resolved at the end, and that loose ends are tied up with a satisfying deftness and skill common to the cinema of the '40s. The time-ship's appearance in the museum is a masterly moment. But there again, I'm giving things away. Malcolm McDowell is H. G. Wells and David Warner is highly unpleasant and sinister as the Ripper. There is also a delightful lady whose name I forgot to write down. She plays Amy Robbins, who married Wells in real life, but their meeting and courtship were scarcely likely to have happened in the way this film portrays them. It will only confuse you further if I say that the scenes of modern-day San Francisco are handsomely photographed.



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I ceased completely to wonder whether *The Passage* (directed by J. Lee-Thompson) was meant to be taken seriously after the scene in which a fanatical Nazi, played by Malcolm McDowell, drops his trousers during a rape scene and reveals a swastika on his jockstrap. This is a competent adventure yarn, involving most of the familiar clichés, about a family escaping from occupied France which is led to safety across a mountainous, icy and treacherous pass into Spain with the help of a Basque shepherd, played by Anthony Quinn, whose sulky macho tantrums are appropriate for once. James Mason is the man the Nazis are after, and McDowell (blond, blue-eyed, sadistic, you name it) is the dogged SS captain who leads the chase. There are some good snow scenes, including an avalanche, one or two Nazi atrocities on which the film lingers with unnecessary relish, and a trick ending.

●

Ten is a comedy *manqué* involving George (Dudley Moore) as a popular composer who falls prey to menopausal anxieties upon attaining the age of 42. The movie opens with Dud's friends throwing a surprise birthday party, and traces the hero's estrangement from his loyal girlfriend (Julie Andrews), his affair with a beautiful, spoiled wanton (Bo Derek), and his final reconciliation, a sadder and a wiser man, with his true love. *Ten* earns its R-certificate mainly by virtue of a prolonged and highly erotic lovemaking sequence set to Ravel's *Bolero.* All told, a somewhat unsteady vehicle for Dud's talents; his inevitable turns at the piano don't fit easily with the story, and director Blake Edwards (who was responsible for the *Pink Panther* movies) has worked very hard for his laughs. Most of them depend on Dud's talent for falling off balconies and collecting bee-stings in church.

It occurred to me about half way through that George, the hero, was intended as a male-counterpart to Holly Golightly, from *Breakfast at Tiffany's,* another Edwards movie. Dudley Moore is certainly a master at playing the mournful, middle-aged, endearingly vulnerable perve, but it is a little unsettling to be told that everyone past 40 is past it. It may be a reminder that movie audiences are becoming younger while we critics are getting older. —EVAN WILLIAMS

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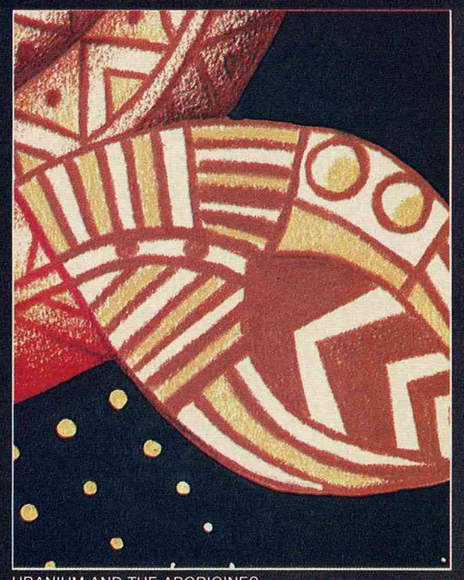

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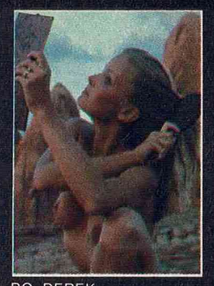

BO DEREK

CASANOVA

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